FABLES AND DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

Written in *French* by the Late

Archbishop of *Cambray*,

Author of TELEMACHUS:

And done into *English*

From the *Paris* Edition of 1718, then Corrected and Revised with the Author's own Original Manuscript.

——*De te*
Fabula narratur——

The SECOND EDITION Corrected.

LONDON;
Printed for DAN. BROWNE *Jun.* at the *Black-Swan* without *Temple-Bar*; and S. CHAPMAN, at the *Angel* in *Pall-mall*.
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TABLES

AND

DIALOGUES

OF THE

DEAD.

THE TRANSLATOR's PREFACE.

THE *First Edition of this Book came naked into the World; there was no Editor's Name to recommend it, no Dedication to countenance, and no Preface to introduce it: The first I thought of little or no Service, the*

two laſt ridiculous and impertinent: To ſpeak for a Book, if it will not ſpeak for itſelf, *ſays one of our famous modern Authors,* is vain; if it will, is needleſs.

To comply therefore with this general depraved Taſte of Mankind, I muſt ſay ſomething by way of Preface; if to the purpoſe, ſo be it; if not, 'twill be the more faſhionable: however, I have thus much to urge in my own Juſtification, I would not have been impertinent, had not the Town forced me ſo to be.

The following Fables and Dialogues were written for the Uſe of a late Dauphin of France, *Father to the preſent King, by his Tutor the late Archbiſhop of* Cambray; *whoever takes the trouble of examining them with Attention, will eaſily perceive, by the Variety of Style and Subject, that they were not deſigned for one continued Piece, but were compoſed* extempore *by the Author,*

ther, who always considered the Temper and Humour of his Pupil when he was writing. Would our Pedagogues take it into their wise Heads to observe this Rule a little, they might save themselves a great deal of Whipping Trouble, and Education would be a thing quite different from what it is at present.

Ner can I think this Work adapted to the Taste and Understanding of Youth only, but the Learned themselves may receive Instruction. That noble Spirit of Freedom, which our Author was always so famous for, breaks out and shines in almost every Line of this Book: Here we are taught, that there is no Greatness but what consists in Virtue, no Riches but in Content, no true Ambition but in a laudable Desire of excelling others in noble Actions; that the Sovereign, who does not make the Good and Welfare of his Subjects, his only Study, is a Tyrant; and that

the

the General, who fights not for the Defence of his Country, but only to extend his Conqueſts, is a ſuperlative Robber.

I do not know that any one Piece of this Work, the Adventures of Ariſtonous *excepted, have ever appeared in* Engliſh *before. I know that I have been cenſured by ſome for retranſlating that Fable, when it was ſo well done before by Mr.* Ozell; *but I can aſſure theſe Cavillers, that I had not the leaſt Thought of vying with him. The Abbot* Fenelon, *our Author's Nephew, who was the Editor of this Work, aſſures us, that he thinks this the propereſt Place for that Fable to appear in. Had I taken Mr.* Ozell's *Tranſlation, I ſhould juſtly have been eſteem'd a Plagiary, and I was therefore under an abſolute Neceſſity of tranſlating it again.*

One Word more, and I have done; I would not have any one think

any

any of the following Fables or Dialogues taken out of, or corrected by thoſe in the Freeholder's Journal; *the ſecond Edition of this Work being in the Preſs ſome time before that Paper was ſo much as thought of.*

20 JY 63

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THE

THE Archbiſhop of *Cambray*'s *Fables* and *Dialogues* OF THE DEAD.

FABLE I.

The Adventures of Meleſichton.

Meleſichton was born at *Megaris*, of an illuſtrious *Grecian* Family, and in his Youth could think of nothing but imitating the glorious Actions of his Anceſtors. His Courage and his Conduct he ſignaliz'd in ſeveral Expeditions;

but as his Temper was noble and generous, his Expences were magnificent, and in a ſhort time he ruin'd himſelf. This obliged him to retire to a Country-Seat on the Sea-ſhore, where he liv'd ſolitary and retired with his Wife *Proxinoe*: ſhe was a Woman of Senſe, Courage, and Statelineſs; her Beauty and her Birth had made ſeveral, who were richer than *Meleſichton*, court her; but by reaſon of his Merit only, ſhe had preferr'd him to her other Suitors. This Couple, whoſe Virtues and Friendſhip for the ſpace of many Years were the reciprocal cauſe of their mutual Happineſs, now began to prove each others Miſery, by reaſon of the Compaſſion they had for each other. *Meleſichton* cou'd have borne his Misfortunes without Reluctance, had they fallen on him only, and not have griev'd a Perſon who was ſo dear to him. On the other hand, *Proxinoe*'s Pains were encreas'd by her perceiving that ſhe encreaſed *Meleſichton*'s. Their chief Comfort was placed in their two Children, which ſeem'd formed by the Graces own Hands; the Son's Name was *Melibæus*, the Daughter's *Poemenis*. *Melibæus*, tho very young, began to diſcover a great deal of Skill, Courage, and Strength, and both at Wreſtling and in Running he excell'd all the neighbouring Children; he would ramble in the Foreſts,

Foreſts, nor were his Arrows leſs fatal or leſs certain than thoſe of *Apollo*; and yet he imitated that God more by his enquiry into Arts and Sciences, than he did by his bodily Exerciſes. *Meleſichton* in his Retirement taught him every thing that can cultivate and adorn the Mind, all that can inſpire Virtue, and regulate Morals. *Melibæus*'s Air was ſweet and ingenuous, but at the ſame time noble and bold: as often as his Father look'd on him, his Eyes were filled with Tears. *Poemenis* on the other hand was inſtructed in all the Arts which *Minerva* has given Mankind; to the moſt exquiſite Works ſhe added the Charms of a Voice, which ſhe join'd with a Lyre more engaging than that of *Orpheus*. She reſembled *Diana* juſt coming out of the floating Iſland in which ſhe was born. Her flaxen Locks were negligently bound behind her Head, excepting ſome few, which flowing looſe were ſcatter'd by the Winds; ſhe wore nothing but a looſe Garment, tuck'd up a little by a Girdle, that ſhe might be the more at liberty; without any Ornament ſhe eclipſed all other Beauties, yet was not conſcious of her own Charms; ſhe had never ſo much as thought of admiring herſelf in Fountains, ſhe ſaw no one but what belong'd to her own Family, and all her time was employ'd in working.

Mean

Mean while her Father, overwhelm'd with Cares, and finding no Remedy to his Misfortunes, was perpetually ſeeking Retirement; his Wife and his Children were become his greateſt Torments: he went often to the Sea-ſhore, and at the foot of a Rock, fill'd with Caves, he deplor'd his Misfortunes: then entring into a deep Valley from which the Sun-beams were guarded even at Noon-day by the Thickneſs of a Wood; he would ſit on the flowry Bank of a limpid Stream, and meditate on a thouſand fatal things; refreſhing Sleep ne'er clos'd his Eyes, his Words were always accompanied with Groans; old Age came haſtning on before its time, and wrinkled his Forehead; he forgot all the Neceſſaries of Life, and ſunk beneath the Weight of oppreſſing Grief.

One day as he was ſitting in this ſhady Vale, tir'd and half ſpent, he dropt aſleep; when, lo! the Goddeſs *Ceres*, with a ſerene and majeſtick Face, her Head crown'd with yellow Sheaves, appear'd to him in a Dream, and calling him by name, 'Why will you ſuffer yourſelf, *ſaid* 'ſhe, to be overcome by your Misfor-'tunes?' 'Alas, *reply'd he*, my Friends 'have forſaken me, I have nothing left; 'nothing but Suits and Creditors: my 'noble

'noble Birth encreaſes my Miſery, for I 'cannot, like a Slave, work for my Bread.'

To this the Goddeſs anſwer'd, 'Does 'Nobility conſiſt in Riches? or rather 'does it not conſiſt in imitating the glo- 'rious Actions of our Anceſtors? None 'are really Noble, but thoſe who are Juſt. 'Be contented with a ſmall Income; let 'this ſmall Income be acquir'd by your 'own Labour; be chargeable to no Man, 'and you will be the moſt noble of Men: 'by Softneſs and falſe Glory Men make 'themſelves miſerable. If you want Ne- 'ceſſaries, why will you be indebted for 'em ſooner to another than to yourſelf? 'Have you not Courage enough to un- 'dergo a laborious Life?'

She ſaid and preſented him a golden Ploughſhare with the Horn of Abundance. Then appear'd *Bacchas* crown'd with Ivy, and holding a *Thyrſis* in his hand; he was follow'd by *Pan* playing on a Flute, after whom danc'd the Fauns and Satyrs; *Pomona* too appear'd ſinking beneath the Weight of Fruits, and *Flora* adorn'd with the ſweeteſt and moſt beautiful Flowers: all theſe rural Deities caſt a favourable Look on *Meleſichton.*

As ſoon as he awaked, he comprehended the meaning of his Dream, found Comfort in it, and himſelf enamour'd with the Labours of a rural Life; he ſpoke of it to

Proxinoe, who immediately gave into his Opinion. The next day they diſcharged their uſeleſs Servants, and no one remained in their Houſe, but thoſe whoſe Service was neceſſary; no longer was the Chariot or Charioteer to be ſeen there: *Proxinoe* with *Poemenis* ſpun, whilſt they led their Flocks to feed; then would they weave their own Stuffs and their own Cloth, and make up their own, and all their Families Garments; inſtead of Silks which they were wont to embroider with Gold and Silver, as exquiſitely and artfully as *Minerva* herſelf could do it, the Spindle employ'd their Fingers; with their own hands they dreſs'd the Pulſe gather'd in their Garden for the Nouriſhment of the whole Family. The Milk of their Flocks, which with their own Hands they milk'd, encreas'd their Plenty. They were obliged to buy nothing, and every thing was eaſily and cleanly dreſs'd; every thing was good, plain, and natural, ſeaſon'd by Appetite, the inſeparable Companion of Sobriety and Labour.

In their Houſe too all was decent and neat; the Tapeſtry was ſold, but the Walls were whitened; nothing was dirty, nothing out of order; the Houſhold-Goods were never cover'd with Duſt, and the Beds, tho coarſe, were clean. In the Kitchen alſo there was a Decency not to be

be met with in greater Houſes, every thing ſhin'd and ſtood in its proper Place. To regale the Family on Holidays, *Proxinoe* wou'd make excellent Cakes; ſhe had Bees whoſe Honey was ſweeter than that which flow'd from Oaks during the Golden Age. The Cows of their own accord came and offer'd Rivulets of Milk. This laborious Woman had in her Garden all the Plants and Roots which are ſerviceable to Man's Nouriſhment; her Trees bore the firſt Fruits, and ſhe had the Herbs of every Seaſon; ſhe had alſo ſeveral ſorts of Flowers, part of which ſhe employ'd in adorning her own Houſe, the other part ſhe ſold. The Daughter in every thing aſſiſted the Mother, and had no notion of any other Diverſion, but that of ſinging while ſhe ſpun or led her Flock to feed; a Flock, to which no other cou'd be compared, which no Wolf durſt approach, no Murrain infect. Whilſt their fair Shepherdeſs ſung, the young Lambkins danc'd on the tender Graſs, and the neighbouring Echoes ſeem'd to delight in the Repetition of her Songs.

Meleſichton with his own Hands till'd his Fields, he himſelf held the Plough, ſow'd his Land, and reap'd it; he found the Toils of Agriculture leſs fatiguing, more innocent, and more profitable, than the Toils of War: ſcarce had he mow'd

his Meadows, but 'twas time to reap the fruitful Gifts of *Ceres*, which paid him for each Seed an hundred fold. Soon after *Bacchus* yielded him a Nectar fit for the Table of the Gods. *Pallas* alſo gave him the Fruit of her Tree, ſo uſeful to Mankind. Winter was the Seaſon in which they all repos'd; and the whole Family enjoying an innocent Pleaſure, thank'd the Gods who had undeceiv'd them in their falſe Notions of Glory. They never fed on Meat but when Sacrifices were offer'd, nor was the Blood of their Flocks ſpilt but on the Altar.

Melibæus ſcarce diſcover'd any youthful Paſſion, he fed the larger Herds, fell'd Oaks in the Foreſt, digg'd ſmall Trenches to water the Meadows; always indefatigable that he might eaſe his Father: when there was no Work to do, his Diverſions were hunting, running with young Men of his Age, and Reading, of which his Father had given him a Taſte.

Meleſichton accuſtoming himſelf to this plain Life, ſoon ſaw himſelf richer than he had ever been; he had nothing indeed at home but Neceſſaries, but then he had 'em in abundance. Scarce did he keep any Company but with his own Family, who were one another's mutual Happineſs. They liv'd far from the Palaces of Kings, and from all their dear-bought

Plea-

Pleaſures; thoſe which they enjoy'd were ſweet, innocent, eaſily had, and without any fatal Conſequence. Thus *Melibæus* and *Poemenis* were brought up in the taſte of a rural Life, and accuſtomed to its Toils; they were no longer mindful of their high Birth, but only as it ſerv'd to encreaſe their Courage, and make 'em bear Poverty with an equal Mind. At length Plenty return'd without bringing Luxury. Every body uſed to ſay to *Meleſichton*, you are repoſſeſs'd of your former Riches, 'tis time to reſume your former State. Then would he anſwer, 'Which 'wou'd you have me attach'd to, that 'Luxury which ruin'd me, or that plain 'and laborious Life which made me rich 'and happy?' At length finding himſelf one day in the ſame gloomy Wood where *Ceres* had firſt appear'd to him in an inſtructive Dream, he repos'd himſelf on the Graſs with as much Content, as he had formerly laid down upon it with Sorrow; and falling aſleep, the Goddeſs appear'd to him again, and ſaid, 'True No'bility conſiſts in receiving nothing from 'any other Perſons, but doing all the good 'we can to others. Be beholden then 'for your Livelihood only to the fruitful 'Earth and your own Labour; and take 'good heed that by your Softneſs, or 'thro a falſe Glory, you never quit the

'only natural and inexhauſtible Source of 'Riches and Happineſs.'

FABLE II.

Ariſtæus and *Virgil.*

VIRGIL being deſcended to the Shades below, enter'd into the *Elyſian* Fields, where Heroes, and Men inſpir'd by the Gods, ſpent their time very happily on green Banks enamell'd with Flowers, and divided by a thouſand flowing Rivulets. He immediately met the Shepherd *Ariſtæus*, who was there in company with the Demi-Gods, and who coming forwards, and being inform'd who *Virgil* was, cry'd, 'I am heartily glad to 'meet with ſo celebrated a Poet; your 'Verſes flow with more Softneſs than 'the Dew on the tender Graſs, and 'their Harmony is ſweeter; they melt 'the Heart, and draw Tears from the 'Eyes. You have made ſome on me and 'on my Bees, of which *Homer* himſelf 'might be jealous: I am as much indeb-'ted to you for my Glory, as I am to '*Apollo* and *Cyrene*. Not long ſince I re-'peated ſome of theſe Verſes to *Linus*, '*Heſiod*, and *Homer*. After they had heard

'em,

'em, they went to drink the Water of the 'River *Lethe* to forget 'em, ſo much were 'they griev'd to think that they had not 'compos'd theſe Verſes ſo worthy of 'themſelves. You know that the Poets 'are a jealous People, come therefore and 'take your Place amongſt 'em.' 'That 'Place will be a very uncomfortable one, '*reply'd* Virgil, ſince they are ſo jealous; 'I muſt ſpend many an uneaſy Hour 'amongſt 'em; I ſee that your Bees 'could not be more eaſily provok'd than 'the Hearts of Poets.' 'True, *reply'd* '*Ariſtæus*, like Bees they hum, and like 'them have a ſharp Sting with which 'they wound all thoſe that enrage 'em.' 'There is another great Perſon that I 'muſt keep fair with, *ſaid* Virgil, and 'that's the Divine *Orpheus*, how do you 'agree together?' 'But ſo ſo, *reply'd* 'Ariſtæus, he is as jealous of his Wife, 'as the others are of their Verſes; but as 'for your part, you'll be kindly enough 'receiv'd by him, and you have ſpoke 'much more favourably than *Ovid* of his 'Quarrel with the *Thracian* Women, 'who pull'd him to pieces. But let us 'loſe no more time, let us enter into 'this Grove, water'd by a thouſand Foun-'tains clearer than Chryſtal; you'll find 'that all the ſacred Troop will riſe to do 'you Honour: do you not already hear

'*Orpheus's*

'*Orpheus*'s Lyre; hearken to *Linus* sing-
'ing the Combat of the Giants with the
'Gods; hear *Homer* telling how *Achilles*
'reveng'd the Death of *Patroclus*, by that
'of *Hector*: but *Heſiod* is the Man whom
'you ought the moſt to fear; one of his
'Temper will be enraged with you, for
'having dar'd to treat rural Affairs, which
'was his Talent, with ſo much Elegance
'and Beauty.'

Scarce had *Ariſtæus* finiſh'd his Diſ-courſe, but they found themſelves within the cool Shades, where an eternal Rapture reigns, which poſſeſſes theſe Divine Men. They all roſe, made *Virgil* ſit amongſt 'em, and then deſir'd him to ſing ſome of his Verſes; he ſung 'em at firſt with Modeſty, then with Tranſport: the moſt jealous of 'em, in ſpight of themſelves, felt a raviſhing Sweetneſs. The Lyre of *Orpheus*, which had enchanted Rocks and Woods, fell from his Hands, and bitter Tears flow'd on his Cheeks. *Homer* for a while forgot the rapid Beauty of the *Iliad*, and the agreeable Variety of the *Odyſſes*. *Linus* thinking that ſuch Verſes muſt be compos'd by his Father *Apollo*, remain'd aſtoniſh'd, and like one inanimate: *Heſiod*, mov'd with the Lines, cou'd not reſiſt the Charms of 'em; at length recovering himſelf a little, and fir'd with Jealouſy and Indignation, he ſpoke thus:

'*Virgil*,

'*Virgil*, thy Compoſitions are more laſting 'than Braſs, more durable than Marble: 'but yet I foretel it thee, the time ſhall 'come when a Child ſhall tranſlate 'em 'into his own Tongue, and with thee 'ſhall ſhare the Glory of having ſung the 'Labours of the Bees.'

FABLE III.

The Hiſtory of Alibæus *the* Perſian.

CHA-AB BAS King of *Perſia*, undertaking a Journey, determin'd to remove himſelf from Court, and to go *incognito* into the Country, that he might behold the People in their natural Simplicity and Liberty. He took only one Courtier with him, to whom he ſaid, 'I 'am ignorant of the genuine Manners of 'Men, every thing that approaches us 'being diſguis'd. 'Tis Art, and not Nature, that we ſee in Courts; I am reſolved to know what a rural Life is, to 'ſtudy that kind of Men who are ſo much 'deſpis'd, but who are the Prop of all 'Human Society. I am weary of ſeeing 'nothing but Courtiers, who obſerve me 'only with a deſign to overreach me with 'their Flatteries: I muſt go ſee the Labourers and Shepherds who do not know 'me.'

With

With this Reſolution he paſs'd with his Confidant thro ſeveral Villages, where he ſaw the Inhabitants dancing; he was extremely well pleaſed to ſee ſuch cheap and tranquil Pleaſures at ſuch a diſtance from Court. He din'd in one of their Cottages, and being very hungry, by reaſon of his having walked ſo much, he thought their coarſe Food more agreeable to the Palate, than all the exquiſite Diſhes which are ſerved at his own Table. Going over a Medow enamell'd with Flowers, thro which a murmuring Rivulet flow'd, he perceiv'd a young Shepherd ſitting beneath the Shade of an Elm, playing on a Pipe near his feeding Flock. The King accoſted and examined him, and found his Phyſiognomy agreeable, his Air plain, ingenuous, but at the ſame time noble and gracious: the Weeds in which he was dreſs'd, did not at all leſſen his Beauty. The King at firſt believ'd that he was of an illuſtrious Race, and thus diſguis'd, for ſome private Reaſon, till he was inform'd that his Father and Mother lived in an adjacent Village, and that his Name was *Alibæus*. Whilſt the King queſtioned him, he admired his ſteady and reaſonable Soul: his Eyes were lively, yet had nothing in 'em wild or fiery; his Voice was ſweet, muſical, and inſinuating; his Face had nothing in it rough,

rough, yet was not his Beauty ſoft and effeminate. This Shepherd, who was about 16 Years of Age, was not in the leaſt conſcious of his own Charms; he believ'd that his Thoughts, his Words, and every thing in him, was like thoſe of the other Shepherds of his Village: but without Education he knew every thing that Reaſon can teach thoſe who will hearken to it. The King having enter'd into a familiar Converſation with him, was charmed; by him he was inform'd of every thing concerning the State of the People, and which a King can never truly hear from that Crowd of Flatterers which ſurround him. Sometimes he wou'd ſmile at the ingenuous Simplicity of this Youth, who never ſpared any thing in his Anſwers. He made ſign to the Courtier who accompanied him, that he ſhou'd take care and not diſcover that he was King, leſt *Alibæus*, knowing whom he ſpoke to, ſhou'd loſe all his Freedom of Speech, and conſequently all the Graces of it. 'I ſee plainly, *ſaid the Monarch to* 'the *Courtier*, that Nature is no leſs pleaſing in the loweſt, than 'tis in the high-'eſt State of Life; never did a Prince's 'Son appear to be better born than this 'Lad, who now follows Sheep. I ſhou'd 'eſteem myſelf happy indeed, had I a 'Son as beautiful, as lovely, and as ſen-

'ſible

'ſible as this Youth; he appears to me 'fit for every thing, and if they take care 'to inſtruct him, he'll certainly one day 'prove a great Man; I'll take care to 'give him a good Education near me.'

This Reſolution taken, the King carried *Alibæus* away with him, who was very much ſurpriz'd when he found that 'twas to the King he had made himſelf ſo agreeable: they taught him to read, to write, to ſing, and then he was inſtructed in all the Arts and Sciences which can adorn the Mind. At firſt he was dazled with the Splendor of the Court, and his ſudden Change of Fortune, chang'd his Heart a little alſo. His Age, and the Favour he was in, join'd together, ſomewhat alter'd his Wiſdom and his Moderation. Inſtead of his Crook, his Pipe, and his Shepherd's Weeds, he wore a Purple Garment embroider'd with Gold, and a Turbant enrich'd with precious Stones: his Beauty eclips'd all that was beautiful at Court; he made himſelf capable of the moſt ſerious Affairs, and deſerv'd his Maſter's Confidence; who finding the exquiſite Taſte that *Alibæus* had for every thing that was magnificent, gave him at laſt an Office very conſiderable in *Perſia*, which is that of Keeper of all the Jewels and precious Furniture belonging to the King.

During

During the whole Life of the Great *Cha-Abbas*, *Alibæus* grew daily more and more in Favour, and as he advanc'd farther in Age, he began to recall to mind his former Condition, and often regretted it. 'O happy days, *wou'd he ſometimes* 'cry, innocent Days! Days in which I 'taſted the moſt pure Joys, accompanied 'with no kind of Dangers: Days than 'which I never ſaw any more pleaſant; 'he who depriv'd me of you, by giving 'me all my Riches, has taken from me 'all I had.'

Alibæus determining to go and ſee his native Country, was extremely mov'd at the ſight of every Place where he had danced, ſung and tuned the ſprightly Reed amongſt his Companions. All his Relations, and all his Friends, had Proofs of his Generoſity; but he wiſh'd, that for the ſake of their own Quiet and Happineſs, they might never forſake a rural Life, never know the Miſeries of a Court; Miſeries! Which he himſelf was in a little time after made ſenſible of.

Cha-Abbas, his good old Maſter, dying, was ſucceeded by his Son *Chaph-Sephi*, whom ſome envious Courtiers (for ſuch there always are) took care to prejudice againſt *Alibæus*. 'He has, *ſaid they*, made 'an ill Uſe of the Confidence which the 'late King repoſed in him; he has heap'd

'up

'up immenſe Riches, and embezzled ſe-
'veral valuable Things, with which he
'was entruſted.' *Chaph-Sephi* was young, and was a Prince, enough to make him credulous, unmindful of any thing, and without Foreſight. He had Vanity enough to make him imagine that he could reform ſeveral of his Father's Actions, and judge of Things better than he had done. For a Pretence of turning him out of Place, according to the Advice of his envious Courtiers, he order'd *Alibæus* to bring him a Scymitar ſet with Diamonds, and which the old King was wont to wear in Battle. *Cha-Abbas* had formerly order'd the Diamonds to be taken out; and *Alibæus* prov'd that it was done by the King's Order, long before he was in poſſeſſion of the Office. When his Enemies found this would not do, they perſuaded *Chaph-Sephi* to command *Alibæus* to give an exact Inventory, within a Fortnight's Time, of all that he had in his Keeping. At the Fortnight's end the King deſired to ſee every thing himſelf; *Alibæus* open'd every Door and Cheſt, and ſhew'd him all that was under his Care. Every thing was clean and carefully rang'd in its proper Place, and nothing was wanting. The King ſurpriz'd to ſee ſo much Exactneſs and Order every where, was almoſt reconciled

to

to *Alibæus*, when at the End of a great Gallery, fill'd with precious Furniture, he ſaw an Iron Door, on which were three great Locks: Upon this, the envious Courtiers whiſper'd in their Maſter's Ear, 'Here 'tis that *Alibæus* has hid all the 'valuable Things he has robb'd you of.' 'Open that Door, *cry'd the King*, immediately, in a Paſſion; I'll ſee what's be-'yond that Door: what is there, ſhew 'me this Inſtant.' *Alibæus* threw himſelf at the King's Feet, conjuring him by the Sacred Gods, not to take from him all that he had valuable on Earth. 'It is not 'juſt, *ſays he*, that in a Moment's Time I 'ſhould loſe all that I poſſeſs, all that I 'have to depend on, after having ſerv'd 'the King your Father for ſo many Years: 'Take every Thing elſe that I have, but 'leave me this.'

Chaph-Sephi no longer doubted, but that all *Alibæus*'s ill-gotten Wealth was hidden there; wherefore raiſing his Voice, and redoubling his Threats, he commanded the Door to be open'd. *Alibæus* obey'd; and having the Keys, unlock'd it himſelf: But how ſurpriz'd were they, when they ſaw nothing but the Crook, the Pipe, and the Shepherd's Weed which he had formerly wore, and which he often us'd to viſit, leſt he ſhould forget his former Condition. 'Behold,

'Great

'Great King, *ſaid he*, the precious Re-
'mains of my former Happineſs, which
'neither Fortune, nor your Power can
'take from me. Behold the Treaſure
'which will enrich me, when you have
'endeavour'd to make me poor. Take
'every thing elſe from me, but leave me
'theſe dear Pledges of my priſtine State.
'Theſe are ſolid Riches, which ſhall ne-
'ver fail me: Riches! which will keep
'thoſe innocent and happy, who can be
'contented with Neceſſaries, and ne-
'ver trouble themſelves about ſuperflu-
'ous Things. Riches! which do not
'deprive one of Liberty and Safety,
'and which never gave any one a Mo-
'ment's Uneaſineſs. O you dear Imple-
'ments of a plain, but bleſſed Life; you
'only I love, and with you I am reſolved
'to live and die. Why muſt deceitful
'Riches thus have deceiv'd me, and
'robb'd me of my Quiet? Yes, Great
'King, I freely return you all that I owe
'your Generoſity, and will preſerve
'only what I poſſeſt, when the King your
'Father, by his Liberality, made me mi-
'ſerable.'

The King a little recover'd from his Surprize, was ſenſible of *Alibæus*'s Innocence, and enrag'd againſt the Courtiers, who had endeavour'd to deceive him, he baniſh'd 'em his Preſence. *Alibæus* became

came his Chief Miniſter, and was intruſted with the moſt ſecret and moſt important Affairs; but ſtill every day he viſited his Crook, his Pipe, and his Weeds, which he kept lock'd up in his Treaſury, that he might have 'em ready, whenever the Inconſtancy of Fortune ſhould rob him of his Maſter's Favour. He died in an extreme old Age, without having permitted any Enemy of his to be puniſh'd, or heaping up any Riches; ſo that when he died, he left his Relations but juſt enough to live in the Condition of Shepherds, which he thought the ſafeſt and happieſt.

FABLE

FABLE IV.

The History of Roſimondus *and* Bramintes.

THERE was formerly a very beautiful young Man, named *Roſimondus*, who had as much Virtue and Wit, as his elder Brother *Bramintes* had Uglineſs, Brutality, and Wickedneſs in him. The Mother, who abhorr'd the elder, doated on her younger Son. The other, jealous, invented a horrid Falſhood to diſgrace his Brother, aſſuring their Father, That *Roſimondus* us'd often to go to a Neighbour's, his inveterate Enemy, and there tell every thing that was done at home, promiſing him an Opportunity of Poiſoning his Father. Upon this, the Old Man, miſerably enraged, beat his Son cruelly, ſo that he was all cover'd with Blood, then lock'd him up for the ſpace of three Days, without ſo much as allowing him the leaſt Morſel of Food; and that Time expir'd, drove him from his Houſe, and threatned to kill him, if ever he offer'd to return. The affrightned Mother durſt not ſpeak in his Behalf; and all her Relief was in Sighs and Groans.

Mean

Mean while the Youth went crying away; and not knowing whither to retire, in the Evening croſs'd a large Wood, and at Night found himſelf at the Foot of a Rock; and going into a Cavern that was in it, he laid himſelf down on a moſſy Bed, near which a clear Fountain bubbled up, and being tired and ſpent, he fell aſleep. Scarce did the Morning dawn, but he awak'd, and ſaw on a grey Horſe, whoſe Furniture was embroider'd with Gold, a very beautiful Woman, who ſeem'd as if going a hunting, and who ask'd him, Whether, or no, he had ſeen a Stag paſs by that way, follow'd by Dogs: To which he reply'd, He had not. Then looking ſtedfaſtly, 'You ſeem afflicted, '*ſaid ſhe*; What ails you? Here take 'this Ring, and if you do not make 'an ill Uſe of it, it will make you the 'moſt powerful and the moſt happy of 'Men. Turn the Diamond to the In-'ſide of your Hand, and you ſhall imme-'diately become inviſible, and when you 'turn it out again, you ſhall appear to e-'very body. Nor is this all its Virtues; 'when you wear it on your little Fin-'ger, you ſhall be like the King's Son, 'follow'd by a magnificent Train: On 'the other hand, when you wear it on the 'fourth Finger, you ſhall appear in 'your own natural Form.' *Roſimondus*

ſoon

ſoon comprehended that it was a Fairy who ſpoke to him, and who, as ſoon as ſhe had finiſh'd, retir'd into the Wood.

But he, big with the Thoughts of experiencing the Preſent, return'd immediately to his Father's Houſe, where he ſaw and heard every thing without being diſcovered. 'Twas in his power to be revenged of his Brother, without expoſing himſelf to any Danger; but he declin'd it, ſhew'd himſelf to his Mother, and told her the whole Adventure. Then putting the Ring on his little Finger, he at once appear'd like the Prince Royal, having a vaſt Number of Officers richly clad, and an hundred Horſemen in his Equipage. His Father was very much ſurpriz'd to find the King's Son within his little Habitation, and was in a very great Conſternation, not knowing how to pay him Reſpect enough. *Roſimondus* then ask'd him, how many Sons he had? 'Two, *reply'd the Old Man.*' 'Shew them me, '*ſaid Roſimondus*; I'll take 'em both to 'Court with me, and make their For-'tunes.' The Father trembling and faultring in his Speech, 'Here, Sir, *ſaid he*, 'is the elder.' 'And where is your 'younger, *cry'd* Roſimondus, I want to 'ſee him alſo?' He is not at home, *re-*'*ply'd the Father*; I chaſtis'd him for a 'Fault, and he ran away from me.' 'Your

'Re-

'Rebukes ought to have been leſs ſevere, '*anſwer'd he*; you ought to chaſtiſe, but 'not to drive a Son away from you. How-'ever, let the elder follow me, and do 'you go where theſe two Guards ſhall 'conduct you.' Immediately two of the Guards took the Old Man, and led him away; and the Fairy whom we have already mentioned, meeting him in a Foreſt, ſtruck him with a golden Wand, and made him enter into a dark and hollow Cave, where he remain'd enchanted. 'There, *ſaid ſhe*, you ſhall ſtay till your 'Son comes to deliver you.'

Mean while, *Roſimondus* went to Court, at a time when the young Prince was gone to wage War againſt a diſtant Iſland; but having, by the Violence of the Wind, been forc'd upon an unknown Coaſt, where he ſuffer'd Shipwreck, was made Priſoner by a ſavage People. *Roſimondus* appear'd at the Court inſtead of the Prince, whom they had given over for loſt, and whoſe Death every body was deploring. He told 'em, that by the Aſſiſtance of ſome Merchants he was ſav'd, without whoſe Aid he had certainly periſh'd. His ſuppos'd Return caus'd an univerſal Joy. The King was ſo tranſported, that he hung about his Son's Neck, but was not able to ſpeak; and the Queen was even more ſenſibly affect-

ed: In ſhort, the Rejoycings throughout the whole Kingdom were great.

One day the ſuppoſed Prince meeting *Bramintes*, ſaid, 'You are ſenſible that I 'drew you out of your own native Ob-'ſcurity; but notwithſtanding that, I 'knew you to be a Lyar, and that by 'your Impoſture you ruin'd your Bro-'ther; he retir'd from you, and is now 'hid within this Palace: you ſhall ſee 'him, ſpeak to him, and give him an Op-'portunity of upbraiding you with your 'Villany.' *Bramintes* hearing this, threw himſelf at his Feet, and confeſs'd his Crime, but was told, that all was in vain, he muſt ſee *Roſimondus*, and beg his Pardon; 'And he will be very good and 'generous, *continued he*, if he does par-'don you; you do not in the leaſt deſerve 'it: He's now in my Cloſet, and you 'ſhall immediately ſee him; mean while 'I'll retire, that you may have the liberty 'of converſing freely together.'

Bramintes walk'd into the Cloſet, in compliance to the Prince's Orders, who putting the Ring on his fourth Finger, reaſſumed his former Shape, and by a Back-Door came to his Brother, who aſhamed and confounded, begg'd his pardon, and promis'd to atone for his Faults. *Roſimondus* wept, embrac'd, and forgave him, ſaying, 'I am entirely in the Prince's

'Favour;

'Favour; 'tis in my power to have you 'put to death, or condemn'd to a per-'petual Impriſonment; but I'll repay 'your Injuries with Kindneſs.' *Bramintes* anſwer'd him with a great deal of Submiſſion, not daring to lift his Eyes up to him, or ſo much as to call him Brother.

Some little time after this, *Roſimondus* pretending privately to viſit a neighbouring Princeſs, went to his Mother's Houſe, where he gave her an account of every thing he had done, and ſupply'd her with what little Money ſhe wanted, for he could take what he pleas'd out of the Royal Treaſury, by the King's own Permiſſion, but that was a Favour he never abus'd.

Mean while, there broke out a terrible War between his ſuppos'd Father and a neighbouring King, whoſe Actions were unjuſt, and his Promiſes not to be rely'd upon. *Roſimondus* went to his Court; and by the Aſſiſtance of his Ring, enter'd into all his Counſels, ſtill thwarted his Deſigns, commanded the Army againſt him, totally overthrew it in Battle, and concluded a glorious Peace with him upon very advantageous Terms. The King thought of nothing now but marrying him to a neighbouring Princeſs, Heireſs of her Father's Kingdom, and who was more beautiful than the Graces. But one day

whilſt *Roſimondus* was hunting in the Foreſt, where he had formerly met the good Fairy, ſhe again appear'd to him; 'Beware, *ſaid ſhe, with a ſevere Tone,* that you do not marry as though you really were the Prince; you muſt deceive no one: 'tis but juſt, that the Prince for whom you are taken ſhould return to inherit his Father's Kingdom. Go then and ſeek him in a diſtant Iſland, to which the proſperous Winds that ſhall fill your ſwelling Sails will waft you. Haſten to ſerve your Maſter, in ſpite of all ambitious Hopes; and, like an honeſt Man, be contented with your own Condition. Unleſs you obey me, I'll forſake you, and give you wholly up to your former Misfortunes.'

Roſimondus with pleaſure hearkned to ſo good an Advice; and, under pretence of negociating a ſecret Buſineſs in a neighbouring State, he went on board a ſhip, and was immediately carried to the Iſland where the Fairy had inform'd him that the true Prince was detained. This ſavage People had made him tend their Herds. *Roſimondus* found him in their Paſtures, and covering him with his Cloak, which, as well as himſelf, was inviſible, he carried him to the Sea-ſhore, and they together went on board. The Winds, obedient to the Fairy's Will, brought

brought 'em back again. They came together into the King's Apartment, and *Roſimondus* preſenting his Son to him, ſaid, 'Your Majeſty has believed me your 'Son; I am not; but here I reſtore him 'to you.' The King ſurpriz'd, addreſs'd himſelf to the Prince, ſaying, 'Are not 'you, my Son, the Perſon who over-'threw our Enemies, and concluded a 'glorious Peace with them? or is it true 'that you were ſhipwreck'd, made a 'Captive, and deliver'd by *Roſimondus*?' 'Yes, my good Father, *reply'd the Prince*, 'twas he that deliver'd me from Bon-'dage, and to him I owe my Liberty, and 'the Pleaſure of ſeeing you again: To 'him, and not to me, aſcribe the Victo-'ry.' The King could not be perſuaded of the Truth of what was told him, till *Roſimondus* changing his Ring again, ſhew'd himſelf in the Form of the Prince. The aſtoniſh'd King was confounded, to ſee two Perſons before him, who both appeard to be his Son. Then offer'd he vaſt Sums of Money to *Roſimondus*, for ſuch ſignal Services. But all the Favour he begg'd, was, That his Brother *Bramintes* might be continu'd in an Office at Court which he was already in poſſeſſion of. For his part, dreading the Inconſtancy of Fortune, the Envy of Men, and miſtruſting his own Abilities, he choſe to

retire to his own Village, where he liv'd with his Mother, and employ'd his time in tilling the Earth. The Fairy, who again met him in the Wood, ſhew'd him the Cave in which his Father was enchanted, and taught him what Words he muſt pronounce for his Deliverance. As he had impatiently long'd a great while to do it, he went joyfully about it, and gave him wherewith to live comfortably the remainder of his Life. *Roſimondus* was a Benefactor to his whole Family, and had the pleaſure of doing good to all thoſe that had ſought to do him harm. After having done ſo many things for the Service of the Court, he would be indebted to it for nothing but the Liberty of living far from its Degeneracy. And as his Wiſdom and Foreſight were great, he fear'd that his Ring might tempt him to leave his Solitude, and again engage him in the World. Wherefore he return'd to the Wood where he had formerly met the Fairy, and daily viſited the Cave where ſhe had firſt appear'd to him, in hopes of meeting with her again. A length one day ſhe came, and he returning the enchanted Ring, ſaid, 'I reſtore you this pre-'cious, but dangerous Preſent; which 'might ſo eaſily be miſuſed. I ſhall ne-'ver believe myſelf ſafe, but when I find

'it

'it out of my power to quit my Retire-
'ment, or to gratify all my Paſſions.'

But while *Roſimondus* was returning this Ring, *Bramintes* ſtill wicked and incorrigible, gave a looſe to all his Paſſions, and would have engaged the Prince, who ſince his Father's Death had aſcended the Throne, to uſe *Roſimondus* ill. Wherefore the Fairy ſaid to this laſt, 'Your 'Brother is ſtill a Villain, he would wil-
'lingly make you ſuſpected by the King,
'and ruin you; for which he deſerves to
'be puniſh'd, and ſhall inevitably periſh.
'I'll inſtantly go and give him the Ring
'which you have reſtored me.' *Roſimondus* at firſt deplor'd his Brother's miſerable Fate; then ſaid to the Fairy, 'Is
'ſuch a precious Gift a Puniſhment?
'he'll certainly miſuſe it though, acqui-
'ring an unlimited Power to himſelf, and
'doing evil to all juſt and good Men.'

'The ſame thing, *anſwered the Fairy*,
'may be one Man's Remedy and ano-
'ther's Poiſon; Proſperity is the never-
'failing Source of a wicked Man's Miſ-
'fortunes. When you would puniſh a
'Villain, 'tis but making him powerful,
'and he ſoon haſtens to his own Ruin.'
She ſaid, and leaving him, went to the Palace, ſhew'd herſelf to *Bramintes* in the form of an old Woman clothed in Rags, and ſaid, 'I have taken from your Bro-

'ther the Ring I had lent him, and with 'which he had acquir'd ſo much Honour; 'do you now take care what uſe you make 'of it.' *Bramintes* laughing, reply'd, 'I 'ſhall not, like my Brother, go ſeek the 'rightful Prince, when I may reign in his 'ſtead.'

Being now in poſſeſſion of the Ring, *Bramintes* made it his whole Buſineſs to diſcover Family-Secrets, to be guilty of treacherous and infamous Actions, of Murders, of liſtning to the King's ſecret Counſels, and of rapaciouſly robbing every body. His inviſible Crimes amazed every one. The King finding that all his Secrets were diſcover'd, knew not how to account for it: But the boundleſs Proſperity of *Bramintes*, as well as his Haughtineſs, made him ſuſpect that he was Maſter of his Brother's Ring. To diſcover this, he made uſe of a Stranger, an Enemy's Subject, to whom he gave a great Sum of Money. This Man, in the Name of his King, offer'd him vaſt Riches and Honours, if by his Spies he would give him intelligence of all the King's Counſels.

Bramintes promis'd, and went with him to receive a great Sum, as an Earneſt of his Reward; and boaſted that he had a Ring which made him inviſible. The next Morning he was by the King's Order arreſted, the Ring taken from him,

him, and in his Pockets were ſeveral Papers found, which ſufficiently prov'd his Crimes. *Roſimondus* came to Court to beg his Brother's pardon, which was deny'd him; *Bramintes* was put to death: and the Ring prov'd a greater Misfortune to him than it had a Happineſs to his Brother.

To comfort *Roſimondus*, the King return'd him the Ring, as a Treaſure of an infinite Value: but the afflicted *Roſimondus* did not think ſo. He return'd to ſeek the Fairy in the Wood, and meeting her, ſaid, 'Take back your Ring, my 'Brother's Fate has taught me what at 'firſt I did not comprehend, though you 'told it me; keep this unhappy Inſtru-'ment of my Brother's Death. Alas! he 'might ſtill have lived, nor have overwhel-'med my Father's Age with Grief and 'Shame: He might ſtill have been wiſe 'and happy, perhaps, had it not been 'in his power to have gratify'd his De-'ſires. O how dangerous it is to be 'more powerful than other Men! Once 'more take back your Ring; woe to 'the next Man to whom it ſhall be 'given: The only Favour I beg of you, 'is, that it may never be poſſeſs'd by a-'ny one whom I have a value for.'

FABLE V.

The Adventures of Ariſtonous.

Sophronimus having by Shipwrecks, and other Misfortunes, loſt the Eſtate left him by his Anceſtors, retired to the Iſland of *Delos*, where his Virtue proved his Comfort. There on a Golden Harp he play'd, and ſung the Praiſes of the God to whom the Iſle is conſecrated. He offer'd at the Muſes Shrine, and by them was inſpired; he pry'd curiouſly into the hidden things of Nature, ſtudy'd the Courſes and Revolutions of the Heavens and Heavenly Bodies, the Order of the Elements, the Structure of the univerſal World, which with a Compaſs he could meaſure; the Uſe of Plants and Simples, and the Inſtinct and Diſpoſition of Animals: but above all, he ſtudy'd himſelf, and made it his whole Buſineſs to implant Virtue into his Soul. Thus Fortune, by endeavouring to depreſs him, rais'd him to the greateſt Honour, even to that of Wiſdom.

Whilſt thus in his Retreat he led a poor, but happy Life, he one day on the Beach perceiv'd a venerable old Man, who

was

was juſt landed, and who to him was a perfect Stranger. The good old Man with Admiration view'd the Shore, and look'd round the once floating Iſland; with pleaſure he caſt his Eyes above the Sands and Rocks, where little Hillocks roſe perpetually green and flouriſhing. He could not be ſatisfy'd with gazing on the Chryſtal Fountains and rapid Rivulets, which refreſhed and watered this enchanting Country; he moved on towards the ſacred Groves, which on every ſide ſurround *Apollo's* Temple. With admiration he gazed on the perpetual Verdure, which the bleak North-Eaſt durſt never blaſt. Already he ſurvey'd the Temple of the God, built with *Parian* Marble, whiter than unſully'd Snow, and ſurrounded by lofty Jaſpar Pillars.

Mean while *Sophronimus* was as intent in viewing the old Man; his Silver Beard hung down upon his Breaſt, his wrinkled Face had nothing deform'd in it, nor had he any Marks of a decrepid old Age: Vivacity ſparkled in his Eyes, his Stature was tall, his Gait Majeſtick, but inclining forward, he leant on an Ivory Staff. *Sophronimus* addreſſing himſelf to him, ſaid, 'What ſeek you in this Iſland, ve-'nerable Stranger, which ſeems to be 'wholly unknown to you? If it be the 'Temple of the God, which at this diſ-

'tance

'tance you may behold, accept of me to 'conduct you thither; I fear the Gods 'and know what *Jove* and Hoſpitality re-'quire of us.'

'I accept your Offer with all my heart, '*reply'd the old Man*; may the Gods re-'ward you for your Kindneſs to Stran-'gers: come let us walk towards the Tem-'ple.' As they were going thither, the old Man gave *Sophronimus* an account of the reaſon of his Voyage: 'My Name, '*ſaid he*, is *Ariſtonous*; I was born at *Cla-'zomene*, a Town of *Ionia*, whoſe Situa-'tion is on that delightful Coaſt, which 'advances itſelf into the Sea, and which 'looks as if it touch'd the Iſland *Chios*, 'the fortunate Country of *Homer*. My 'Parentage, though poor, was noble; '*Polyſtratus* was my Father's Name, whoſe 'numerous Family already overburdening 'him, caus'd me to be expoſed, by one 'of his Friends of *Teos*. I was found by 'an old Woman of *Erythrea*, who liv'd 'not far from the Place where I was ex-'pos'd, and who taking me home to her 'Cottage, fed me with the Milk of Goats. 'But being very poor herſelf, and not a-'ble to entertain me too, as ſoon as I 'was old enough for any Service, ſhe 'ſold me for a Slave to a Merchant, who 'carried me to *Lycia*, and at *Patara* ſold 'me to *Alcinus*, a rich and vertuous Man,

who

'who in my Youth took care of me; and 'finding me tractable, moderate, ſincere, 'affectionate, and attentive to every thing 'which was Praiſe-worthy, he devoted 'me to the Arts which *Apollo* favours; he 'had me inſtructed in Muſick, in all man-'ner of bodily Exerciſes, but eſpecially 'in Surgery, and the Art of healing all 'kinds of Wounds. I ſoon acquired a 'ſufficient ſhare of Reputation in that 'Art, ſo uſeful to Mankind; and *Apollo*, 'who inſpired me, revealed ſome won-'derful Secrets to me. *Alcinus*, who dai-'ly lov'd me more and more, and was ex-'tremely pleas'd to ſee how well his Care 'of me was repaid, gave me my liberty, 'ſent me to *Damocles*, King of *Lycaonia*; 'who living amidſt ſoft Pleaſures, lov'd 'Life, and fear'd Death. This King, to 'detain me, loaded me with Riches. 'Some few Years after, *Damocles* died, and 'his Son being by the Intrigue of Flat-'terers incens'd againſt me, I became ſen-'ſible of the falſe Eclat of Courts. I 'was then poſſeſs'd with a violent Deſire 'of ſeeing *Lycia*, where I had liv'd all 'my Youth: I was in hopes of meeting 'with *Alcinus*, who had brought me 'up, and was the Founder of my For-'tune. The firſt thing I was inform'd 'of, when I arriv'd, was *Alcinus*'s Death, 'after having loſt his Eſtate, and ſuffer'd

'with

'with Patience and Conſtancy the Miſe-
'ries of old Age. I ſtrew'd Flowers on
'his Aſhes, and ſprinkled them with
'Tears. I had an honourable Inſcription
'grav'd on his Tomb, and then enquired
'what was become of his Children. They
'told me that there remain'd but one of
'them, whoſe Name was *Orcilochus*, and
'who, not able to live poor and retired,
'where his Father had liv'd ſo ſplendidly,
'went on board a ſtrange Ship, reſolving
'to live obſcurely in ſome ſolitary Iſland.
'To this they added, that *Orcilochus* had
'been caſt away, a little while after, near
'the Iſle *Carpathus*; ſo that not one of
'the Family of my Benefactor *Alcinus* was
'left. Immediately I reſolv'd to buy the
'Houſe in which he had liv'd, with the
'fruitful Fields that ſurround it, and
'which he had poſſeſs'd. Nothing could
'pleaſe me more than the Sight of a Place
'which always made me recall to mind
'the pleaſanteſt part of my Life, and the
'kindeſt of Maſters: And I often fancy'd
'myſelf to be the ſame blooming Youth,
'as when I ſerv'd *Alcinus*.

'Scarce had I purchas'd this Eſtate,
'but I was obliged to go to *Clazomene*.
'My Father and Mother were both dead,
'and I had ſeveral Brothers, who could
'not agree together. I appear'd before
'them as ſoon as I came to *Clazomene*, in

'a

'a mean Dreſs, as one who was deſtitute 'of Money, ſhewing them the Marks 'with which you know People generally 'take care to expoſe Children. They 'were aſtoniſh'd when they ſaw the 'Number of *Polyſtratus*'s Heirs increaſe, 'who were to divide the ſmall Inheri-'tance. Upon this they reſolv'd to diſ-'own me for a Brother; nor would they 'acknowledge me before the Judges. To 'puniſh their Inhumanity, I conſented to 'be look'd upon as a Stranger, and that 'they ſhould be excluded from ever inheri-'ting what I left. The Judges decreed that 'it ſhould be ſo; and then I ſhew'd them 'the Treaſure which I had brought with 'me. I let them know, that I was the 'ſame *Ariſtonous* who had acquir'd ſo 'much Wealth under *Damocles*, and that 'I never had been marry'd.

'My Brothers ſoon repented of their 'having dealt ſo unjuſtly by me, and ho-'ping that they yet one day might be my 'Heirs, they endeavour'd, but in vain, to 'inſinuate themſelves into my Favour. 'The Eſtate which my Father had left, 'by reaſon of their Diviſions, was ſold; 'I purchas'd it, and they with grief ſaw 'the whole Eſtate fall into the hands of 'one to whom they had deny'd an in-'conſiderable Part. They ſoon were o-'verwhelmed with Poverty: but having

'ſmarted

'ſmarted for their Fault, I was willing to 'give 'em a Proof of my Good-nature; I 'forgave them, receiv'd 'em into my Houſe, 'and furniſh'd them with enough to gain 'conſiderable Eſtates by merchandizing; I 'reconciled them all, and both they and 'their Children liv'd peaceably together in 'my Houſe; I became the common Father 'of all their Families, who, by their Union 'and their Induſtry, ſoon acquir'd conſide-'rable Riches. Mean while you ſee Old 'Age is knocking at my Door, my Hairs 'are whitened, and my Face wrinkled, and 'I plainly ſee that I cannot long enjoy this 'Proſperity: but before my Death I was 'once more willing to ſee *Lycia*, far dearer 'to me than my own native Country, where, 'under the Tuition of the virtuous *Alcinus*, 'I learnt to be good and wiſe. In my 'Voyage I accidentally met with a Mer-'chant of the *Cyclade* Iſlands, who aſſured 'me that in *Delos* there ſtill liv'd a Son of *Or-'cilochus*, who was a Copy of the Wiſdom 'and Virtue of his Grandfather *Alcinus*. Upon 'this I immediately put off my *Lycian* Voyage, 'and under the Guidance of *Apollo*, I haſt-'ned to this Iſland to ſeek the precious 'Remains of a Family to which I owe all 'that I poſſeſs. My Days draw toward 'their end, and the cruel Siſters, Enemies 'to the Repoſe, which by the Gods is ſo 'ſeldom granted to Man, will ſoon cut the

'Thread

'Thread of my Life: But I ſhou'd cloſe 'my Eyes in Peace, cou'd they once be-'hold my belov'd Maſter's Grandſon. Tell 'me then, you that are an Inhabitant of 'this Iſland, do you know him? Shew him 'me if you can, and may the Gods, as a 'Reward of your Labour, grant you the 'ſight of your Children's Children to the 'fifth Generation! To recompence your 'Virtue, may they preſerve your whole 'Family in Plenty and in Peace!'

Whilſt *Ariſtonous* was ſpeaking, Tears caus'd both by Joy and Sorrow, flow'd from *Sophronimus*'s Eyes, and whilſt the Hurry of theſe Paſſions denied him Words, he threw his Arms about the Old Man's Neck, and tenderly embraced him: at length, but with much ado, he utter'd theſe Words, which by his Sighs were often interrupted.

'I, O my Father, I am the Man you 'look for; behold *Sophronimus*, the Grand-'ſon of your Friend *Alcinus*: Once more 'I am he, nor do I by what I have heard, 'in the leaſt doubt but that the Gods 'themſelves have ſent you hither to alle-'viate my Misfortunes. In you, and in 'you only, may be found that Gratitude 'which ſeem'd to have forſaken the 'Earth. I had indeed, whilſt yet a Child, 'heard that my Grandfather had brought 'up a Perſon who now was a famous and

'wealthy

'wealthy Man in *Lycaonia*; but as *Orci-*
'*lochus* my Father died whilſt I was yet
'in my Cradle, I heard theſe things but
'in a confus'd manner, and unwilling to
'go upon an Uncertainty to *Lycaonia*, I
'rather choſe to ſtay in this Iſland, where
'I have comforted myſelf under my Mis-
'fortunes, by contemning vain Riches, and
'in devoting myſelf to the Study of Po-
'etry in the ſacred Dome of *Apollo*. Wiſ-
'dom, which teaches Man to be conten-
'ted with a ſmall matter, and to be eaſy,
'has hitherto ſtood me in lieu of all other
'Treaſures.'

Juſt as *Sophronimus* had done ſpeaking theſe Words, he perceived that they were arriv'd at the Temple-Gate, and therefore propos'd to *Ariſtonous* that they ſhou'd offer up their Prayers and Sacrifices: Accordingly they offered up two Sheep, whoſe Whiteneſs outvy'd the Snow, and a Bull that had a Creſcent in his Forehead between the two Horns; and then in Verſe they ſung the Praiſes of the God who gives Light to the World, who orders the Seaſons, who preſides over Arts and Sciences, and who inſpires the Chorus of the Muſes. Coming out of the Temple, *Sophronimus* carried the good old Man to his own Houſe, where he receiv'd him with the ſame Love and Reſpect with which he wou'd have receiv'd *Alcinus*,

had

had he ſtill been living; and the remainder of the day was ſpent in recounting their Adventures to each other. The next Day they went on board together, and ſailed for *Lycia*, where being arrived, *Ariſtonous* carried *Sophronimus* into a fertile Country, on the Banks of the River *Xanthus*, in which *Apollo* has ſo often plung'd his Body, and dipt his flaxen Hair, when in his return from Hunting, he was cover'd o'er with Duſt. On the Banks of this River they found tall Poplars and Willows, in whoſe green and tender Boughs an infinite number of Birds, which ſung night and day, had built their Neſts. A Channel, whoſe Bottom was paved with Pebble-ſtones, receiv'd the noiſy foaming Waters of a River which fell into it from an impending Rock; a yellow Harveſt crown'd the fertile Plains, and the neighbouring Hillocks roſe like an Amphitheatre, and Vines and fruitful Trees overſpread 'em; all Nature there ſmil'd and look'd gay, calm and ſerene the Air; the Earth ſtill puſhing from her Boſom new Riches, to reward the labouring Swain. As they advanc'd ſtill further on the River, *Sophronimus* perceiv'd a Houſe which appear'd to be plain and mean, but whoſe Architecture was pleaſing to the ſight, and its Parts proportionable: In the inſide of it he found neither

Gold,

Gold, nor Silver, nor Ivory, nor Purple Furniture; every thing was neat, agreeable, and contriv'd for Convenience, not Oſtentation. In the middle of the Court a Fountain bubbled up, and form'd a ſmall Canal, which was border'd by a flowry Turf. The Gardens were not very large, but they were filled with all kinds of Fruits and Plants which are neceſſary to Man's Nouriſhment. On each ſide of the Garden there was a Grove, whoſe Trees appear'd to be almoſt as old as the Earth itſelf which bore 'em, and whoſe thick interwoven Branches defended its Walks from the heat of the Sun-beams. They enter'd into a ſpacious Hall, where they made an agreeable Repaſt on ſuch Food as Nature herſelf had provided, and wherein none of thoſe Delicacies which Men ſearch for ſo far, and buy in Cities, cou'd be ſeen. Their Milk was even as ſweet as that which *Apollo* himſelf milk'd when he tended the Flocks of King *Admetus*: their Honey was more exquiſite than the Honey of the Bees of *Hybla* in *Sicily*, or of Mount *Hymettus* in *Attica*; the Pulſe of the Garden, and the Fruit was but juſt gather'd; their Wine more delicious than *Nectar*, flow'd from large Vaſes into well carv'd Goblets. During their frugal, but pleaſant Repaſt, *Ariſtonous* declined ſitting down at Table: at firſt indeed, to excuſe his

his Modeſty, he found out various Pretences; but *Sophronimus* ſtill preſſing him, he at length declared that nothing ſhou'd perſuade him to ſit at Table with the Grandſon of *Alcinus*, whom he had ſo often waited upon in the ſame Hall. 'In 'that Place, *ſaid he*, it was, the venerable 'Sage was wont to eat; there he con-'vers'd with his Friends, there he exer-'ciſed himſelf at various Games; there 'wou'd he walk and read the Works of '*Homer* or of *Heſiod*; and there at night 'he laid himſelf down to ſleep.' Whilſt he recall'd theſe various Circumſtances to mind, his Heart melted within him, and his Eyes flowed with Tears. When the Repaſt was finiſhed, he led *Sophronimus* into his flowry Meadows, where the larger Herds were lowing on the River Banks; they ſaw the woolly Flocks returning from their Paſture, the tender Lambkins bounding on the Graſs, follow'd the bleating Ewes, whoſe Udders were ſtretch'd out with Milk. On every ſide you might behold the diligent Labourer, who ſeem'd in love with his Work; ſo kind, ſo humane, was their Maſter to them, by whoſe means the Bonds of Slavery were made eaſy.

Ariſtonous having ſhew'd the Houſe, the Slaves, the Herds, the Flocks, and the enriched Soil to *Sophronimus*, ſpoke to him

in

in the following manner: 'I am over-'joy'd to ſee you in poſſeſſion of the an-'cient Eſtate of your Anceſtors, and of a 'Place in which I ſo long waited upon '*Alcinus*. May you peaceably enjoy what 'was his, but by a long foreſight prepare 'yourſelf to end your days more calmly 'than he did.' Then by a Deed of Gift he made the Eſtate over to him according to all the Formalities of the Laws; and at the ſame time cut off all his natural Heirs from any part of his Inheritance, ſhould they ever prove ungrateful enough to contend with the Grandſon of *Alcinus*, his Benefactor, the Donation of the Eſtate. But yet this did not ſatisfy *Ariſtonous* before he made over his Houſe, he furniſh'd it entirely from top to bottom, not with gaudy, but plain, modeſt, and agreeable Furniture; the Barns and Granaries he fill'd with the richeſt Gifts of *Ceres*, and the Vaults with the choiceſt Wine of *Chios*, fit to be ſerv'd up at the Table of almighty *Jove* by *Ganymede* of *Hebe*: he alſo laid in ſome *Parmenian* Wine, with an abundant Store of Honey of *Hymettus* and of *Hybla*, and *Attican* Oil almoſt as ſweet as Honey itſelf. To this he added an infinite number of fine Fleeces of Wool, white as the driven Snow; the wealthy Spoils of the tender Sheep which feed on the Mountains of *Arcadia*, and in the

the fat *Sicilian* Paſtures: and thus was the Houſe adorn'd when he gave it to *Sophronimus*, and at the ſame time preſented him with fifty Talents of *Eubœa*; and for his own Family he reſerved his Poſſeſſions in the Peninſula of *Clazomene*, and in the Neighbourhood of *Smyrna*, *Lebedos*, and *Colophon*, which were of a very great value. The Deed of Gift being ſign'd, *Ariſtonous* goes on board his Ship, and returns to *Ionia*. *Sophronimus* aſtoniſh'd and mov'd with the Kindneſs of the good old Man, follow'd him to the Ship with Tears in his Eyes, calling him all along his Father, and preſſing him in his Arms. *Ariſtonous*, with a propitious Wind, ſoon arriv'd at his own home; his Relations durſt not complain of what he had done for *Sophronimus*: 'I have, *ſaid he to them*, 'ſo ſettled my Eſtate by my laſt Will, 'that if any of you ſhould diſpute the 'Settlement I have made upon the Grand-'ſon of *Alcinus*, all that I leave ſhall be 'ſold and given to the Poor of *Ionia*.'

The wiſe old Man lived peaceably, and enjoyed the Riches which the Gods had beſtowed on his Virtues. Notwithſtanding his extreme old Age, each Year he ſailed to *Lycia*, to viſit *Sophronimus*, and to ſacrifice on the Tomb of *Alcinus*, which he had enriched with the moſt curious Work of the Architect and the Engraver.

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He had given Orders, that when Death had closed his Eyes, his Ashes should be carried to the same Tomb to rest with those of his dear Master. As often as the Spring return'd, the Eyes of *Sophronimus* were fixed on the Sea-shore, impatient to discover the Ship of *Aristonous*, which at that time of the Year always arrived. Each Year he had the Pleasure of seeing it afar off, ploughing the briny Waters, the return of which was far more agreeable to him than all the Beauties of Nature, when after the Rigours of a tedious stormy Winter, she revives in the Spring.

It happen'd one Year that this long desired Ship did not arrive as it was wont: *Sophronimus* sigh'd bitterly, Fear and Sorrow sate confess'd upon his Face; refreshing Sleep was banish'd from his Eyes, no relish was left him for the most exquisite Dainties; he grew restless, and the least noise disturbed him, he was always going towards the Port, and perpetually enquiring if no *Ionian* Ship was arriv'd. At length he saw one; but alas! *Aristonous* was not there, his Ashes only were on board it in a silver Urn. *Amphicles*, who was much about the Age of the Deceased, his ancient Friend, and the trusty Executor of his Last Will, was the sad Bearer of the Urn; when he came up to *Sophronimus*, neither of 'em could find

find any other way of expreſſing himſelf, but by Sighs and Groans. At length *Sophronimus* kiſſing the Urn, and bedewing it with his Tears, broke out thus: 'Thou 'venerable Sage, to whom I am indebted 'for all my Happineſs, and who now art 'the cauſe of my ſharpeſt Pain; I ſhall 'never ſee thee more. How welcome 'would Death be to me! that I might 'follow thee to the *Elyſian* Fields, where 'thy Shade now enjoys that ſolid Peace 'which the Gods have reſerv'd for the 'Recompence of Virtue. In our days 'thou haſt recall'd Juſtice, Piety, and 'Gratitude on Earth, and in this Iron 'Age thou haſt given us an Example of 'the Innocence and Goodneſs of the 'Golden one. The Gods before their 'rewarding thee in the Habitation of the 'Juſt, have granted thee here on Earth a 'long and happy Life: but alas! not 'long enough, ſince it ought to have en-'dur'd for ever! I can no longer enjoy 'what thou haſt beſtow'd upon me, ſince 'I muſt poſſeſs it without thee. O dear 'Shade! when ſhall I follow thee. Pre-'cious Aſhes! could you be ſenſible of 'any thing, 'twould be of the pleaſure of 'being mix'd with thoſe of *Alcinus*; mine 'too ſhall one day be mix'd with them: 'mean while all my Comfort ſhall be pla-'ced in preſerving theſe dear Remains of

'what I have ſo much lov'd. O *Ariſto-*
'*nous! Ariſtonous!* thou ſhalt never die,
'but always live in my Heart; rather let
'me forget myſelf, than forget ſo amiable
'a Man, who has lov'd me, who has lov'd
'Virtue ſo dearly, and to whom I owe
'all that I poſſeſs.'

After theſe Words, ſo often interrupted with Sighs, *Sophronimus* placed the Urn in the Tomb of *Alcinus*, on which he ſlew many Victims, whoſe Blood overflow'd the green Turf Altars which ſurrounded it; he pour'd forth abundant Libations of Milk and Wine; he burnt Perfumes which were imported from the fartheſt Parts of the Eaſt, and their odoriferous Cloud aſcended to the middle Region. After this *Sophronimus* inſtituted Funeral Games in Honour of *Alcinus* and *Ariſtonous*, which every Year, at that time, were to be celebrated. Hither the People flock'd from the happy and fruitful Country of *Caria*, from the enchanted Borders of the *Meander*, which winds and turns, as loth to quit the Country it waters; from the perpetual flouriſhing Banks of *Cayſtre*; from the ſhore of *Pactolus*, whoſe Waters glide upon a golden Sand; from *Pamphilia*, in which *Pomona*, *Ceres*, and *Flora*, ſtrive to outvie each other; and from the large Plains of *Cilicia*, water'd as a Garden by the Torrents which fall from Mount *Taurus*,

Taurus, whoſe Head is cover'd with perpetual Snow. During this ſolemn Feaſt, the young Men and Maidens, array'd in long trailing Robes of Linnen, whiter than the Lillies, ſung Hymns in Praiſe of *Alcinus* and *Ariſtonous*; for 'twas impoſſible to praiſe the one without the other, or to ſeparate two Men ſo cloſely united, even after Death.

But the moſt miraculous part of it was, on the very firſt day that *Sophronimus* was pouring forth Libations of Wine and Milk, out of the midſt of the Tomb there ſprung a Myrtle-Tree, whoſe Verdure, and whoſe Fragrancy, were exquiſite; and on a ſudden, with its tufted Head, and ſhady Boughs, it overſpread the two Urns. All who were preſent, cry'd out, that the Gods, to recompence the Virtues of *Ariſtonous*, had chang'd him into that beautiful Tree. *Sophronimus* took care to water it with his own Hands, and paid it Divine Honours. This Tree, far from decaying, is every tenth Year renew'd; and by this Miracle the Gods have ſhewn that *Virtue, whoſe fragrant Odour thus perfumes the Memory of Men, can never die.*

FABLE VI.

The Hiſtory of Floriſa.

A Poor Woman that lived in the Country, was acquainted with a Fairy, whom ſhe invited to her Lying-in, and was brought to bed of a Daughter. The Fairy immediately took the Child in her Arms, and addreſſing herſelf to the Mother, 'Chuſe, *ſaid ſhe*, whether your 'Daughter ſhall have more Beauty than 'the bluſhing Morn, with Wit ſuperiour 'to her Beauty, and be the Queen of a 'large Country, but unhappy; or whe-'ther ſhe ſhall be ugly, a poor Country-'Woman like you, but contented with 'her Fortune.' The Country Woman immediately choſe Beauty, Wit, and a Crown for her Daughter, regardleſs of any Misfortune that might befall her. Already the Child's growing Beauty began to eclipſe that of other Children; her Temper was eaſy, poliſh'd, and inſinuating; ſhe would learn every thing that they could teach her, and in a very little time was more perfect in it than thoſe who taught it her. On Holidays ſhe danced upon the tender Graſs more gracefully

fully than all her Companions; her Voice was more moving than the ſofteſt Inſtruments of Muſick, and her Songs were ſome of her own compoſing. At firſt ſhe was not ſenſible of her Charms; but playing with her Companions one day at the Brink of a Chryſtal Fountain, ſhe ſaw what difference there was between herſelf and the others, and admir'd herſelf. The whole Country, who came in Crowds to gaze upon her, made her more ſenſible of her Charms. Her Mother, who built her Hopes on the Prediction of the Fairy, already look'd on her as on a Queen, and by her fond Indulgence ſpoiled her. She would neither ſow nor ſpin, nor tend the Flocks, but ſpent her whole time in gathering Flowers to adorn her Head; in ſinging and dancing in the ſhady Groves. The King of that Country was very powerful, and had an only Son, whoſe Name was *Roſimondus*, whom he was willing to marry: But the Prince wou'd never ſo much as hear the leaſt mention made of any neighbouring Princeſs, a Fairy having aſſur'd him that he ſhou'd one day meet with a Country Laſs more lovely and more accompliſh'd than all the Princeſſes of the World: he therefore reſolved to have all the Country Girls under eighteen Years of Age aſſembled together, that he might make choice of

her who ſhould prove the moſt worthy of it. They throng'd together, but an infinite Number of middling Beauties were excluded, and thirty of 'em, who infinitely ſurpaſs'd the reſt, were ſelected. *Floriſa* (for that was the Name of our young Heroine) found it no difficult matter to be admitted. The thirty Laſſes were placed in order upon a ſort of an Amphitheatre in the middle of a ſpacious Hall, where the King and his Son might ſee 'em all at once. *Floriſa* in the midſt of 'em appear'd like a fine Tulip in a Marygold Bed, or like a flouriſhing Orange-Tree in the midſt of a thorny Hedge. The King cry'd out that ſhe deſerved the Crown, and *Roſimondus* thought himſelf happy in the Poſſeſſion of her. She was ſtript of her rural Clothes, in lieu of which, Robes embroider'd with Gold were given her, and in a moment's time ſhe ſaw herſelf cover'd with Pearls and Diamonds. A vaſt Number of Ladies were employ'd in ſerving her; they made it their whole care to gueſs her Thoughts, and know what could be pleaſing to her, that ſhe might have it without the trouble of asking for it. Her Lodging was a magnificent Apartment of the Palace, which inſtead of Tapeſtry, was hung with large Looking-Glaſſes as high as the Room itſelf, that

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ſhe might have the Pleaſure of ſeeing her Beauty reflected from every Side, and that the Prince, wherever he turn'd his Eye, might admire her. *Roſimondus* gave over hunting, gaming, and all the Exerciſes of the Body, that he might be continually near her; and as the King his Father died ſoon after the Marriage, the wiſe *Floriſa* was become Queen, and by her prudent Counſels govern'd the whole State. The Queen Dowager, whoſe Name was *Nigrelina*, was jealous of her Daughter-in-law; to her natural Uglineſs, old Age had added Deformity, and ſhe reſembled one of the Furies. The Beauty of *Floriſa* made her appear more hideous, and provok'd her more and more: ſhe could not bear the thoughts of being a Foil to ſo lovely a Creature; ſhe fear'd her Wiſdom, and therefore gave herſelf wholly up to Rage and Envy, and would often ſay to her Son, 'Where 'was your Spirit when you married a 'poor Country Girl, whom yet you make 'an Idol of? She is as haughty as if ſhe 'was born to the Throne. When the 'King your Father thought of marrying, 'he preferr'd me to every body elſe, be-'cauſe I was the Daughter of a Monarch 'equal in Power to him, and in this you 'ought to have follow'd his Example. 'Send back your little Shepherdeſs to her

'Village, and chuſe ſome Princeſs whoſe 'Birth may make her worthy of you.' *Roſimondus* ſtill reſiſted his Mother's pernicious Counſels: but one day *Nigrelina* intercepted a Letter *Floriſa* had wrote to the King, and in which ſhe had expreſs'd that Love ſhe ought in Duty to bear him. *Nigrelina* gave it to a young Nobleman to carry to the King, as a Note ſent to himſelf by *Floriſa*. *Roſimondus*, blinded by a ſudden Jealouſy, and the deſtructive Counſels of the old Queen, had *Floriſa* lock'd up in a high Tower, built upon the Top of a ſteep Rock which ſtood in the Sea; there Night and Day ſhe wept, not knowing why the King, who lov'd her dearly, ſhould treat her ſo unjuſtly. There nobody was allow'd to come near her but an old Woman, to whom *Nigrelina* had entruſted her, and who in her Priſon was perpetually inſulting over her. Then *Floriſa* recall'd to mind her Village, her Cottage, and all her rural Sports. One day, whilſt overwhelm'd with Grief, ſhe was deploring her Mother's Blindneſs, who rather choſe to make her a beautiful unhappy Queen, than a deform'd contented Shepherdeſs; the old Woman who uſed her ſo ill, came to tell her that the King had ſent an Executioner to cut off her Head, and that ſhe muſt now inſtantly prepare to die. *Floriſa* anſwer'd, that

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ſhe was prepar'd to receive the Stroke: and the Executioner, with his Ax, ſtood ready to obey the King's Orders, who had been ſway'd by the Perſuaſions of *Nigrelina*; when a Woman appear'd who pretended that ſhe was ſent by the Queen, to ſpeak two Words in private to *Floriſa* before her Death. The old Woman granted it, believing her to be one of the Ladies of the Court; but it was the Fairy, who, at *Floriſa*'s Birth, had foretold her Misfortunes, and who now had aſſumed the Shape of one of the Queen Dowager's Ladies. Every body being out of the Room, ſhe ſpoke to *Floriſa* thus; 'Will you give up that Beauty 'which has been ſo fatal to you, with 'your Royal Title, to put on your for-'mer Dreſs, and return to your Village?' *Floriſa* with Joy accepted the Offer, and the Fairy applied an enchanted Mask to her Face; immediately her Features grew large and unproportionable, and ſhe became as ugly as ſhe had before been beautiful. In this Condition, who cou'd have known her! She paſs'd thro the midſt of thoſe who came to be the Witneſſes of her Execution, and following the Fairy, return'd to her own Country. In vain *Floriſa* was ſought for, ſhe was to be found in no part of the Priſon. The News of her Eſcape was carried to the

King and *Nigrelina*, who again, but again in vain, had her ſought for throughout the Kingdom. The Fairy return'd her to her Mother, who, had ſhe not been beforehand acquainted with her Change, would never have known her. *Floriſa* was pleas'd with her being ugly, and living poor and unknown in the Village where ſhe tended Sheep. Each Day ſhe heard her Misfortunes related and deplor'd; Songs and Ballads were written of them, which made every body weep; ſhe often with her Companions diverted herſelf in ſinging them, and, like the reſt, ſhe wept: but thinking herſelf happy in her State of a Shepherdeſs, ſhe never would diſcover to any one who ſhe was.

FABLE

FABLE VII.

The Hiſtory of King Alfonſus, *and of* Clara.

THERE was a King nam'd *Alfonſus*, who was dreaded by all his Neighbours, and beloved by his Subjects: he was juſt, wiſe, good, valiant, and prudent; he ſtood in need of nothing. A Fairy came to him one day, and told him, That he was threatned with Misfortunes, unleſs he could make uſe of that Ring: when he turn'd the Diamond within his Hand, he immediately became inviſible, and when he turn'd it out again, he became viſible as before. The Ring was very uſeful, and afforded him a great deal of Pleaſure; when he miſtruſted any one of his Subjects, he, with his Ring turn'd in, would follow that Man even into his Cloſet, and be an Eye and Ear-Witneſs of all his Domeſtick Secrets: if he took umbrage at any neighbouring Prince, he wou'd go into his Privy-Council, and there diſcover every thing, without being diſcover'd himſelf. Thus he eaſily prevented all Deſigns againſt his Kingdom, broke the neck of ſeveral Conſpiracies form'd

form'd againſt his Perſon, and deſtroy'd thoſe Enemies that ſought his Deſtruction. But yet, not content with this, he begg'd of the Fairy to teach him how to tranſport himſelf, in a Moment's time, from one Place to another, that he might make a more ſpeedy and convenient uſe of his Ring: the Fairy, ſighing, anſwer'd him, 'You ask too much; you ought to dread 'the Fatality of this Petition.' But he, deaf to all ſhe ſaid, ſtill preſs'd her to grant his Deſire: 'Well then, *ſaid ſhe*, 'againſt my Will I beſtow a Favour on 'you, of which you will repent.' Then ſhe anointed his Shoulders with an odoriferous Liquor, and immediately he felt little Wings growing on his Back. Theſe Wings did not appear under his Clothes, but when he reſolved to fly, he needed only to touch 'em with his Hand; and they grew ſo long, that he could out-fly the ſwifteſt Eagle. When he had reach'd his Journey's end, he touch'd the Wings again, and they ſhrunk ſo much, that they could not be perceiv'd under his Clothes. By theſe means the King cou'd in a few Minutes go any where; he knew every thing, but the People cou'd not comprehend by what means, for he wou'd lock himſelf up in his Cloſet, forbid any body's coming near him, and ſeem to remain ſhut up there for half a day together:

ther: but no ſooner was he got into the Cloſet, but by his Ring he wou'd make himſelf inviſible, extend his Wings, and fly over vaſt Tracts of Land. By this means he engag'd himſelf in Wars of Conſequence, and came off Conqueror as often as he pleas'd. But as he was perpetually diſcovering the Secrets of Mankind, he found 'em ſo wicked and ſo diſſembling, that he no longer durſt truſt himſelf to any one: the more he grew powerful and formidable, the leſs he was belov'd; and he found himſelf hated even by ſome of thoſe to whom he had done the moſt good. To comfort himſelf, he reſolv'd to ſearch the whole World for an entirely accompliſh'd Woman, who could love him, whom he would marry, and with whom he cou'd live happy. Long did he look in vain for ſuch a one; and as he could ſee every thing without being ſeen, he was Maſter of their moſt hidden Secrets. He viſited every Court, in which he found that all the Women were diſſembling and too full of Self-love, and a Deſire of being admired, ever to love a Husband faithfully, and as they ought. From thence he went into private Houſes, where one's Temper was light and inconſtant, another was ſubtle, a third fantaſtical, a fourth haughty, a fifth falſe, and almoſt all of them vain and ſelf-conceited. From theſe

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he deſcended to thoſe of the meaneſt Conditions, and at length he found the Daughter of a poor Day-Labourer, who was beautiful as the Day, but plain, and unadorn'd in her Beauty, which ſhe did not value, and which indeed was the leaſt valuable of her good Qualities, for her Wit and Virtue far exceeded the Graces of her Perſon: all the neighbouring Youths crowded to ſee her, and there was no one but wou'd have thought himſelf happy in the Poſſeſſion of her. As ſoon as King *Alfonſus* ſaw her, he fell paſſionately in love with her, and propos'd the Match to her Father, who was overjoy'd to find that his Daughter wou'd now be a Queen. *Clara* (for that was the Damſel's Name) paſs'd out of her Father's Cottage into a ſtately Palace, where a numerous Court receiv'd her; the Brightneſs whereof did not d[illegible]le her; ſhe retain'd her Plainneſs, Modeſty, and Virtue, and did not forget, even when ſhew as at the Summit of her Honours, the Place from whence ſhe had drawn her Origin. The King's Kindneſs for her daily encreaſed, and he thought that he ſhou'd at length be happy, and he had indeed been ſo, had he not grown jealous of his Queen. Each hour of the Day he made himſelf inviſible, to obſerve and ſurprize her; but he never diſcovered any thing but what was worthy

thy of Admiration. But yet ſomething of a Miſtruſt and Jealouſy ſtill remained, which diſquieted him a little. The Fairy who had foretold him the fatal Conſequence of her laſt Gift, was every day reminding him of it; at laſt he grew weary of her, order'd that ſhe ſhou'd not be ſuffer'd to enter the Palace, and injoyn'd the Queen never to ſee her: She with reluctance, promis'd to obey, for ſhe dearly lov'd the good Fairy; who one day willing to acquaint her with ſomething that would happen, aſſumed the Form of an Officer to enter, and then told the Queen who ſhe was. The Queen tenderly embraced her; but the King, who then enter'd inviſible, perceiv'd 'em together, and ſtung with Rage and Jealouſy, he drew his Sword, and ſtabbed the Queen, who immediately dropt down. The Fairy putting on her former Shape, the King knew her again, and becoming ſenſible of the Queen's Innocence, went to throw himſelf on his Sword, but the Fairy prevented, and endeavour'd to comfort him. The expiring Queen ſaid to him, 'Tho I die by your 'Hand, I die wholly yours.' *Alfonſus*, deploring his Misfortune in having deſired ſo fatal a Gift, return'd her the Ring, and deſired her to take away his Wings. The remainder of his Days he ſpent in Bitterneſs

neſs and Grief; nor had he any Comfort left, but that of going to weep upon the Tomb of *Clara*.

FABLE VIII.

The Hiſtory of an old Queen, *and a* young Country Girl.

ONCE upon a time, there was a Queen ſo old, ſo very old, that ſhe was Bald and Toothleſs; her Head ſhook like an *Aſpen*-Leaf; ſhe could not ſee even with her Spectacles, and the End of her Noſe and Chin met; ſhe was grown leſs by half than ſhe once had been, and ſo round and bent, that one wou'd have thought ſhe had been crooked all the Days of her Life: A Fairy, who had been preſent at her Birth, came up to her, and ſaid, 'Will you grow young a-'gain?' 'With all my heart, *reply'd the* '*Queen*; I would willingly give all my 'Jewels, ſo that I might now be but 'Twenty.' 'We muſt then, *reply'd the* '*Fairy*, find ſomebody out, to whom we 'may give your old Age, and whoſe 'Youth, Health and Vigour you ſhall 'take: On whom ſhall we beſtow your 'hundred Years?' The Queen had ſomebody

body ſought for every where, who would be old, to make her become young again. At firſt came ſeveral Beggars, who, to grow rich, were willing to grow old; but when they had ſeen the Queen coughing, ſpitting, rattling in her Throat, forc'd to live upon Spoon-meat, be frightful, dirty, ſtinking, doating, and in Miſery, they would not have her Load of Years upon 'em, and rather choſe to beg and wear their Rags. The next who came, were ambitious People, to whom ſhe promis'd great Honours and Employments; but what ſhall we do with thoſe Employments, ſaid they, as ſoon as they had ſet Eyes upon her? We ſhall never dare ſhew our ſelves, after we are once grown ſo deform'd and frightful. At length came a young Country Girl, whoſe Name was *Damaris*, and who in Exchange for her Youth, ask'd the Crown. At firſt the Queen was angry, but in vain, for ſhe was reſolv'd at any Price to grow young again. 'Let us divide the 'Kingdom, *ſaid ſhe to* Damaris, I'll re-'tain one half, and you ſhall poſſeſs the 'other; and certainly that muſt content 'you, who are but a poor Country Girl.' 'It will not content me, *reply'd* Damaris, 'I will have all or none; or reſign your 'Kingdom, or I'll keep my ruddy Com-'plexion, with my Condition, and you 'ſhall

'ſhall keep your hundred Years, and 'as many again Wrinkles with Death at 'your heels.' 'But ſhou'd I conſent to 'it, *cry'd the Queen*, what can I do with-'out a Kingdom?' 'You would do as I 'do, *reply'd the Girl*; you would laugh, 'ſing, and dance.' She ſaid, and immediately fell to Laughing, Singing and Dancing. The Queen, who was far from being able to do ſuch a Thing, ask'd her, 'how ſhe would behave herſelf in her 'Station, you are neither us'd to be old, 'nor to reign.' 'No matter, *anſwer'd* 'Damaris, but I would gladly try, for I 'have always heard that 'twas a fine 'Thing to be a Queen.'

Whilſt they were thus diſcourſing, the Fairy came in, who ſaid to the Wench, 'Will you put yourſelf Prentice to the 'Buſineſs of an old Queen, to ſee how 'you like it?' 'With all my Heart,' cry'd the Girland immediately Wrinkles cover'd her Forehead, her Hair grew white, and her Temper became ſour and paſſionate, her Head ſhook, her Teeth dropp'd out, and ſhe already appear'd a Woman of a hundred Years old. The Fairy open'd a little Box, and took out of it a Crowd of Officers and Courtiers, richly clad, and who grew up as faſt as they came out, and paid their Duties to the new Queen. A Feaſt is ſerv'd up on the Table,

Table, but ſhe has loſt her Stomach; ſhe cannot chew, ſhe is aſham'd and aſtoniſh'd, ſhe knows not what to ſay or do, her Cough is ready to choak her, ſhe ſpits on her Chin, and ſhe has a ſnotty Drop hanging at her Noſe, and which ſhe wipes off with her Sleeve. She views herſelf in the Looking-glaſs, finds herſelf grown uglier than an Ape. Mean while the true Queen was in a Corner of the Room, where ſhe ſmil'd, and began to grow young. Her Hair and her Teeth grew again, her Complexion became freſh and ruddy, and by degrees ſhe ſtreightned; but ſhe was dirty, her Petticoats ſhort, and ſeem'd to have been dragg'd thro' the Aſhes: She was not accuſtom'd to ſuch an Equipage, and the Guards taking her for a dirty Scullion-wench, were about to drive her out of the Palace. Then *Damaris* ſaid, 'You ſeem confoun-'ded at the Change, and ſo am I too; 'take back your Crown, give me my 'Peaſant's Dreſs.' Immediately the Queen grew old again, and *Damaris* young. Scarce was the Change made, when both repented of it, but in vain, for the Fairy order'd that they ſhou'd remain in their own States their whole Life-time. The Queen daily wept, ſcarce did ſhe ever feel the leaſt Pain, but ſhe wou'd cry, 'Alas! if 'I was *Damaris* now, I ſhou'd live in a

'thatch'd

'thatch'd Hut, upon Cheſnuts perhaps; 'but then I ſhould dance with the Shep-'herds, under the ſhady Elms, by the 'Sound of the Flute. Of what uſe is a 'downy Bed to me, ſince I cannot reſt 'in it? Nor can all thoſe around me aſ-'ſwage my Pains.' Fretting added to her Sickneſs, which twelve Phyſicians, who perpetually ſurrounded her, encreas'd, and at the End of two Months ſhe died. *Damaris* was dancing with her Companions, upon the Banks of a chryſtal Stream, when the News of the Queen's Death was brought; then ſhe was ſenſible that ſhe had more good Fortune in loſing, than Wiſdom in chuſing the Royalty.

Some time after, the Fairy came to *Damaris*, and gave her the Choice of three Husbands; one of 'em old, fretful, diſagreeable, jealous and cruel; but rich, powerful, and a Lord, who neither Night nor Day would ſuffer her to ſtir out of his Sight. The ſecond, handſome, genteel, lovely, good-humour'd, and of a noble Origin; but poor, and unfortunate in all his Undertakings. The laſt a Peaſant, like herſelf, neither handſome nor ugly; who would love her, but not be overfond, and who would be neither rich nor poor. The Girl knew not which of the three to chuſe, for ſhe naturally lov'd fine Clothes, Equipage and Titles; but

but the Fairy ſaid, 'Go, you are a Fool, 'do you ſee that Shepherd, he's your 'Man; the firſt wou'd be too fond of 'you, and you wou'd love the ſecond too 'well, ſo that you wou'd be miſerable 'with either of 'em; be ſatisfy'd that 'the third won't beat you: You had 'much better dance upon the Graſs and 'Turf, than in a Palace, and be plain '*Damaris* in the Country, than a great 'unhappy Lady; do not long after 'Greatneſs, and you will live happily all 'your Life-time with your Shepherd.'

FABLE IX.

LYCON.

WHEN Fame with her brazen Trumpet had proclaim'd the Departure of *Lycon*, to the rural Deities and Shepherds of *Cynthia*, all the ſhady Groves reſounded with bitter Complaints, and the neighbouring Echoes and Vales repeated 'em. No longer was the ſweet Sound of the Flute or Hautboy heard, the afflicted Shepherds broke their Reeds, every thing languiſh'd, the Verdure of the Trees faded, the Skies which hitherto had been ſerene, were now o'er-clouded, and

and the tempeſtuous North ſhook the Groves, as if the Winter was return'd. Nor were the rural Deities inſenſible of his Loſs. The *Dryades* came out of the hollow Trunks of old Oaks, to regret *Lycon.* The afflicted Deities aſſembled beneath a ſpreading Tree, whoſe topmoſt Branches ſeem'd to touch the Sky, andw hoſe diffuſive Shade for many Ages paſt had cover'd its old Mother Earth. Around its ſpacious knotty Trunk, the Wood-Nymphs were once wont to ſport and dance; but now, alas! they came to relate their Misfortunes. *Lycon*, cry'd they, is leaving us; we ſhall never, never ſee him more. Our cruel Fortune hurries him away, and he is going to be the Ornament and the Delight of another Grove, more happy than ours. We muſt never hope to hear his charming Voice again, never ſee him bend the ſtubborn Bow, and with his Arrows pierce the ſwifteſt Birds. *Pan* himſelf unmindful of his Flute, and the Fauns and Satyrs forgetting their Dances, came up to them; the very Birds droop'd their Wings, and gave over Singing. No Notes were heard but that of the Owls, and other ill-boding Birds: *Philomela* and her Companions remain'd ſilent. But on a ſudden, *Flora* and *Pomona*, Hand in Hand, with ſmiling Countenances appear'd

pear'd in the middle of the Grove; the one crown'd with Flowers, which alſo ſprung up beneath her Footſteps; the other in her Hand carried the Horn of Abundance, in which there were all the Fruits which the Autumn gives Mankind as a Reward of their Labours. 'Take 'Comfort, *ſaid they to the Aſſembly of the 'diſmay'd Deities, Lycon* indeed is going, 'but he does not forſake this Mountain 'dedicated to *Apollo*; in a little while you 'ſhall ſee him cultivating our fortunate 'Gardens. His own Hands ſhall plant 'green Trees, Roots for the Nouriſh-'ment of Man, and Flowers for his De-'lights. Forbear, ye nipping North-'Eaſts, ever to blaſt with your poiſonous 'Breath the Gardens in which *Lycon* ſhall 'take an innocent Delight; he ſhall pre-'fer plain Nature to Luxury, ſhall love 'this Place, and quit it with Regret.'

Theſe Words were no ſooner ſpoken, but their Grief was changed into Joy, the Praiſes of *Lycon* were ſung. 'He will, '*ſaid they*, be a Lover of Gardens, as '*Apollo* was of Flocks, when he follow'd 'thoſe of *Admetus*.' A thouſand Divine Songs fill'd the Grove, and the Name of *Lycon* reſounded from the Foreſt, and was heard in the Country at a diſtance: the Shepherds repeated it on their Pipes, and in the warbling of the Birds there was

ſome

ſomething that ſounded like *Lycon.* The Earth was adorn'd with Flowers, and enrich'd with Fruit. The Gardens which expect him, are cover'd with the Ornaments of the Spring, and the Gifts of the Autumn. The very Looks which *Lycon* from afar off caſts upon the agreeable Mountain, makes it fertile. There, after having pluck'd up the wild Weeds, and barren Thiſtles, he ſhall gather the Olive and the Myrtle, expecting the time when *Mars* ſhall in another place make him gather Laurels.

FABLE X.

Of a Young Prince.

SOL having once perform'd his daily Courſe, and left the ſpacious heavenly Plains, had plung'd his fiery Courſers in the *Heſperian* Waves. The Horizon was border'd with Purple, and the Air enflamed with the ardent Rays which *Sol* had left behind: the parching Dog-ſtar dry'd up the Ground, the ſickning Plants languiſh'd for Water, the drooping Flowers hung down their Heads, nor could their wither'd Stocks ſupport 'em: the Air,

Air, which the poor Creatures drew, was like lukewarm Water: Nor cou'd the Night, which often with its Shades diffuſes Coolneſs thro the Earth, allay the exceſſive Heat of Day; nor on weary fainting Man diſtill the Dew which uſually ſhe gives him when *Veſper* ſhines behind the other Stars; or pour her Poppy Waters on the Eyes of the whole Creation, to give failing Nature Sleep and Reſt. *Phœbus* alone, claſp'd in his *Thetis* s Arms, enjoy'd a ſweet Repoſe, till the ſwift Hours had prepar'd his Chariot, and *Aurora*, with her roſy Fingers, had unbarr'd the Orient Gates; then he perceiv'd the ſad Effects of a prodigious Storm, which for the whole Night had terrified Mankind; the Heavens were overſpread with Clouds, which ſtill retain'd the noiſome Scent of the ſulphureous Vapour, which to the Lightnings had afforded Flame, and to the angry Thunder Noiſe. The bluſtring Winds had with impetuous Force broke from the hollow Cave in which they were confin'd, and ſtill diſturb'd the Air; the Vales were fill'd with rapid Torrents which fell with Violence from the neighbouring Mountains: nor did the God, who with his glorious Rays enlightens Nature, think this ſo ſad a Spectacle as what he then beheld; a young Pupil of the Muſes, dear to the God

himſelf, and whom the Tempeſt had depriv'd of Sleep, when firſt he had began to cloſe his Eyes. *Phœbus* was juſt about to ſtop his Steeds, and to delay the Approach of Morn, that he, who all Night had been depriv'd of Sleep, might yet enjoy a little Reſt: 'He yet, *cry'd* Phœbus, ſhall repoſe, Sleep yet ſhall cloſe his Eyes, appeaſe his Rage, and give him Health and Strength enough to imitate the Actions of *Alcides*; it will inſpire him with a certain Tenderneſs and Love, the only Virtue he will ſtand in need of. Let him but ſleep and laugh, and his Temper ſoften. Let him delight in Company and Play, let him love Mankind, and deſerve to be belov'd by 'em, he'll be adorn'd with all the Graces both of Body and of Mind.'

FABLE XI.

Of young Bacchus *and a* Faun.

WHILST old *Silenus* was inſtructing young *Bacchus*, the little Deity was cultivating the Muſes in a Grove, whoſe Silence was never interrupted but by the Purling of Streams, and the Warbling of Birds. So thick were its ſhady Boughs, the Rays of *Phœbus* ne'er could pierce 'em. The Child of *Semele* repeating his Leſſons, ſate beneath an old ſpreading Oak, from whoſe Trunk ſeveral Men had ſprung during the golden Age, and even from it Oracles had been given, nor had Time with his ſharp Scythe preſum'd to cut it down. Behind this ſacred Oak a young Faun ſtood, attentive to the Verſes which the God repeated, and by a ſcornful Smile would make *Silenus* obſerve his minuteſt Faults: Immediately the *Nayades* and other Wood-Nymphs would alſo ſmile. The Critick was young, pleaſant and wanton, his Head was crown'd with Vine-branches, and with Ivy-leaves, and his Temples adorn'd with Grapes; from his left Shoulder dependant to his right Side,

hung a large Bunch of Ivy-berries. *Bacchus* was well pleas'd to ſee theſe Leaves and Fruit conſecrated to him. From his Waiſt downwards, the Faun was cover'd with the ſhaggy Spoil of a Lion, which he had ſlain in the Foreſt, and in his Hand he held a Shepherd's knotty Crook. His Tail behind was playing on his Back; but as the God could no longer bear his ſcornful Smiles and Looks, being laugh'd at if all his Expreſſions were not ſmooth, neat and elegant, with an angry Voice he cry'd out, 'How dare you 'laugh at the Son of *Jove?*' The Satyr, without diſcompoſing himſelf in the leaſt, reply'd, 'How dares the Son of *Jove* then 'blunder?'

FABLE XII.

Of the Nightingale *and* Linnet.

UPON the perpetual verdant Bordures of the River *Alpheus*, there ſtands a ſacred Grove, in which three *Nayades* pour from their Urns their noiſy Waters, and refreſh the ſpringing Flowers. There the Graces often go to bathe themſelves, the Trees are never injur'd by the bluſtring Winds, which ſtill reſpect

ſpect them, and they are fann'd only by the gentle Zephyrs. The Nymphs and Fauns dance there a nights, while *Pan* plays on his Flute. The Sun himſelf cannot pierce through the interwoven Branches of the Trees. Here Silence, Shadineſs and Coolneſs, are to be met with Night and Day. Amidſt the verdant Leaves might *Philomela* with her plaintive Voice be heard, ſinging her former Misfortunes, uncapable of receiving any Comfort. On the other hand, a young Linnet was warbling with delight, and reminding the Shepherds of the returning Spring. Even *Philomela* herſelf began to grow jealous of the delightful Songs of her Companion. One day they ſpy'd a young Swain, whoſe Face they never in that Grove before had ſeen. To them he appear'd graceful, noble, a Lover of the Muſes, and of Harmony. At firſt they took him for *Apollo* in the ſame Diſguiſe, as when he follow'd the Flocks of *Admetus*, or at leaſt for ſome young Hero ſprung from a divine Race. The ſweet Birds, inſpir'd by the Muſes, immediately began to ſing thus:

'Who is that Swain, or that unknown 'God, whoſe Preſence thus adorns our 'Groves? He is mov'd by our Songs, he 'is a Lover of the Muſes, and they will

'ſoften his Heart, and make him one 'day as lovely as he is now noble.' Then *Philomela* went on alone, 'May the Vir-'tues of this young Hero grow up as a 'Flower does in the Spring-time. Let 'ſuitable Diverſions of the Mind employ 'ſome of his Hours. May the Graces 'dwell on his Lips, and the Wiſdom of '*Minerva* in his Heart.' To this the *Linnet* anſwer'd, 'May the Muſick of 'his Voice be equal to that of *Orpheus*, 'and his glorious Actions exceed thoſe 'of *Hercules*. Let his Heart be fill'd 'with the Courage of *Achilles*, without 'his Fierceneſs. Let him be good, wiſe, 'kind, benign to Mankind, and belov'd 'by 'em, and may the Muſes fill his 'whole Soul with Virtue.' Then the inſpir'd Choriſters of the Air went on together thus, 'He is pleas'd with our 'melodious Songs, and they enter his 'Heart, as the refreſhing Dew does the 'parch'd Earth. May the Gods make 'him courteous and perpetually happy. 'May his Hand hold the Horn of Abun-'dance, and under him the golden Age 'return. May his Heart diffuſe Wiſ-'dom upon all Mankind, and let the 'Flowers ſtill ſpring up under his Foot-'ſteps.'

Whilſt the Birds ſung thus, the Zephyrs held their Breaths, the Flowers droop'd

droop'd their Heads, and the Rivulets which flow'd from the three Urns ſtopp'd their Courſe. The Fauns and Satyrs prick'd up their ſharp Ears to liſten. Echo repeated their Words, and all the *Dryades* came haſtning out of their verdant Trees to admire him whoſe Praiſes *Philomela* and her Companion were ſinging.

FABLE XIII.

The Dragon *and the two* Foxes.

A Treaſure being hid in a deep Cave, a Dragon watch'd it Night and Day. Two crafty Foxes, who had always made Thieving their Buſineſs, by their Flatteries ſoon work'd themſelves into his Favour, and ſo ſooth'd the Dragon up, that he made them his Boſom Confidants. *We muſt not always look upon the moſt Complaiſant, as the trueſt Friends.* They talk'd to him with reſpect, admir'd every one of his Whims, were of his Opinion in every thing, and in their ſleeves laugh'd at their Cully. One day the Dragon fell aſleep, and they immediately ſtrangled him, and took poſſeſſion of his Treaſure; but now the Difficul-

ty was how to ſhare it; for Villains never agree, but in the Execution of Villany. One of 'em began to moralize thus, 'What good will all this Money do us? 'The leaſt Bit of Fleſh would be much 'more ſerviceable; Gold is a little too 'hard to be eaten or digeſted. Men 'ſurely muſt be Fools to delight in 'Riches, but don't let us be Imitators of 'their Folly.' The other pretended that theſe Reflections had made an Impreſſion on him; he told his Companion, 'That 'he would live as became a Philoſopher, 'and *Bias*-like, carry all his Wealth about 'him.' They both pretended to leave the Treaſure, but each returning, met with the other, quarrell'd, and tore each other to pieces. One of 'em dying, ſaid to the other, who alſo lay expiring, 'What would you have done with the 'Money?' 'The ſame thing that you 'would have done with it,' reply'd he. A Man accidentally paſſing that Way, being inform'd of the Occaſion of their Quarrel, told 'em, 'They were both 'Fools.' 'And ſo is your whole Race, '*reply'd one of the* Foxes: 'Tis not in 'your power, more than ours, to feed 'upon Gold; and yet for the ſake of it, 'you put one another to death. Hi-'therto, at leaſt, the Foxes have had 'Wiſdom enough to reject the Uſe of 'Money.

'Money. That which was brought in 'amongſt you, for Convenience ſake, has 'prov'd your greateſt Misfortune; and 'whilſt you are ſeeking imaginary Wealth, 'you loſe that which is really good.'

FABLE XIV.

The two Foxes.

TWO Foxes one Night by Stratagem enter'd a Hen-rooſt, where they kill'd the Cock, the Hens and Chickens, and then began to feed upon 'em; the one who was young, and hot-headed, was for devouring them all, the other, who was old and covetous, was for ſaving ſome of 'em for another time, and ſaid to the other, 'Experience, *Child*, has 'made me wiſe, I have ſeen many things 'ſince my being in the World. Let us 'not conſume all our Wealth in one 'Day. This we may look on as a 'Treaſure which we have fortunately 'found, and we muſt therefore ſpare 'it.' To this, the young one anſwer'd, 'For my part, I am reſolv'd, whilſt 'I am here, to eat as much as will 'ſerve me a whole Week; for who would 'be ſo fond enough to pretend to return hi-

'ther? The Maſter of theſe Fowl wou'd 'certainly watch for us, and kill us.' After this ſhort Diſcourſe, each one follow'd his own Fancy; the young one eat till he burſt himſelf, and had ſcarce Strength enough left to reach his Hole before he died. The old one, who thought it much better to govern his Appetite, and to live ſparingly, return'd the next day, and was killed by the Farmer. Thus every Age has its peculiar Vice: the Young are hot and inſatiable in their Pleaſures; as for the Old they are obſtinate, and their Avarice is incorrigible.

FABLE XV.

The Wolf *and the* young Sheep.

SOME Sheep were ſafely feeding in an Encloſure, their Dogs aſleep, their Shepherd beneath the Shade of a ſpreading Elm, was playing on his Pipe with ſome neighbouring Swains. A half-ſtarv'd Wolf, thro the Pales of the Encloſure, was obſerving the Flock, when a young unexperienced Sheep, who never had ſeen any thing, enter'd into Converſation with him. 'What are you ſeeking for here? *ſaid he* '*to the Glutton*; 'The tender ſp[illegible]ging 'Graſs,

'Graſs, *reply'd the Wolf*; for nothing, you 'know, is more pleaſant than to feed in a 'verdant Paſture enamell'd with Flowers, 'and to quench one's Thirſt in a Chryſtal 'Fountain: here I have met the one and 'the other, and never deſire any thing 'farther. I am an Admirer of Philoſophy, 'which teaches us to be ſatisfied with a 'very little.' 'Why then, *reply'd the Sheep*, 'thoſe accuſe you falſely, who ſay that 'you feed on Fleſh, ſeeing that a little 'Graſs will ſatisfy you; if this be true, 'henceforwards let us live like Brothers, 'and feed together.' The Sheep ſaid, and leap'd over the Encloſure, when immediately the grave Philoſopher laid hold of, and devoured him. You muſt always miſtruſt the ſmooth Speeches of thoſe who boaſt of their Virtue, and judge Man by his Actions, not by his Words.

FABLE XVI.

The Cat *and the* Rabbits.

A Certain Cat which always put on a ſaintiſh Face, one day enter'd into a very fruitful Warren. The Conies, alarm'd at the ſight of him, ran into their Burrows. As Puſs was watching at the Mouth of one of 'em, the Conies ſent their Deputies to know what he wanted, who ſtood parlying with him in the very narroweſt Place of the Burrow: but Puſs ſoftning his Voice, told 'em that he was only come to acquaint himſelf with the Manners and Diſcipline of their Nation, that he was a Philoſopher, and travell'd from Place to Place, to ſtudy the ſeveral Cuſtoms of each kind of Animals. The fooliſh credulous Deputies return'd to the Aſſembly, and reported that this venerable Stranger, who ought to be rever'd for his modeſt Mein, and his majeſtick Fur Mantle, was a ſober pacifick Philoſopher, without the leaſt Grain of Self-Intereſt, who had travell'd much, and ſeen many wondrous Things; that certainly it would be a Pleaſure to hear him talk, nor was there any Danger of his devouring

devouring them, ſince he believed the Metempſycoſis of *Brachman*, and conſequently eat no Fleſh. The whole Aſſembly was mov'd with this fine Speech; in vain an old Rabbit, and who hitherto had been their Oracle, repreſented how much he ſuſpected this grave Philoſopher. In ſpite of all he cou'd urge, they went to ſalute the *Braman*, who at once ſtrangled ſix or ſeven of them. The others, frighted and aſhamed, ran to their Burrows. Mean while the Cat returns to the Mouth of that where he had held his firſt Parly, and proteſted to 'em that what he had done, he had done againſt his own Will, and urg'd by Neceſſity; that henceforward he wou'd feed on other Creatures, and would enter into an eternal Alliance with them. The Rabbits conſented, but kept out of the reach of his Paws. They enter into a Treaty, and amuſe him, whilſt one of the nimbleſt of them goes out by the back Hole of the Burrow, and tells the Story to a Shepherd who often us'd to catch ſome of theſe Rabbits who fed on Juniper Berries. The Shepherd provok'd at the Cat for deſtroying his Warren, come running with his Bow, and whilſt the Cat was unmindful of every thing but the means of catching ſome more of theſe Rabbits, he pierced him with an Arrow, and Puſs expiring, ſaid, 'Thoſe who have once

'prov'd

'prov'd deceitful, are never believed by 'any body; they are hated, fear'd, and 'at laſt betray'd by their own Wiles.'

FABLE XVII.

The Two Mice.

A Mouſe who was weary of perpetually living in Fear and Danger, and ſeeing how many of her Nation a deſtructive Cat daily ſlew, call'd her Companion out of a Hole, and ſaid to her, 'As 'I was gnawing a Book a few days ago, 'I read ſomething in it of a very fine 'Country call'd the *Indies*, where our 'Nation is better uſed, and more in Safe-'ty than they are here. In that Country 'their wiſe Men believe that the Soul of a 'Mouſe may have formerly been the Soul 'of a great General, a King, or a Philoſo-'pher; and after the Death of the Mouſe 'will perhaps enter the Body of a beauti-'ful Lady. If I don't groſly miſtake, they 'call this the Metempſycoſis. In this 'Opinion they treat all kind of Animals 'with fraternal Love; we ſee Hoſpitals 'built there for Mice, and who have Al-'lowances to live on. Come, Siſter, let 'us

'us go to this Country where the People 'are ſo wiſe, and where our Merit will 'be rewarded.' To this the other reply'd, 'But are there no Cats, Siſter, in 'theſe Hoſpitals? if there are, they wou'd 'cauſe many Metempſycoſes, as you call 'em, in a very little time, and at once 'ſend our Souls to animate a King or a 'Hero; an Honour I am not over fond of.' 'Do not let that terrify you, *reply'd the* '*former*, the Cats have their particular 'Houſes as we have ours, and their Hoſ-'pital of Invalids is at a diſtance from 'ours, and therefore let us go.' So ſaid, ſo done; out they ſet together, and in the night-time got on board a Ship, which was going a long Voyage, by the help of the Cables which were tied to the Shore. The Sails are hoiſted, and they are pleaſed to ſee themſelves at a diſtance from the Shore, where cruel Cats exerciſe their Tyranny; and after a proſperous Voyage they arrived at *Surat*, not to heap up Riches as the Merchants who were on board, but to be well us'd by the *Indians*. Scarce were they got into a Houſe appointed for the Reception of Mice, but they laid claim to the firſt Places. One of them pretended that ſhe had formerly been a famous *Braman* upon the Coaſt of *Malabar*, the other proteſted that ſhe had been a very fine Lady of the ſame Country,

Country, with beautiful long Ears. In ſhort, they prov'd ſo haughty and inſolent, that the *Indian* Mice cou'd no longer bear 'em, a Civil War aroſe, and the reſt with one accord ruſh'd on our ſaucy pretending Strangers, who wanted to govern the others. And thus inſtead of being devour'd by Cats, they were kill'd by their own Siſterhood. 'Tis in vain to ſhun Danger by ſeeking diſtant Countries, if we want Modeſty and Senſe; 'tis but going afar off to ſeek one's Ruin, which we can but meet at home.

FABLE XVIII.

The Beaſts aſſemble to chuſe a King.

THE Lion being dead, the Beaſts all flock'd to comfort the Lioneſs his Widow, whoſe Cries and Roarings were heard all round the Country. After the uſual condoling Compliments, they proceeded to the Election of a King, the Crown being placed in the midſt of 'em. The Orphan Lion was too young and too weak to obtain the Royalty which ſo many powerful Creatures contended for: 'Let me grow up, *ſaid he*, and then I'll

'ſhew

'ſhew you that I know how to reign, and 'make myſelf be feared; mean while I'll 'read the Hiſtory of my Father's glorious 'Actions, that I may one day rival him in 'Glory.' 'For my part, *cry'd the Leopard*, 'I expect to be crowned, ſeeing that I 'reſemble the Lion more than any other 'Beaſt does.' 'I was dealt unjuſtly by, '*cry'd the Bear*, when the Lion was pre-'fer'd to me; I am as ſtrong, as brave, 'as cruel, and as bloody as he could be, 'and I have one particular Advantage 'over him, I can climb up Trees.' 'I 'appeal to your Judgments, Gentlemen, '*ſaid the Elephant*, if any one here can 'diſpute the Glory of being as great, as 'ſtrong, or as grave as I am.' 'I am the 'moſt noble and moſt beautiful of Crea-'tures, *interrupted the Horſe.*' 'I the moſt 'crafty,' *cry'd the Fox.* 'And I the ſwif-'teſt,' *ſaid the Stag.* 'Where, *ſaid the* 'Monkey, will you find a King more agree-'able, or more entertaining than I am? 'Each day I ſhou'd divert my Subjects; 'nay farther, I reſemble Man, the real 'Lord of all Nature.' The Parrot, who was got in amongſt 'em, interrupted the Monkey here, 'If you boaſt of your re-'ſembling Man, what muſt I do? Your 'hideous Face is indeed an ugly diſtant 'Likeneſs of his, and you can make a few 'ridiculous Grimaces; but I can talk like

'Man,

'Man, and imitate his Voice, by which 'he demonſtrates his Reaſon.' 'Hold your 'curſed prating, *reply'd the Monkey*, you 'ſpeak indeed, but not like Man; for 'you ſtill run on with the ſame thing, 'without knowing what you ſay.' The whole Aſſembly here, burſt out a Laughing, at theſe ridiculous Imitators of Man, and the Crown was given to the Elephant, becauſe he had the Strength and Wiſdom, free from the Cruelty of the Beaſts of Prey, and was not tainted with the abominable fooliſh Vanity of ſo many others, which always endeavour to appear what they really are not.

FABLE XIX.

The Monkey.

AN old miſchievous Monkey being dead, his Ghoſt deſcended to the gloomy Kingdom of the infernal God, where it begg'd for Liberty to return upon Earth. *Pluto* was willing to ſend it into the Body of a heavy ſtupid Aſs, to make him forget all his miſchievous ſubtle Tricks; but the Monkey play'd ſo many little Pranks, that the gloomy King of Hell could not forbear ſmiling, and gave

gave him the Liberty of animating any Body he pleas'd: Upon this, the Monkey choſe to commence Parrot, 'And thus, '*ſaid he*, I ſhall ſtill bear ſome reſem-'blance to Man, whom I have ſo long 'imitated. Whilſt I was a Monkey, I 'acted like him; and when a Parrot, I 'ſhall talk like him.' Scarce was the Monkey's Soul enter'd into the Parrot, when a prating old Woman bought him, put him into a fine Cage, and plac'd her whole Delight in him: Thus our Parrot fared very well, and chatter'd all the day long with the old doating Woman, who ſcarce talk'd more ſenſibly than he did. To his new Profeſſion, he added ſomething of his old one; he mov'd his Head in an antick Manner, made a vaſt Noiſe with his Bill, flutter'd his Wings, and with his Claws play'd a thouſand Tricks, which ſomething reſembled his Monkey Grimaces. Every Hour of the Day, the old Woman would put on her Spectacles, to admire her Parrot; ſhe was very ſorry for her Deafneſs, which made her loſe many of Poll's Speeches, whoſe Wit ſhe admir'd above every body's. This Parrot, ſpoil'd by the old Woman's Fondneſs, grew noiſy and troubleſome; he flutter'd about ſo long in his Cage, and drank ſo much Wine with the old Woman, that he dy'd. His Soul again appearing before

fore *Pluto*, the God was for ſending him to animate the Body of a Fiſh, to ſilence him; but he play'd his Tricks over again, and Princes ſeldom can refuſe the Petitions of Buffoons and Flatterers: *Pluto* therefore granted that he ſhould become a Man; but aſham'd to let him animate the Body of a wiſe Man, he ſent him into that of a tedious, troubleſome Speech-making Fellow, who was always lying, bragging, and playing apiſh Tricks, laughing at every body, and interrupting the fineſt and moſt ſolid Converſations; and when he had done, perhaps, ſaid nothing, or what was worſe, ſomething very fooliſh. *Mercury*, who knew him in this new State, cry'd, 'So! ſo! Art thou 'there! Thou ſenſeleſs Compoſition of a 'Monkey and Parrot! Take but thy ridi-'culous Geſtures from thee, and ſome few 'Words which thou haſt got by rote, 'without underſtanding 'em, and thou 'would'ſt be wholly unmann'd! What a 'fooliſh Man a pretty Monkey makes! 'How many Men are there, who with a 'foppiſh Geſture, a faſhionable Air, and 'a Fluency of Words, want common 'Senſe; yet paſs for pretty Fellows.'

FABLE

FABLE XX.

The two young Lions.

TWO young Lions had been brought up together in a Foreſt, their Age, their Shape, and their Strength, was the ſame; one of 'em was caught in the Snares of the Huntſmen of the Great Mogul, the other remain'd amongſt the rocky Mountains. The former was carry'd to Court, where he liv'd luxuriouſly; each Day he had an Antelope given him to eat, and in his Den there was a ſoft Bed for him to lie upon. A white Eunuch was twice a day oblig'd to comb his long yellow Main: When he grew tame, the King himſelf often careſs'd him; he became fat, ſmooth and handſome; on his Neck he wore a golden Collar, and in his Ears Diamond Ear-rings, with Pendants of Pearl. He deſpis'd the other Lions, who were kept near him, becauſe they were not ſo much in Favour, and becauſe their Dens were not as fine as his. This Proſperity ſwell'd his Heart with Pride; he thought that his Merit muſt be great, ſince he was ſo honourably treated; the Court-Air fir'd him

him with Vanity and Ambition, and he fancy'd that had he remain'd in the Foreſts, he ſhould have prov'd a great Hero. As he was no longer chain'd, he one day took an Opportunity of running away, and return'd to the Country, where he had been brought up, juſt at the Time when the King of all the Lions lay dead, and the States were aſſembled to chuſe a Monarch. Amongſt the many Pretenders to the Crown, there was one, who in Courage and Statelineſs excell'd the others, and which prov'd to be that other Lion which had been brought up with our Courtier. Whilſt his Companion was indulg'd at Court, he had often had his Courage exercis'd by preſſing Hunger; he was accuſtom'd to ſeek his Food thro' Dangers and Difficulties: Often would he worry the Shepherds with their Flock; he was lean, briſtly and frightful, his Eyes were fiery and bloodſhot; he was light, ſtrong and ſinewy; he could climb, ruſh violently upon his Prey, and without concern fight againſt Darts and Javelins. The two quondam Companions being look'd on as the worthieſt Candidates, deſir'd that they might decide their Pretenſions to the Crown, by ſingle Combat; but an old wiſe and experienc'd Lioneſs, whoſe Counſels were reſpected by the whole Republick, perſuaded

ſuaded 'em to place him on the Throne, who had ſtudy'd Politicks in a Court; ſeveral murmur'd at it, ſaying, 'That 'ſhe preferr'd a vain licentious and effe-'minate Prince, to a Warrior, whom 'Toils and Dangers had diſtinguiſh'd.' But ſo great a Sway did the old Lioneſs bear, that the Courtier was proclaim'd King. At firſt he gave himſelf up to his Pleaſures, indulg'd himſelf in Luxury, and by Subtlety and Stratagem endeavour'd to conceal his Tyranny and Cruelty; he was ſoon hated, deſpis'd, loath'd and abhorr'd, and then the Lioneſs ſaid, 'Tis now high Time to dethrone him; 'I knew that he was unworthy of the 'Crown, but I was willing that you 'ſhould have a King, whom Luxury and 'Politicks had ſpoil'd, that you might 'afterwards the better reliſh one, who, by 'his Patience and Courage, has deſerv'd 'to reign; and now the Time is come, 'that you muſt make 'em fight for the 'Crown.' The two Champions were immediately brought into an enclos'd Field, and the whole Aſſembly ſtood to look upon a Shew which did not laſt long. The Politician trembled, and durſt not come near the other, but ſhamefully ran away, and endeavour'd to hide himſelf. The other purſu'd, and overtook him; then the whole Aſſembly, with one unanimous

nimous Voice, cry'd out, *Tear him to pieces*; 'No, *reply'd the Lion*, 'twould be as 'cowardly to apprehend any thing from 'ſo fearful an Enemy, as to put him to 'death. Let him live, he does not de'ſerve Death from me; I ſhall know 'how to govern my Kingdom, and to 'keep him in ſubjection.' Nor did the valiant Lion merely boaſt; he ruled his People with Wiſdom and Authority, whilſt the other ſervilely cring'd, and made his court to him, extremely well ſatisfy'd if he could now and then have a Bit of Fleſh given him, and ſpent his whole Life in an inglorious Eaſe.

FABLE XXI.

The BEES.

A Young Prince, in that Seaſon when all Nature ſhows itſelf in the greateſt degree of Perfection, retir'd one day into a very delicious Garden. He heard a great Noiſe, and looking about, perceiv'd a Hive of Bees. He approach'd that Object, which was entirely new to him, and obſerv'd with Amazement, the Order, Care, and Buſineſs of that little Commonwealth. The Cellulas began to be

be form'd into a regular Figure, one Party of the Bees were ſtoring thoſe Cellulas with Nectar, and another was employ'd in the ſupplying them with Thyme, which they gather'd from among all the Riches of the Spring. Lazineſs and Inactivity were baniſh'd that State; every thing was in motion, but without any kind of Confuſion or Diſorder. The more conſiderable gave out their Orders, and were obey'd by their Inferiors, without any Manner of Murmur, Jealouſy or Unwillingneſs. The Prince was extremely ſurpriz'd, as having never ſeen any thing like it before, when a Bee, who was conſider'd by the reſt as Queen, approach'd him, And 'the View you have 'before you, *ſaid ſhe*, muſt be very en-'tertaining, but may be made more in-'ſtructive. We ſuffer nothing like Diſ-'order or Licentiouſneſs among us. They 'are the moſt conſiderable among us, 'who by their Capacity and Diligence 'can do moſt for the Publick-Weal. Our 'firſt Places are always beſtow'd where 'there is moſt Merit. We are taking 'pains all Day, and all Night, for the 'Benefit of Man. May you come one 'day to imitate us, and introduce that 'Order and Diſcipline among Men, 'which you ſo much admire in us.'

FABLE XXII.

The Bee and the Fly.

ONE Day a Bee obſerv'd a Fly before her Hive, and in a very paſſionate Tone, ask'd him, 'What he did 'there? Is it for ſuch Scoundrels as you, 'to thruſt your ſelf into the Company of 'the Queens of the Air?' 'You have 'great Reaſon indeed, *reply'd the Fly coldly*, to be out of Humour; I think Folks 'are mad, that will have any thing to do 'with ſo quarrelſome a Nation.' 'Why, '*ſaid the Bee*, no Nation is ſo wiſe as we 'are. We have the beſt Laws, and are 'govern'd by the beſt Policy in the 'World. We taſte of nothing but the 'moſt fragrant Flowers. We make no-'thing but the moſt delicious Honey: 'Honey! which equals Nectar. Get 'out of my ſight, you Villain, that live 'upon nothing but Ordure and Excre-'ment.' 'We live as well as we can, '*anſwer'd the Fly*; Poverty is no Vice, 'but I am ſure Paſſion is. The Honey 'you make, is unexceptionably ſweet; 'but your Heart is all Bitterneſs. You 'are very prudent in the making of

'Laws,

'Laws; but at the ſame time, very un-
'equal in your Conduct. To pique an
'Enemy, you'll kill your ſelf, and do a
'great deal more Miſchief to your own
'Perſon, than that of the Adverſary.
'One had better have leſs conſiderable
'Talents, and uſe them with Diſcretion.'

FABLE XXIII.

The Bees and Silk-worms.

THE Bees one Day flew up as high as the Throne of *Jupiter*, and addreſs'd him to have ſome Regard to the Care they had taken of him, in the time of his Infancy, when they fed him with Honey, upon Mount *Ida*; and *Jupiter* was pleas'd to give them the Precedence of all little Creatures. *Minerva*, who preſides over the Sciences, repreſented to him upon that Occaſion, 'That there 'was a Species, that would diſpute the 'Glory of profitable Inventions with the 'Bees.' *Jupiter* ask'd their Name, 'The 'Silk-worms, *reply'd* Minerva.' Immediately Orders were ſent to *Mercury*, to have the Deputies of that little People ſummon'd to attend him, and the Wings of two Zephyrs were appointed to waft

them up, that *Jupiter* might hear what both Parties had to ſay for themſelves. The Bee that was the Embaſſadreſs of that Nation, open'd the Argument, 'and 'ſaid a good deal of the Sweetneſs of 'their Honey, which is Mens Nectar; 'its univerſal Uſe; the great Art in pre-'paring it; the Goodneſs of their Laws, 'and the Perfection of their Polity. No 'other kind of Creature, *continu'd the O-'rator*, has the great Glory of nouriſh-'ing in a Cave, the Father of the Gods. 'We are alſo of a very martial Spirit, of 'which we give frequent Inſtances, when 'our King determines upon a Battle. 'I am amaz'd, that ſuch vile inſignifi-'cant Things as Silk-worms, ſhould have 'the Confidence to diſpute this Point of 'Honour with us. Creeping Inſects, that 'can do no more than crawl, whilſt we can 'take a nobler Flight, and ſoar on Wings 'of Gold, into the Stars.' The Advo-cate on the other Side, for Anſwer, ſaid, 'That indeed, he muſt acknowledge they 'were little; that they were without 'Courage for War, without Law, and 'without Polity: But every one of us, 'is a Miracle of Nature, and we con-'ſume our ſelves in a profitable Voca-'tion. Tho' we have no Laws, we live 'in Peace one with another, and have 'never had a Civil War among us, as is

'frequent

'frequent with the Bees, about the ſet-
'ting up of new Kings. We can ſhift
'our Forms like *Proteus*. Tho' we are
'little of Bulk, yet we are made of ele-
'ven Rings, interlac'd with all the Va-
'riety of Colours imaginable. We alſo
'contribute very much to the Clothing
'of Man, and are made uſe of for the
'Ornament of King's Thrones, and the
'Temples of Gods. The Silk we make,
'is ſtrong and durable; not like Honey,
'which is corrupted in a very little Time.
'Then are we chang'd into a kind of
'Bean, but which retains a grateful
'Smell, with Motion, and Sign of Life.
'After theſe wonderful Metamorphoſes,
'we become Butterflies, and our Wings
'are adorn'd with the moſt beautiful Co-
'lours; then, no longer inferior to the
'Bees, we ſoar upwards, and reach the
'very Heavens: And now great *Jove*,
'pronounce your Sentence!' *Jupiter* be-
ing perplex'd, at laſt order'd, 'That
'the Bees ſhould ſtill be accounted the
'moſt honourable, by reaſon that they
'could plead Cuſtom, Time out of Mind
'for it: I am too far indebted to 'em,
'to think of ever degrading 'em, *ſaid he*;
'but yet I believe, that Mankind is more
'oblig'd to the Silk-worm, than to the
'Bee.'

FABLE XXIV.

The young Owl.

A Young Owl, who had ſeen himſelf in a chryſtal Fountain, and who thought himſelf more beautiful (I cannot ſay, than the Light of the Sun; for that to him was very diſagreeable, but) than Night it ſelf, would often be ſaying, 'I 'have ſacrific'd to the Graces; when I 'was born, *Venus* put her Girdle round 'me; the Wanton Loves, follow'd by 'Smiles and Pleaſures, are perpetually 'careſſing me. 'Tis time that Hymen 'ſhould give me Children, as beautiful 'as my ſelf, to be the Delight of the 'Night, and the Ornament of our 'Groves. What pity would it be, if 'the moſt accompliſh'd Race of Birds 'ſhould be loſt! Happy the Spouſe who 'is to ſpend her Life with me!' Full of theſe Thoughts, he ſends the Crow in Embaſſy, to propoſe a Match between him and the royal Daughter of the Eagle. With much ado, the Crow was perſuaded to undertake this Buſineſs; 'I 'ſhall never be welcome, *ſaid ſhe*, when 'I come to propoſe ſo unequal a Match.

'Do

'Do you think that the Eagle, who can 'ſoar upwards, and gaze on the Sun, 'will marry you, who cannot ſo much 'as open your Eyes, whilſt 'tis Day-'light? this would be the Means of your 'never being together; one would be a-'broad all the Day, the other all the 'Night.' The ſelf-conceited Owl was deaf to all the Crow could urge, who, to ſatisfy him, at laſt went and propos'd a Match, between him and the young Eagle, and was well laugh'd at for her pains. The Eagle, however, ſent word back to the Owl, 'That if he had a 'mind to be her Son-in-law, he muſt 'come and ſalute her, on the morrow, 'after Sun-riſing, in the middle of the 'aerial Element.' The preſumptuous Owl undertook it, but dazzled by the Rays of the Sun, he fell from his Height upon a Rock: all the Birds purſu'd him, and pluck'd his Feathers off; and he was at laſt happy, in being able to hide himſelf. Some time after, he took to Wife a young Owl, whom he eſpous'd by Night, and thinking one another beautiful, and agreeable, liv'd very contentedly together. We muſt not be ſelf-conceited, nor aim at Honours, which we never were deſign'd for.

FABLE XXV.

Cleobulus *and* Fidelia.

A Muſing Shepherd was leading his Flock to feed, on the verdant Banks of the River *Achelous*. The Fauns and Satyrs, whom the neighbouring Groves conceal'd, invited by the ſweet Sound of his Flute, were dancing; the *Nayades* hid amongſt the Ruſhes, lifted their Heads above water, to liſten to his Songs. *Achelous* himſelf, leaning on his inclining Urn, ſhew'd his Head, on which there was but one Horn left, ſince his Combat with *Hercules*; and the melodious Sounds made him for a while forget his Pains. But the Swain was unconcern'd at the Admiration of the Water-Nymphs. He could think of nothing but the plain, modeſt, unadorn'd Shepherdeſs *Fidelia*, who had never ſhin'd with any borrow'd Luſtre, and was deck'd only with thoſe Beauties, which the Graces, with their own Hands had beſtow'd upon her. All the other Shepherdeſſes were jealous of her. The Swain lov'd her, yet durſt not tell her ſo; and admir'd her the more, for that ſevere Virtue,

Virtue, which hinder'd her from admitting Lovers: but ſo full of Contrivance is that Paſſion, that 'twill find the Means of being reveal'd, tho' not openly. The Shepherd finiſhing his other Songs, began one, which he hoped might move her Heart. He knew that ſhe admir'd the Virtue of Heroes, who in Combat have acquir'd Honour; and therefore under a fictitious Name, he rehears'd his own great Actions: for at that time, Heroes themſelves would turn Shepherds; nor did the moſt Valiant diſdain, to lead a Flock to feed. The Swain began his Song thus; 'When *Polynices* went to be-'ſiege the City of *Thebes*, and to pluck 'his Brother *Eteocles* from the Throne, 'all the Kings of *Greece* appear'd in 'Arms, and drove their Chariots againſt 'the Beſieg'd. *Adraſtus*, Father-in-law 'to *Polynices*, mow'd down whole Troops 'of Soldiers, and their Officers, as the 'Husbandman does a Field of ſtanding 'Corn. On one ſide, the Prophet *Amphia-'raus*, who had foreſeen his Doom, was 'mixing himſelf in a Crowd, when ſudden-'ly the Earth open'd to ſwallow him, and 'he ſunk down to the infernal Lake. As 'he was ſinking, he deplor'd his Misfor-'tune, and curs'd his faithleſs Wife. 'Not far from the Place were the two 'Sons of *Oedipus*, furiouſly engaging with

'one another: as a Tyger and a Leopard,
'when they meet on Mount *Caucaſus*,
'tear one another to pieces; ſo did they,
'each ſeeming greedy of his Brother's
'Blood. During this horrid Combat,
'*Cleobulus*, who had follow'd *Polynices* to
'the War, fought with a valiant *Theban*,
'whom *Mars* had almoſt made invincible.
'The *Theban*'s Arrow, guided by the
'God's own Hand, would have pierc'd
'the Heart of *Cleobulus*, had not he ſud-
'denly leap'd aſide; then coming up to
'him, *Cleobulus* plung'd his Dagger into
'the *Theban*'s Entrails, upon which his
'Blood began to flow, his Eyes grew
'dim, his Fierceneſs and his Strength
'forſook him, and Death effac'd all his
'Beauties. His Wife, from the top of
'a Turret perceiv'd him, and her Heart
'was pierc'd with a killing Sorrow.
'How happy was he, to die thus be-
'lov'd and deplor'd! Like him I could
'die, with Pleaſure could I like him be
'belov'd. Of what Service are Honour
'and Courage, Youth and Beauty, when
'we cannot move the Object of our
'Love?' The Shepherdeſs, who had at-
tentively liſtened to his Song, ſoon found
that this Swain, and *Cleobulus*, who had
overcome the *Theban*, were the ſame.
The Glory he had acquir'd, the Beau-
ties which ſhone in him, and the Pains

he

he ſuffer'd for her, touch'd her Heart, which, with her Hand, ſhe gave him. Soon after they were marry'd, and the neighbouring Swains, and rural Deities, envy'd their Happineſs. They liv'd to an extreme old Age, and by their mutual Love, the Innocency of their Lives, and their Enjoyment of rural Diverſions, they rivall'd *Baucis* and *Philemon*.

FABLE XXVI.

Chromis *and* Mnaſyles.

C. THE Coolneſs of this Grove is exquiſite, its Trees are large, their Leaves thick, and its Walks ſhady; no Noiſe is heard, but that of Nightingales ſinging their Love-Songs.

M. And yet there are other Beauties here, which excel thoſe you have named.

C. What do you mean? Thoſe Statues which are before us there? for my part, I don't like 'em at all; that firſt appears very rough.

M. It repreſents a Faun: but no more of it; one of our Shepherds, you know, has already ſaid of it all that can be ſaid.

C. Do

C. Do you mean that other then, which ſeems to lean a little over the Fountain?

M. I would not talk of that neither; the Shepherd *Lycidas* has ſung its Praiſes on his Flute, and who can undertake to commend after him?

C. You muſt certainly mean the Statue of the young Woman then.

M. I do. It has not that ruſtical Air, you ſee, which the other two have; and indeed, it repreſents a greater Deity, than either of 'em: 'Tis *Pomona*, or a Nymph at leaſt. In one Hand ſhe holds the Horn of Abundance, fill'd with the various Fruit which Autumn ripens; in the other, ſhe carries a golden Urn, from which Pieces of Money confuſedly fall: ſo that at the ſame time, ſhe holds the Fruits of the Earth, the Riches of Nature, and thoſe Treaſures on which Mankind ſets ſo great a Value.

C. What's the Reaſon that her Head is a little inclin'd.

M. Becauſe all Statues, which are plac'd at any Height, to be view'd by People ſtanding under 'em, are plac'd in the faireſt Point of Light, when they are inclining towards the Spectator.

C. But what ſort of a Head-dreſs is that? I think 'tis wholly unknown to our Shepherdeſſes.

M. 'Tis

M. 'Tis not a bit the leſs beautiful, or the leſs *a la negligée*, for all that. The Hairs are parted before, ſome few of 'em hang in their natural Curl on each Side, the reſt are bound behind.

C. And why are her Cloaths ſo full of Folds?

M. 'Tis a Gown, which ſits with the ſame negligent Air; a Girdle tucks it up, that the Nymph may walk with greater Liberty in the Grove. Your looſe Folds are more a agreeable Drapery, than the narrow Habits which they now-a-days make. The Workman's Hand ſeems to have ſoftened the Marble, to make the Folds appear the nicer. Under this Drapery, you may behold ſome Parts naked; ſo that at the ſame time, you ſee the Softneſs of the Fleſh, with the Variety of the Garment-plaits.

C. So! ſo! You talk very learnedly of theſe Matters; but pray now, Was this Horn of Abundance pluck'd by *Hercules*, from the Head of the River *Achelous*? or, Was it the Horn of the Goat *Amalthæa*, who gave *Jupiter* ſuck on Mount *Ida*?

M. That Queſtion as yet remains undecided; but I muſt run to my Flock. *Farewell.*

DIA-

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD,

Both ANTIENT and MODERN.

DIALOGUE I.

Mercury *and* Charon.

In what manner those who are entrusted with the Education of Princes, ought to correct their growing Vices, and fill 'em with Virtues suitable to their Quality.

Ch. WHAT's the reason, *Mercury*, you come so late? Do not Men die as they did heretofore? or had you

you forgot your Wings behind you? Whom did you ſtay to rob? had *Jupiter* ſent you a pimping? was you obliged to put on the Form of another *Sofia?* Why don't you anſwer me?

Mer. I have been deceiv'd, *Charon*; I ſtay'd in hopes of conducting Prince *Pierocholes* hither: then you'd have had a good Fare.

Ch. He's very young.

Mer. Young as he is, he thought himſelf very ill, and cry'd as if Death had been ſtaring him in the Face.

Ch. Well; and ſhall we have him?

Mer. He has ſo often deceiv'd me that way, that I cannot depend upon him; ſcarce was he in bed, when, forgetting his Pain, he fell to ſleep.

Ch. His Diſtemper was not real then?

Mer. What he thought a very grievous, was but a very ſlight Illneſs; he has often alarm'd his People in the ſame manner. I have ſeen him in the Cholick, wiſhing that his Belly was cut off; and at another time, when his Noſe bled, fancying his Soul was dropping into his Handkerchief.

Ch. How will he wage War?

Mer. As he does now, without Pain or Trouble—War at Cheſs: he has already fought above an hundred Battles.

Ch. Fatal War! which ſends us no Subjects.

Mer.

Mer. Notwithſtanding this, if we can but throw aſide his Wantonneſs and Effeminacy, I hope he will one day make a great Figure. He can rage and weep like *Achilles*, why then ſhould he not be as courageous too? In his Frowardneſs he reſembles him. They ſay that he loves the Muſes, and that he has a *Chiron*, a *Phenix*.

Ch. But all this makes nothing for us; we want a young, raſh, ignorant, unpoliſh'd Prince, who, deſpiſing Learning, ſhou'd love nothing but Arms; who, always ready to glut himſelf in Blood, ſhou'd place his Happineſs in the Misfortunes of Mankind. Such a one would fill my Boat once a day.

Mer. So, ſo, you want one of thoſe Princes, or rather one of thoſe Monſters, who are greedy of Slaughter. This is of a milder Diſpoſition; I believe he will love Peace, yet know how to wage War. In him you may diſcover the Principles of a good Prince, as in the Bud of a Roſe you may perceive how beautiful the Flower will be.

Ch. But is he not haſty and boiſterous?

Mer. He is ſo indeed, and to a ſtrange degree.

Ch. What then do you mean by cultivating the Muſes? He will never learn any thing, but ſpread Confuſion where-

ever

ever he comes; many a murmuring Shade will he ſend us, but ſo much the better.

Mer. He is boiſterous, but not miſchievous; he is curious, tractable, and has an excellent Taſte for every thing that's fine: He loves good Men, and is beholden to thoſe who correct him. If he can but once overcome his Haſtineſs and Lazineſs, he'll be wonderful: remember I foretel it thee.

Ch. Haſty and lazy! theſe are palpable Contradictions; ſure you dream.

Mer. I do not, I'll aſſure you; he is haſty, eaſily provok'd, and lazy in diſcharging his Duties: but he mends upon it every day; he is certainly reſerv'd for ſomething great.

Ch. It ſeems then, we ſhan't have him yet.

Mer. No; his Sickneſs proceeds more from Impatience than any real Pain. *Jupiter* deſigns that he ſhall long continue a Bleſſing to Mankind.

DIA-

DIALOGUE II.

Hercules *and* Theſeus.

The Manner in which theſe two Heroes reproach one another, is a ſhort and ingenuous way of letting you into their Hiſtory and Characters.

Theſ. YOU ſurprize me, *Hercules*; I thought you in the higheſt *Olympus*, ſeated with the Gods. It was reported that the Fire on Mount *Oeta* had conſumed all that mortal part which was deriv'd from your Mother, and that nothing of thee remain'd but that which ſprung from *Jove*. It was alſo ſaid that you married the Goddeſs *Hebe*, who has now leiſure enough, ſince *Ganymede* ſerves the Nectar in her ſtead.

Her. Don't you know that what you ſee of me is only my Ghoſt?

Theſ. And what you ſee of me is only mine: but whilſt that's here, no part of me can be in *Olympus*.

Her. That's becauſe thou art not, as I am, the Son of *Jupiter*.

Theſ. Very good, really! *Æthra* my Mother, and my Father *Ægeus*, wou'd have

have perſuaded the World that I was *Neptune*'s Son; as *Alcmena*, to cover the Fault ſhe had been guilty of during *Amphytrion*'s being at the Siege of *Thebes*, perſuaded him that ſhe had received a Viſit from *Jupiter*.

Her. I think you very bold, thus to treat the Vanquiſher of Monſters. I never could take ſuch Jeſts.

Theſ. But the threatning of a Shadow will ſcarce make me forbear breaking 'em. I am not in *Olympus* laughing at the immortaliz'd Son of *Jove*: and as for Monſters, I have vanquiſh'd ſome in my time as well as you.

Her. Wou'd you preſume to compare your faint Actions with my Labours? The World can never forget the Lion of *Nemæa*, on which account the *Nemæan* Games were inſtituted; the *Hydra* of *Lerna*, whoſe Heads multiplied; the *Erymanthian* Boar; the *Stymphalian* Birds; the *Amazon*, whoſe Girdle I brought away; the Stable of *Augea*; the Bull which I dragg'd into *Greece*; *Cacus* whom I overcame; the Horſes of *Diomedes*, who fed on human Fleſh; *Geryon* the three-headed King of *Spain*; the Golden Apples growing in the Garden of the *Heſperides*; laſtly, *Cerberus*, whom I dragg'd out of Hell, and forced to ſee the Sun.

Theſ.

Theſ. And did not I overcome all the Vagabonds of *Greece?* Did I not drive *Medea* from my Father's Houſe, kill the Minotaur, and find the way out of the Labyrinth, for which the *Iſthmian* Games were inſtituted? And ſure they muſt be allow'd to be equal with the *Nemæan* Games. Farther, I overcame the *Amazons* who beſieged *Athens.* Add to this the Combat of the *Lapithæ*, *Jaſon*'s Voyage for the Golden Fleece, the hunting of the *Caledonian* Boar, in which I had ſo great a ſhare; and as well as you I have dared to deſcend into Hell.

Her. Yes; but your raſh Enterprize was deſervedly puniſh'd; you did not carry off *Proſerpine: Cerberus*, whom I dragg'd out of his gloomy Cave, devour'd your Friend before your Face, and you remain'd a Captive. Have you forgot how *Caſtor* and *Pollux* forc'd their Siſter *Hellen* from you? Nay, you let them carry off your Mother *Æthra.* How diminutive a Hero muſt he be, who ſuffers this to be done? Laſtly, you was baniſh'd *Athens*, and forc'd to fly to the Iſle *Scyros*, where *Lycomedes*, knowing how apt you was to engage yourſelf in unjuſt Undertakings, threw you headlong from the top of a Rock by way of Prevention. A glorious Cloſe of Life!

Theſ.

Theſ. Was thine more glorious? You lov'd *Omphale*, and for her ſake handled a Diſtaff, then forſook her for young *Iole*; and thus violated your Faith given to *Dejanira*. Did you not ſuffer 'em to give you the Shirt dipt in the Blood of the Centaur *Neſſus*; then, growing furious, hurl poor *Lychas*, who had never injur'd thee, from the top of Mount *Oeta*, into the Sea? You deſired *Philoctetes* too to conceal your Burying-place, that the World might believe you a God. Was this Cloſe of Life more glorious than mine? Before I was baniſh'd *Athens*, I had drawn all its Inhabitants from their Villages, where they liv'd after a barbarous manner, to civilize them, and lay 'em under the Reſtraint of Laws, within the Walls of a Town. As for your part, far from being a Legiſlator, all your Perfections were placed in ſinewy Arms, and brawny Shoulders.

Her. My Shoulders have borne the World upon 'em, to eaſe *Atlas* of the Burden, and my Courage has always been admired. True, I have lov'd the Women too well, but can you upbraid me with it? You who ſo ungratefully forſook *Ariadne*, who in *Crete* had ſav'd your Life. Do you think that I never heard the Name of the *Amazon Antiope* mention'd, to whom you prov'd faithleſs? *Egla*, who ſucceeded her, did

did not fare better. You carried *Helen* away by force, but her Brother found the means to punish you for it. *Phædra*, so far blinded you, that you had *Hippolytus* put to death, whom the *Amazon* bore you. Several others possess'd thy Heart, yet never possess'd it long.

Thes. But I never handled a Distaff like him who boasts of having carried the World on his Shoulders.

Her. That soft and effeminate Part of my Life which I led in *Lydia*, I'll not pretend to vindicate; but in all the rest of it, you must own me something more than Man.

Thes. So much the worse for you, that being more than Man in every other Circumstance, you shou'd act so much beneath yourself in this. But then all these boasted Labours were perform'd only in obedience to *Eurisheus*.

Her. 'Tis true that *Juno* had made me subject to all his Commands: 'tis the Fate of Virtue to be deliver'd up to the Persecution of the Wicked and Envious; but her Persecution has only been the means of exercising my Patience and my Courage. On the other hand, you have often been guilty of unjust Actions: happy the World, if you had never found your way out of the Labyrinth.

Thes.

Theſ. By that I deliver'd *Athens* from the annual Tribute of ſeven young Men, and as many Maids, which *Minos* had laid upon 'em for the Death of *Androgeos* his Son. Alas! my poor Father *Ægeus*, who expected me, fancying that he ſaw the black Sail inſtead of the white one, threw himſelf headlong into the Sea, and when I landed I found him dead: from that time forwards I govern'd *Athens* with Wiſdom.

Her. How could you govern it, ſince you was every day embark'd in ſome new Expedition; and that by your Loves you involv'd all *Greece* in War?

Theſ. Let us talk no more of Love, 'tis but a ſhameful Subject, and as far as I can ſee, we are not much behind-hand with one another.

Her. I own it with all my heart, and yield to thee in Eloquence; but what decides of our Worth, is, you are now in Hell at *Pluto*'s Mercy, whom you have highly provok'd, and I am in *Olympus* rank'd with the immortal Gods.

DIALOGUE III.

Achilles *and* Chiron.

A lively Picture of the Danger of too much youthful Fire in a Young Prince born to command.

Achill. WHAT Service have all your Inſtructions done me, and how am I the better for having received them? You never talk'd to me of any thing but Wiſdom, Courage, Glory, and Heroiſm: but notwithſtanding all your fine Diſcourſes, here am I a vain empty Shadow. Would it not have been much better for me to have liv'd long and voluptuouſly at the Court of King *Lycomedes*, diſguis'd, like a Maid, with the Princeſſes his Daughters?

Ch. Well; and would you beg leave of the Fates to return amongſt theſe Ladies? You ſhall ſpin, but at the ſame time you ſhall loſe all the Glory you have acquir'd. *Troy* ſhall be beſieged a ſecond time, and *Homer* ſhall ſing the Praiſes of thy inveterate Enemy, the proud *Agamemnon*; even *Therſites* ſhall not be forgotten: but as for your part, you ſhall be buried in Oblivion.

Achill.

Achill. *Agamemnon* run away with my Glory! I be buried in Oblivion! I cannot bear the thoughts on't; I had rather fall again by the Hand of the inglorious *Paris*.

Ch. Then the Inſtructions that I gave you concerning Virtue, are not wholly to be deſpiſed?

Achill. I own it, and would willingly return into the World, that I might make uſe of thoſe Inſtructions.

Ch. What wou'd you do there this ſecond time?

Achill. What wou'd I do there? I wou'd avoid quarrelling with *Agamemnon*, and by that means ſave the Life of my Friend *Patroclus*, and the Blood of ſo many *Grecians*, who fell by the deſtructive Sword of the *Trojans*, whilſt I was rolling on the Sands of the Sea-ſhore.

Ch. But did I not tell thee beforehand that thy Paſſion would make thee guilty of all theſe Follies?

Achill. True; you told me of it an hundred times over; but when did Youth hearken to Advice? It believes nothing but juſt what it ſees. Oh would I were young again!

Ch. You would be as paſſionate and untractable as heretofore.

Achill. I would not, I give you my word.

Ch. Did you not promiſe me a hundred, and a hundred times to that, that you'd grow more moderate when you came before *Troy*? How well you kept your word there!

Achill. I own I did not.

Ch. And you wou'd be the ſame was you to grow young again; you would promiſe juſt as you did before, and keep your word as you did then.

Achill. Youth then muſt be a ſtrange Diſtemper.

Ch. And yet it is a Diſtemper that you'd willingly be ſick of again.

Achill. True; but how charming would Youth be, was it capable of Reflection and Moderation. You who underſtand Remedies ſo well, do you know no Cure for this impetuous Heat, by far more dangerous than a burning Fever?

Ch. The only Remedy is to diſtruſt one's ſelf, to hearken to thoſe who are wiſer, and to ask their Advice; by one's paſt Faults to take care and avoid the ſame for the future, and often to implore the Aſſiſtance of *Minerva*, whoſe Wiſdom is above the Valour of *Mars*.

Achill. Well, all this I'll do, if *Jupiter* will give me back the ſame flouriſhing Youth I once enjoy'd: do you, at the ſame time, pray him that he would reſtore your Life; and that I may be ſub-

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ject to your Will, as *Hercules* was to that of *Euriſtheus*.

Ch. With all my heart. I'll make the Requeſt to the Father of the Gods, and I am well aſſur'd that he will grant it. After a long Series of Years, you ſhall live again, and be born with a Genius, Greatneſs of Soul, Courage and Love for Poetry. You ſhall have a *Chiron* near you, and we ſhall ſee what uſe you'll make of his Precepts.

DIALOGUE IV.

Achilles, Homer.

An agreeable Manner of infuſing into the Heart of a young Prince, *a* Love *for* Learning *and* Glory.

Ach. I Am heartily glad, O illuſtrious Poet! that through my means you are become immortal; my Quarrel with *Agamemnon*, my Grief for the Death of *Patroclus*, my Combats with the *Trojans*, and my Victory over *Hector*, have given you one of the fineſt Subjects for a Poem, that ever was heard of.

H. I own, that the Subject is fine; but others as good might have been

found. Nor needs this much Proof, ſince I my ſelf actually found another: The Adventures of the ſage and patient *Ulyſſes*, do not fall ſhort of the Rage of the haughty *Achilles*.

A. And dare you compare the crafty and deceitful *Ulyſſes*, to the Son of *Thetis*, more terrible than *Mars?* Be gone! ungrateful Poet! or——

H. You have forgot, perhaps, that 'tis in vain for Shades to put themſelves in a paſſion; nobody will mind 'em; nor can any Arms be now of ſervice to you, but ſound Reaſoning.

A. Why then, do you come to diſown, that you are indebted to me for your beſt Poem? The other, is a meer Rhapſody of old Womens Tales, every Line in it languiſhes, and you may plainly diſcover the decay'd Poet, whoſe Fire is quite extinguiſh'd, and who never knows when to have done.

H. You are like a vaſt number of others, who, ignorant of the different Kinds of Writing, think that an Author droops, as ſoon as he paſſes from a lively rapid Stile, to one more ſoft and ſmooth. Perfection in Writing, conſiſts in obſerving your various Characters. To vary your Stile, as Occaſion requires; and to ſoar, or droop, *à propos*, and by this Contraſt, Characters will be more agreeable, and more

more diſtinguiſh'd. You muſt know how to ſound the Trumpet, to tune the Lyre, and play on the rural Pipe. I ſuppoſe you would have me deſcribe *Calypſo*, with her Nymphs in the Grotto, or *Nauſica* on the Sea-ſhore, after the ſame manner that I would Heroes, and even Gods themſelves, fighting before the Gates of *Troy*. Talk of War, and keep within your own Element; but never pretend to judge of Poetry in my Preſence.

A. How proud you are, poor blind Man! You take advantage now of my Death!

H. No more than I do of my own: I conſider you as the Shade of *Achilles*, my ſelf as the Ghoſt of *Homer*.

A. Oh! could I but make this ungrateful Ghoſt ſenſible of my former Strength!

H. Since you talk ſo much of Ingratitude, I'll take the pains to undeceive you: You have furniſh'd me with a Subject, which I might have found any where elſe; but I have given you a Name, which another could not have given you, and which will never be forgotten.

A. How! Do you imagine that without the Aſſiſtance of your Verſes, the great *Achilles* would not have been admir'd, in all Nations, and in all Ages!

H. Intolerable Vanity! and that for having ſhed more Blood than another, at the Siege of a Town, which was not taken, but after thy Death! How many Heroes have ſubdu'd Nations, and conquer'd Kingdoms? Notwithſtanding this, they are bury'd in Oblivion, and their Names are forgotten. The Muſes only can make heroick Actions immortal. A King, who is ambitious of Glory, muſt acquire it by theſe two Means, firſt, by his Virtues he muſt deſerve it, and then he muſt make himſelf be belov'd by the Sons of *Parnaſſus*, who will tranſmit his Name to all Poſterity.

A. But 'tis not in the power of Princes always, to have great Poets. It was accidentally, and long after my Death, that you reſolv'd upon Writing your *Iliad.*

H. That's true; but when a Prince is a Lover of Learning, there will ariſe, during his Reign, many great Men; his Favours, and his Rewards, will raiſe a noble Emulation amongſt them. Let but a Prince love and encourage the Muſes, and there will ſoon appear enow ready to praiſe whatever is praiſe-worthy in him. If a Prince be without a *Homer*, 'tis becauſe he does not deſerve to have one; it muſt be his want of Taſte, that occaſions Ignorance and Barbariſm. Barbariſm!

bariſm! which diſhonours a whole Nation, and muſt deprive the Prince of all Hopes of having his Actions made immortal! Do you not know, that *Alexander*, who lately came down hither, wept, becauſe he had not a Poet to do that for him, which I have done for thee? That was becauſe he had a true Taſte of Glory; for your part, you owe me all yours, and yet you upbraid me with Ingratitude. 'Tis in vain to put your ſelf into a paſſion now, your Anger when before *Troy*, was fit to furniſh me with a Subject for a Poem; but I cannot ſing your preſent Rage, and conſequently you would reap no Honour from it. But remember this, Fate having depriv'd you of all other Advantages, you have nothing now remaining, but the glorious Name which my Verſes have given you. Farewell, when you are in a better Humour, I'll come, and in this Grove rehearſe to you ſome Lines of the *Iliad*, particularly the Defeat of the *Greeks*, during thy Abſence; the Confuſion of the *Trojans*, when they ſaw thee appear to revenge the Death of *Patroclus*, even the Gods themſelves, aſtoniſh'd to ſee thee ſo like almighty *Jove*, when arm'd with Thunder. After that, ſay if you dare, that *Achilles* does not owe his Glory to *Homer*.

DIALOGUE V.

Achilles, Ulysses.

The Character of these two Heroes.

Ulyss. A Good Morning to the Son of *Thetis*. I am at length descended to these dismal Abodes, after a long Life, to which you was hurry'd in the Flower of your Age.

A. My Life has been short, because the unjust Fates would not suffer me to acquire more Glory, than they allow Mortals to acquire.

Ul. Yet have they suffer'd me to live long, amidst an infinite Number of Dangers, from which I have always extricated my self with Honour.

A. A fine Honour, always to prevail by Stratagem! For my part, I never knew how to dissemble, I only knew how to conquer.

Ul. And yet after thy Death, I was judg'd the most worthy of having thy Armour.

A. Ay, but you obtain'd it by your Eloquence, not your Courage; I shudder when I reflect upon it, that an Armour made

made by *Vulcan*, and given me by my Mother, has been the Reward of a ſubtle Talker.

Ul. Know that I have done greater things than thou haſt. You died before the City of *Troy*, whilſt 'twas in all its Glory, but I overthrew its Walls.

A. It is more glorious to periſh by the unjuſt Anger of the Gods, after having overcome one's Enemies, than by hiding one's ſelf in a Horſe's Belly, to finiſh a War, and to deceive one's Enemies under the Cloak of the religious Myſteries of *Minerva*.

Ul. Have you then forgotten, that the *Grecks* are indebted to me, even for *Achilles* himſelf. Had it not been for me, you wou'd have ſpent an inglorious Life, amongſt the Daughters of King *Lycomedes*. All your great Actions are owing to me, as I forc'd you upon 'em.

A. But I did 'em, whilſt you never did any thing but by Fraud. If I was amongſt the Daughters of *Lycomedes*, 'twas becauſe my Mother *Thetis*, who foreſaw that I ſhould periſh at the Siege of *Troy*, hid me there to ſave my Life; but as you were not to fall, why did you diſſemble Madneſs with your Plough, when *Palamedes* ſo artfully diſcover'd the Cheat. O what Pleaſure there is in ſeeing the Deceiver deceived! If you remember, he

laid *Telemachus* before you, to ſee if you would drive the Plough over your own Son.

Ul I remember it; but I lov'd *Penelope*, and was unwilling to leave her. Was you not guilty of far greater Follies, for the Love of *Briſeis*, when you left the *Grecian* Camp, and was the Occaſion of the Death of your Friend *Patroclus*?

A. But when I return'd, I reveng'd *Patroclus*, and conquer'd *Hector*. Whom, in your whole Life, did you overcome, excepting *Hirus*, that *Ithacan* Beggar?

Ul. And the Lovers of *Penelope*, and the *Cyclops Polyphemus*?

A. You over came thoſe Lovers by Treachery; they were effeminate Men, ſunk even in Pleaſure, and almoſt always drunk. As for *Polyphemus*, you ought never to mention him. If you had but dar'd ſtay his Coming, he would have made you dearly pay for the Eye you bor'd out, whilſt he was aſleep.

Ul. But I have borne, during the Space of twenty Years, both at the Siege of *Troy*, and in my Return home, all the Misfortunes, and was expos'd to all the Dangers that can exerciſe the Courage and Wiſdom of Man. But where did you ever ſhow any Conduct? There never was any thing in thee, but an impetuous Madneſs, a Fury which brutal Men

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have call'd Courage, and which the unmanly *Paris* at laſt conquer'd.

A. But you, who ſo much boaſt of your Prudence, was you not fooliſhly put to death by your Son *Telemachus*, whom *Circe* bore you? You had not Foreſight enough to make your ſelf known to him. A fine ſort of a wiſe Man, this, to call another Fool!

Ul. Go, I leave thee with the Shade of *Ajax*, as brutal as thy ſelf, and as jealous of my Glory.

DIALOGUE VI.

Ulyſſes, Grillus.

The State of Man would be worſe than that of Beaſts, was it not for the Comforts of ſolid Philoſophy, and true Religion.

Ul. ARE you not over-joy'd, my dear *Grillus*, to ſee me again, and to be in a Condition of re-aſſuming your antient Form.

Gr. I am really ſo, at ſeeing you again, Fav'rite of *Minerva*; but as for the re-aſſuming my antient Form, you'll excuſe me if you pleaſe.

Ul. Alas!

Ul. Alas! Child, do you know how you are now made? You are far from being finely ſhap'd, I'll aſſure you. Your Body is thick-ſet, and prone to the Earth; your Ears long, and dangling down; your Eyes very ſmall, and ſcarce half open'd; your Snout horrid, your Phyſ. very unpromiſing, and your Hair coarſe and briſtly: in ſhort, if you don't know it yet, let me tell you, that take you all together, you are a very frightful ſort of a Body; and if you have but the leaſt Spirit, you'll think your ſelf very happy in being able to recommence Man.

Gr. You may talk as long as you pleaſe, but I'll aſſure you, I ſhan't do it; I like the ſwiniſh Trade much better. 'Tis true, my Shape is none of the fineſt, but 'tis only forbearing to look in a Glaſs, and in the Humour I am, there is no great Danger of my ſeeing my ſelf in the Water; for I love a Mire, far beyond a chryſtal Fountain.

Ul. And does not this Beaſtlineſs affright you? You live upon Naſtineſs, wallow in unwholeſome Places, and always ſtink ſo wretchedly, that whoever comes near you is ready to puke.

Gr. No matter, every thing depends upon Fancy; the Smell of this Naſtineſs to me is Amber, the Taſte Nectar.

Ul. I vow I bluſh for you; have you already forgotten all that is noble and advantageous in human Nature?

Gr. Tell me no more of human Nature, what you call noble is imaginary; all its Evils are real, whilſt its Bleſſings are plac'd in the Idea. My Body is filthy, and cover'd with Briſtles; but I no longer ſtand in need of Cloathing, and you would be more happy in the Courſe of your Adventures, was your Body as hairy as mine, and if like me, you ſtood in need of no Garments: my Food I find every where, even in the moſt fulſome Places; nor War, nor Law-Suits, nor any other Evils of Life vex me; I want neither Cook, Barber, Taylor, nor Architect: I am free and eaſily ſatisfy'd; why then wou'd you lead me into all the Neceſſities of Mankind?

Ul. 'Tis true, that Man's Neceſſities are great, but he has invented Arts by which he can ſatisfy 'em, and which turn to his Honour, and give him Delight.

Gr. It is better to be free from all theſe Neceſſities, than to be Maſter of the moſt excellent Means for ſupplying 'em; as it is better to enjoy a perfect Health, without the Aſſiſtance of Phyſick, than to be ſick, though you have the

the beſt Remedies apply'd for your Cure.

Ul. But dear *Grillus*, do you eſteem as nothing Eloquence, Poetry, Muſick, the Knowledge of Arts, and of the whole World, that of Numbers and Figures? Have you renounc'd our Country, its Sacrifices, Feaſts, Games, Dances, Combats, and the Crowns which are the Rewards of Conquerors? prithee anſwer me.

Gr. My ſwiniſh Temper is ſo happy, that I am above all thoſe fine things. I had rather grunt, than be as eloquent as you are; and what puts me more out of conceit with Eloquence, is, that yours which is equal to *Minerva's*, does not in the leaſt affect me. I do not endeavour to perſuade any body elſe, nor do I deſire to be perſuaded. Verſe I care as little for as I do for Proſe, all thoſe things are grown inſipid to me. As for Wreſtling, and Chariot-Races, I willingly leave 'em to thoſe who are as fond of a Garland, as a Child of a Rattle. I am no longer active enough to win the Prize, nor ſhall I envy it in any one leſs burden'd with Fat and Lard. I have loſt all reliſh for Muſick, and 'tis by our Taſte of things we judge of 'em; your Taſte makes you reliſh it, mine makes me loath it. Of this no more. Return to *Ithaca*.

A Hog's Country is every place where Acorns are to be found. Go reign, ſee *Penelope* again, and puniſh her Lovers. My *Penelope* is a Sow, not far from here, ſhe reigns in my Sty, and nothing diſturbs our Empire. How many Kings in their lofty Palaces, cannot attain the Happineſs I now enjoy. The People call them lazy, and unworthy of the Throne, when, like me, they reſolve not to torment Mankind.

Ul. You don't conſider that a Hog is always expos'd to the Mercy of Men, and is fatned only to have his Throat cut; ſo that with your fine way of reaſoning, you will ſoon end your Life, and thoſe Men amongſt whom you will not be rank'd, will eat your Bacon, your Puddings, and your Gammons.

Gr. True, this is the Danger of my State, but has not yours its Perils alſo? I expoſe my ſelf to Death, for the ſake of an agreeable Life, whoſe Pleaſures are real; you expoſe your ſelf to a more ſudden Death, for the ſake of an unhappy Life, and whoſe Glory is chimerical: from hence I infer, that one had better be a Hog than a Hero. Was *Apollo* himſelf one day to ſing your Victories, his Song would not eaſe your Pains, or preſerve you from Death. The Life of a Hog is certainly by much the more preferable.

Ul. And

Ul. And are you ſenſeleſs, and brutiſh enough, to deſpiſe Wiſdom, which makes Men almoſt equal to the Gods?

Gr. You miſtake, 'tis that very Wiſdom which makes me deſpiſe 'em; for 'tis impious to believe that they reſemble the Gods, ſeeing that they are blind, unjuſt, deceitful, miſchievous, unhappy, and deſerve ſo to be; arm'd in a cruel manner againſt one another, and as much Enemies to themſelves, as they are to their Neighbours. Of what advantage is that Wiſdom ſo much boaſted of? Does it reform Men's Morals? All the uſe they make of it, is to flatter, and to gratify their Paſſions. Had not one better be without Reaſon, than to have it only to authorize the moſt unreaſonable Actions? Talk no longer of Man, he is the moſt unjuſt, and conſequently the moſt irrational Animal. Without flattering myſelf, a Hog is a clever Creature enough, he neither coins falſe Money, nor draws falſe Contracts, he never forſwears himſelf, has neither Avarice nor Ambition, Honour never makes him undertake unjuſt Conqueſts, he is ingenuous without Malice, and ſpends his whole Life in Eating, Drinking and Sleeping. If all the World was like him, all the World would ſleep quietly, and you would not be here. *Paris* had never carry'd *Helen* away,

away; the *Greeks* would never have conquer'd *Troy*, after a ten Years Siege; you never had wander'd thus by Sea and Land, expos'd to the Caprice of Fortune, nor would you now ſtand in need of conquering your own Kingdom. Talk to me therefore no longer of Reaſon, for Man is fill'd with Folly: had not one better be a Brute, than a wicked Fool?

Ul. I vow I can't ſufficiently admire your Stupidity.

Gr. A fine Wonder indeed, that a Hog ſhould be ſtupid, let every one preſerve his own Character; do you preſerve that of being a diſquiet, eloquent, imperious, ſubtle Diſturber of the Publick Repoſe. The Nation to which I belong is modeſt, ſilent, Enemy to Subtilty, and to fine Speeches; without Reaſoning they directly go to the Enjoyment of Pleaſure.

Ul. Yet dare not you diſown, but that Immortality, which is reſerv'd for Men, raiſes their Condition infinitely above that of Beaſts: I am ſtruck dumb with Admiration at the Blindneſs of *Grillus*, who values as nought the Delights of the *Elyſian* Fields, where Men live happy after their Deaths.

Gr. Hold, if you pleaſe; I am not ſo much of a Hog as to renounce Human Nature, if you could ſhew me that Man enjoy'd a true Immortality: but to be nothing

nothing but a Shadow, a whining Shadow, which even in the *Elyſian* Fields cowardly regrets the Pains of the World, I own that ſuch a Shadow of Immortality is not worth conſtraining one's ſelf for. *Achilles* in the *Elyſian* Fields plays at Coits on the Graſs, but he wou'd give up all his Glory, which is but a Dream, to be the ignominious *Therſites* amongſt the Living. *Achilles* ſo undeceived now on the account of Honour, is nothing but a Shade: he is no longer himſelf, you find nothing in him of his Courage and Sentiments; and all that remains tends only to diſhonour him: that empty Shadow is no more *Achilles*, than this is my Body. Do not therefore, eloquent *Ulyſſes*, flatter yourſelf that you can deceive me by a falſe Appearance of Immortality; I would enjoy ſomething more real, for want of which, I reſolve to remain in the Condition I now am. Shew me that Man has ſomething in him more noble than his Body, and free from Corruption; ſhew that the Faculty of Thinking is not inherent in Matter, but ſhall ſubſiſt after the Diſſolution of this unweildy and ill-contrived Piece of Mechaniſm: in ſhort, ſhew me that what remains after this Life, is a truly happy Being; prove that the Gods are not unjuſt, but that after this Life there is a ſolid Reward for Virtue, which

has

has been miſerable here on Earth; and immediately, divine Offſpring of *Laertes*, I'll will with you ſhare your Dangers, contented leave the Styes of *Circe*, and become Man, and Man always fore-arm'd againſt Pleaſure: but by no other means ſhall you compaſs your Ends. I would rather be a fat Hog, ſatisfied with Filthineſs, than be a weak, vain, inconſtant, deceitful, miſchief-making, unjuſt Man, who hopes for nothing after Death, but to be a melancholy whining Shade, unſatisfied with its own Condition.

DIALOGUE VII.

Romulus, Remus.

Greatneſs, acquir'd by Crimes, can afford neither Honour nor ſolid Happineſs.

Rem. AT length, Brother, you are reduced to my Condition; 'twas ſcarce worth your while to put me to death for this: thoſe few Years that you have reigned alone, are at an end, and nothing now remains of them; you wou'd have ſpent them with much more Tranquillity, cou'd you have liv'd peaceably, and ſhar'd the Authority with me.

Ro. Had

Ro. Had I been thus moderate, I had never founded ſo powerful a City, nor gain'd ſuch Victories as have made me immortal.

Rem. It had been much better for you to have had leſs Power, and more Juſtice and Virtue; I appeal for the truth of this, to *Minos* and his two Collegues, who are now going to judge you.

Ro. That's very hard; on Earth no one would have dar'd to judge me.

Rem. My Blood, in which you have imbru'd your hands, will condemn you here below, and blaſt your Reputation on Earth. You deſired Honour and Authority; that Authority has juſt paſs'd thro your hands, and ſlipt away from you like a Dream. As for Honour, you never will poſſeſs any; here is no pretending to be great, without firſt being honeſt; and you muſt ſhun Crimes which are unworthy of Men, before you aſpire to the Virtues of the Gods: you had the Inhumanity of a Monſter, yet pretended to be a Hero.

Ro. You would not unpuniſh'd have talk'd after this manner to me, whilſt we were tracing out our City.

Rem. I am to my coſt ſenſible of the truth of that; but how came you to deſcend to us? 'twas reported that you was become immortal.

Ro. My People has been fooliſh enough to believe ſo.

DIALOGUE VIII.

Romulus, Tatius.

True Heroiſm is inconſiſtent with Fraud and Violence.

T. I Am arriv'd here a little ſooner than thou art, but at length we are both come, and I don't ſee that you are a bit forwarder in your Affairs than I am in mine.

Ro. The difference between us is very great; I have the Honour of having founded a City which ſhall endure for ever, and whoſe Empire ſhall have no other Limits than thoſe of the Univerſe; I have overcome the neighbouring People; I have form'd an invincible Nation out of a Company of refugeed Criminals: what haſt thou done that may be compared with theſe Wonders?

T. Fine Wonders indeed! to aſſemble a Company of Thieves and Robbers, to make one's ſelf chief of a Gang of Banditti; unpuniſhed to ravage the neighbouring Countries, treacherouſly to carry off their Women, to aſſaſſinate one's own Brother: theſe are things, I muſt confeſs, which

which I have not done. Your City will laſt as long as it ſhall pleaſe the Gods, but 'tis rais'd upon a very poor Foundation. As for your Empire it may eaſily be extended, for you have taught your Citizens nothing but how to uſurp other Men's Goods. They now ſtand in need of a Prince to govern them, more mode-derate and juſt than thou wert; and 'tis reported that my Son-in-law *Numa* has ſucceeded thee; he is wiſe, juſt, religious, and bountiful: this is the Man they ſtand in need of to reform the Republick, and to repair thy Faults.

Ro. It is an eaſy matter to ſpend one's Life in judging Law-Suits, appeaſing Quarrels, and civilizing a City; but 'tis an inglorious Life: the true Hero is he who ſpends his time in extending his Conqueſts, and gaining new Triumphs.

T. A very fine piece of Heroiſm truly, to aſſaſſinate all thoſe whom we are jealous of!

Ro. How! to aſſaſſinate! I hope you don't ſuſpect that I had you put to death.

T. Suſpect it; no, no, I don't in the leaſt ſuſpect it, but I am very certain of it: you could no longer bear that I ſhould ſhare the Kingdom with you; all thoſe who ſince me have croſs'd the *Styx*, have aſſur'd me that you have not endeavour'd

to

to diſcountenance ſuch an Opinion; no Sorrow for my Death, no Care taken to revenge it, and to puniſh my Murderers. But you have met with the Fate you deſerv'd; when we teach impious Men to aſſaſſinate a King, they will make no great difficulty of ſacrificing a ſecond.

Ro. Well; and had I put you to death, I ſhould but have follow'd the ſame treacherous Example which you ſet me, in deceiving the Virgin *Tarpeia*; you agreed with her to let you come up with your Troops to ſurprize the Rock, (which from her was call'd the *Tarpeian* Rock:) you promis'd her for a Reward, what the *Sabines* wore on their Left Arms; ſhe expected to receive the precious Bracelets which ſhe had ſeen; inſtead of that, all their Bucklers were thrown upon her, with which ſhe was immediately ſmother'd. That, that, was a treacherous and cruel Action.

T. Yours, in putting me to death, was a blacker piece of Treaſon, for we had ſworn an eternal Alliance, and united our two People; but I am reveng'd. Your Senators found the means of repelling your Boldneſs and Tyranny; there did not remain the leaſt Particle of your mangled Body. Probably each one of the Senators carried off a piece under his Robe: this was the means of your commencing

mencing God, you appear'd to *Proculus* with immortal Majeſty: Are you not ſatisfied with this Honour, you that are ſo ambitious?

Ro. Not overmuch really: but there is no Remedy to my Misfortunes, they mangle me, and then they adore me; this is in a manner deriding me. If I was living, I'd——

T. 'Tis in vain to threaten, Shadows are impotent. Farewell, thou wicked Wretch, I forſake thee.

DIALOGUE IX.

Romulus, Numa Pompilius.

The Glory of a wiſe and peaceable King, is more ſolid than that of an unjuſt Conqueror.

Rom. YOU have ſtaid a great while before you came here; your Reign has been very long.

N. P. That was becauſe it has been peaceable. The means of attaining an extreme old Age on the Throne, is to do Evil to no one, never to abuſe Authority, and ſo to behave ourſelves, that it ſhou'd be no one's Intereſt to wiſh our Death.

Rom. But when you reign with ſo much Moderation, you live obſcurely, and

and die inglorioufly. You have the trouble of governing Men, without taſting the Pleaſures of Authority. It is far better to conquer, to bear down all that oppoſes you, and to aſpire to Immortality.

N. P. But pray what does your Immortality conſiſt in? I had heard that you was rank'd amongſt the Gods, and drank Nectar at the Table of *Jove*: How comes it about that I find you here?

Rom. To tell you the truth, the Senators, grown jealous of my Glory, began to miſtruſt me, and loaded me with Honours after they had torn me in pieces; they choſe rather to adore me as a God, than to obey me as their King.

N. P. What was not *Proculus*'s Story true then?

Rom. Don't you know how many of thoſe things are impos'd upon the People? You know more of this than any body elſe, who perſuaded them that you was inſpir'd by the Nymph *Egeria*. *Proculus* ſeeing the People incens'd at my Death, quieted them with this fabulous Story. Men love to be deceiv'd, and Flattery will appeaſe their greateſt Pains.

N. P. Did all your Immortality then conſiſt in the Stabs you received?

Rom. No; I had Prieſts, Altars, Victims, and Frankincenſe.

N. P. But this Frankincenſe is no Reſtorative; ſpite of it you are but a vain and impotent Shadow, without Hopes of ever ſeeing the Light again. You ſee therefore that nothing is ſo ſolid as being good, juſt, moderate, and belov'd by one's People. In this manner you may live long, and enjoy Tranquillity; 'tis true, you have no Sacrifices offer'd you, nor are you reckon'd immortal: but to make you amends, you enjoy Health, reign without Trouble, and do good to the People whom you govern.

Rom. But you was not young when you began to reign.

N. P. I was forty Years old, and that prov'd my Happineſs; had I aſcended the Throne ſooner, I ſhould have been without Experience, and without Wiſdom, expos'd to my own Paſſions. Power is dangerous in the hands of one who is young and hot; you have fatally experienced the truth of this, who in your Paſſion kill'd your own Brother, and made yourſelf hated by all your Citizens.

Rom. Since you have liv'd ſo long, you certainly had a good and faithful Guard always round you.

N. P. No, I'll aſſure you; the firſt thing I did, was to get rid of the 300 Guards, call'd the *Celeres*, whom you had choſen. A Man who muſt be courted

to

to accept of Royalty, who accepts of it only for the Publick Good, and is willing to lay it down again, need not fear to die like a Tyrant. For my part, I thought I did the *Romans* a Favour when I accepted of the Government; I liv'd in Poverty to inrich the People; all the neighbouring Nations would have wiſh'd to have been under my Government. When this was my Condition, did I ſtand in need of Guards? As for my part, I was a poor Mortal, and no body thought it their Intereſt to give me that Immortality which the Senate thought you worthy of. My Guard was the Love of my Citizens, who look'd on me as their Father. Cannot a King truſt his Life to a People, who truſt him with their Goods, their Repoſe, and their Preſervation? Such a Confidence was but equal on each ſide.

Rom. To hear you talk, one would think you had been made a King in ſpite of yourſelf, and you impos'd upon the People in that, as you did on the account of Religion.

N. P. They came to fetch me out of the Solitude in which I liv'd at *Cures*: at firſt I repreſented to 'em, that I was not in the leaſt fit to govern a warlike People, always uſed to Triumphs; that they wanted a *Romulus* ſtill ready to conquer.

To this I added, that yours and *Tatius*'s Death, did not make me overfond of ſucceeding theſe two Kings: and laſtly, I repreſented that I never had ſo much as been preſent at a Combat. Spite of all this, they perſiſted in their Sollicitations, and at laſt I yielded; but I ſtill lived poorly, plainly, and moderately on the Throne, without preferring myſelf to any of the Citizens. I reunited the *Romans* and the *Sabines*, inſomuch, that you cannot now perceive that they ever were two Nations. I have reſtor'd the Golden Age. The People not only in the Neighbourhood of *Rome*, but even throughout *Italy*, were ſenſible of the Plenty, which by my means was diffus'd thro the Land. Agriculture, once eſteem'd, has civiliz'd the Savage People, and fix'd them to their Country, without exciting that turbulent Deſire in 'em of invading their Neighbours Lands.

Rom. This Peace and this Plenty ſerves only to puff a Nation up with Pride, to make 'em untoward to their King, and to ſoften 'em, inſomuch that they never will be able to ſupport the Fatigues and the Dangers of War. Had any body waged War with you, what had you done, you that never ſo much as ſaw a Combat? I ſuppoſe you muſt have deſired

the

the Enemies to ſtay till you had conſulted your Nymph *Egeria.*

N. P. If I did not know how to wage War like you, I knew how to avoid it, and make myſelf be belov'd and reſpected by my Neighbours. I have given Laws to the *Romans*, which making 'em juſt, ſober, and laborious, will always make 'em formidable to thoſe who would attack 'em. All that I fear, is, that they ſhou'd ſtill have too much of that Spirit of Rapine and Violence which you infus'd in 'em.

DIALOGUE X.

Xerxes, Leonidas.

'Tis Wiſdom and Valour that makes a State invincible, and not the Number of Subjects, or the unlimited Authority of Princes.

X. I Intend thee a great Honour, *Leonidas*; you may ſtill belong to my Retinue here on the Shores of *Styx.*

L. The chief Intent of my coming here, was to repel thy Tyranny, and never to ſee thee more. Go ſeek thy Wives, thy Eunuchs, thy Slaves, and thy Flatterers;

rers; ſuch are the fitteſt Company for thee.

X. Did you ever ſee ſo inſolent a Brute? a Beggar who never had any thing but the Name of a King, without the Authority! a Captain of the Banditti! Are you not aſhamed to compare yourſelf to ſo potent a King? Have you forgotten how I cover'd the Earth with my Army, and the Seas with my Fleet? Did you not know that my Soldiers cou'd not quench their Thirſt without draining Rivers?

L. How dare you boaſt the Number of your Forces? Three hundred *Spartans*, whom I commanded at the *Thermopylæ*, were ſlain by thy innumerable Army, but not conquer'd; they never fell until they were weary with Slaughter. Do you not ſee around you thoſe wandring Shades that cover the whole Shore? Theſe are the twenty thouſand *Perſians* whom we have ſlain. Ask 'em how many Men one *Spartan* is worth, or at leaſt how many of yours. 'Tis Courage, not Multitude, that makes an Army invincible.

X. Thy Action was a raſh and deſperate one.

L. No, it was a wiſe and a generous one: We thought it our Duty to devote ourſelves to certain Death, to ſhew how dangerous it was to undertake to enſlave the

the *Greeks*, and to give all *Greece* time to arm, and conquer, or periſh like us. And indeed this Example of Courage diſmay'd the *Perſians*, and re-animated the affrighted *Grecians*. Our Death was well employ'd.

X. Oh, how griev'd I am, that I did not enter into *Peloponneſus*, after having ravaged *Attica*; I wou'd have reduced thy *Lacedæmon*, as I did *Athens*, to Aſhes. Wretched impudent Fellow, I would——

L. This is not a fit time either to flatter, or to offer Affronts, we are in the Region of Truth. Do you ſtill imagine yourſelf a potent Monarch? Thy Treaſures are far off, thou haſt no Guards, no Army, no Pomp, no Pleaſure; your Ears no longer will be ſooth'd with Praiſe; you are naked, alone, and juſt about to appear before *Minos*'s Judgment-Seat, but ſtill thy Shade is haughty and proud; thou wert not more arrogant when thou hadſt the Sea laſh'd: indeed you richly deſerv'd to be laſh'd yourſelf for that extravagant Action. Do you remember thoſe golden Chains which you threw into the *Helleſpont*, pretending thereby to enſlave the Winds? A pretty ſort of a Fellow, truly, to ſubdue the Seas! But ſoon after you was glad to return haſtily to *Aſia*, in a Boat like a Fiſherman. This is what the intolerable Vanity of that Man will come

to, who endeavours to force the Laws of Nature, and forgets his own Weakneſs.

X. Alas! I ſee (but too late) that thoſe Kings who think that every thing is in their power, are Slaves to their own Paſſions. How can a Man reſiſt his own Power, and the Flattery of thoſe by whom he is ſurrounded? What a Misfortune it is to be born amidſt ſo many Dangers!

L. And therefore I eſteem my Royalty more than yours: I was a King, upon condition that I ſhou'd lead a hard, ſober, and laborious Life, like my People. I was a King only to defend my Country, and to put the Laws in force; my Sovereignty gave me the power of doing Good, without permitting me to do what was Evil.

X. Yes; but then you was poor, and liv'd without State, and without Authority: any one of my Peers was richer and more powerful than thou wert.

L. 'Tis true, that like you, I could not have pierc'd Mount *Athos*; nay, I believe that every one of your Peers defrauded his reſpective Province of more Gold and Silver than could have been found in all our Republick: but our Arms, without being gilt, have pierc'd thoſe ſoft and effeminate Men, on whoſe innumerable Multitude you rely'd.

X. And

X. And yet had I immediately enter'd into *Peloponneſus*, all *Greece* would have been ſubdued; no City, not even thine, cou'd have reſiſted me.

L. That I confeſs; and for this reaſon I deſpiſe the Power of a raw, undiſciplin'd, barbarous Nation, which either ſtands in need of good Counſels; or when they are given, knows not how to execute 'em, but prefers ſhallow and deceitful Advices before 'em.

X. The *Greeks* were for making a Wall to ſhut in their *Iſthmus*, but that Wall was not yet built, and I might eaſily have enter'd.

L. True, the Wall was not built, but you, I am ſure, was never deſign'd to prevent any of their Undertakings; your Weakneſs was of more Service to the *Greeks*, than their own Strength.

X. Had I taken this *Iſthmus*, I would have ſhewn——

L. You would have been guilty of ſome other Blunder, for ſome you muſt have made, being ſo deprav'd by Pride, Sloth, and a Hatred of ſincere Counſels; and you might have been ſurpriz'd with much more eaſe than the *Iſthmus*.

X. But I was neither cowardly nor miſchievous, as you imagin'd.

L. You naturally had a ſhare of Courage and Good-nature; the Tears which

you ſhed at the ſight of ſo many thouſand Men, of whom not one was to ſee another Age, are a ſufficient Proof of your Humanity; this was the fineſt Action of your Life: had you not been too powerful, and too happy, you might have been an honeſt Man.

DIALOGUE XI.

Solon, Piſiſtratus.

Tyranny often proves more fatal to the Monarch, than to the People.

S. SO! You thought if you cou'd but make your Fellow-Citizens your Slaves, you ſhou'd be a very happy Man. How well have you ſucceeded? You deſpiſed all the Counſels I gave you, and trampled upon my Laws. What have you reap'd from your Tyranny, but the Curſes of the *Athenians*, and the juſt Tortures which you muſt now endure in Hell?

P. And yet I govern'd with Moderation enough: true, I wou'd govern and ſacrifice every thing that my Authority was jealous of.

S. This

S. This is what you may truly call a Tyrant, he does not injure for the ſake of injuring, yet never boggles at doing ill, provided he believes 'twill ſerve to encreaſe his Grandure.

P. I was willing to acquire Honour.

S. What Honour! to enſlave your Country, to be accounted by Poſterity an impious Wretch, without Faith, Juſtice, or Humanity! You ought to have acquir'd Honours by the ſame Means that many other *Grecians* have acquir'd it, by doing good to your Country, and not by oppreſſing it as you have done.

P. But when a Man has Greatneſs of Soul, Genius and Eloquence ſufficient to govern, 'tis hard to ſpend one's Life in a Dependance on a capricious People.

S. That I agree to; but then you ought to rule the People by the Authority of the Laws. You very well know that I myſelf was of the Royal Blood: Did I ſhew any ambitious Deſire of governing *Athens?* far from that, I ſacrificed my All to have the wholeſome Laws put in execution: I liv'd poor and retir'd, and never employ'd any Means but Perſuaſion and a good Example, which are the Arms of Virtue. Did you act thus?

P. I did not, but 'twas becauſe I intended to leave the Kingdom to my Children.

S. And

S. And you have finely ſucceeded! the only Inheritance you have left 'em, is the publick Hatred. The moſt generous Citizens have merited Statues and immortal Honours, for having ſtabb'd one of thy Sons: the other is fled, and in a ſervile manner is forc'd to implore the Aſſiſtance of a Barbarian King againſt his own Country. This is the Heritage you have left your Children. Had you, inſtead of that, left 'em the Love of their Country, and taught 'em to deſpiſe Pomp, they ſtill might have liv'd happily amongſt the *Athenians.*

P. But muſt one live inglorioufly, and in Obſcurity?

S. Is Glory to be acquir'd by Crimes only? We muſt ſeek it in the Battles which we fight with our Enemies, in all the moderate Virtues of a good Citizen, and in the Contempt of every thing that intoxicates and ſoftens a Man. O *Piſiſtratus!* Honour is a fine thing; happy are thoſe who know how to find it: but how pernicious a thing it is to ſeek for it, where it is not to be found!

P. But the People had too much Liberty, and a People too free, is more inſupportable than the worſt of Tyrants.

S. You ought then to have aſſiſted me in ſomewhat reſtraining the Liberties of the People, by eſtabliſhing my Laws, and not

not trample the Laws under foot, to tyrannize over the People. You have acted like a Father, who, to make his Son tractable and obedient, ſhou'd ſell him into Bondage for Life.

P. But the *Athenians* are too jealous of their Liberties.

S. 'Tis true, the *Athenians* are even immoderately jealous of their Liberties, but then they really belong to 'em; but were you not more jealous of a Tyranny, which in no manner of wiſe belong'd to you?

P. I could not bear to ſee the People ſubject to Sophiſters and Rhetoricians, who prevail'd over thoſe who were wiſer than themſelves.

S. And yet it was far better for the People to be impos'd upon by Sophiſters and Rhetoricians, by their Arguments and Eloquence, than to have the Mouths both of good and evil Counſellors clos'd, and by that means the People oppreſs'd, and nothing but your Paſſions minded. But what Pleaſure cou'd you enjoy in ſuch a Power? What can be the Charms of Tyranny?

P. To be able to do every thing, to be fear'd by every body, and at the ſame time to ſtand in fear of no one.

S. Senſeleſs Man! You had reaſon to fear every body; and you experienced it

it when you fell from the height of your Fortune, and found ſo much difficulty in riſing again: you experienc'd it a ſecond time in the Perſon of your Children. Who had moſt reaſon to fear, the *Athenians* or you? The *Athenians*, who, bearing the Yoke of Slavery, deteſted and abhorr'd thee, or you who ought always to apprehend being betray'd, dethron'd, and puniſh'd for your Uſurpation? You certainly then had more reaſon to fear, than this Captive People to whom you had made yourſelf ſo formidable.

P. I confeſs it, and own that I never met with any ſolid Pleaſure in Tyranny; yet had I never Courage enough to lay it down: had I loſt my Authority, I ſhould infallibly have pined away.

S. Acknowledge then that Tyranny is as deſtructive to the Tyrant as to the People; there is no Happineſs in poſſeſſing it, and yet a Miſery in loſing it.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XII.

Solon, Juſtinian.

A juſt Idea of Laws fit to make a People good and happy.

J. NOthing is equal to the Majeſty of the *Roman* Laws: amongſt the *Greeks* you have been accounted a great Legiſlator, but had you liv'd amongſt us, your Glory wou'd have been very much eclips'd.

S. Why ſo? Shou'd I have been deſpis'd in your Country?

J. No, but the *Romans* have very much excell'd the *Grecians*, both in the Number and Perfection of their Laws.

S. In what have they excell'd them?

J. We have an infinite number of wondrous Laws, and I ſhall be honourably recorded in all ſucceeding Ages, for having compil'd the whole Body of Laws in my *Code.*

S. I have often heard *Cicero* ſay, ſince his deſcent hither, that the Law of the twelve Tables was the moſt perfect that ever the *Romans* had; you'll allow me, I hope, to obſerve, that theſe Laws were transferr'd

transferr'd from the *Greeks* to the *Romans*, and that the greateſt part of 'em came from *Lacedæmon*.

J. They ſhall come from where you pleaſe; but they were too plain, and too ſhort, to be compar'd to our Laws, which have foreſeen, decided, and put every thing in order, with abundance of Particulars.

S. For my part, I thought that good Laws were to be clear, plain, ſhort, and proportion'd to the Underſtanding of all the People, who may eaſily comprehend 'em, remember 'em, love 'em, and obey 'em, at all Times, and in all Places.

J. But ſhort, and plain Laws, do not ſufficiently ſhew the Learning of Counſellors, or afford Matter for intricate Debates.

S. I muſt confeſs, I thought that Laws were made to avoid intricate Queſtions, and only to preſerve good Morals, Order, and Peace amongſt the People; but you tell me that they ought to exerciſe the ſubtle Wits of Lawyers, and afford Matter for Pleading.

J. *Rome* has produc'd many learned Counſellors, whereas, in *Sparta*, there was nothing but ignorant Soldiers.

S. I ſhould have thought that good Laws were thoſe where no Counſellors are wanting, and under whoſe Protection

the

the moſt ignorant may live, without being forc'd to conſult Sophiſters upon the Senſe of different Texts, and the Manner of reconciling 'em. I ſhould infer, that Laws could be good for nothing, which ſtood in need of ſo many learned Men to explain their Meaning, when even they themſelves could never agree in it.

J. And therefore to reconcile 'em I made my Collection.

S. Tribonius was telling me Yeſterday that he did it.

J. True, but he did it by my Orders; an Emperor never compiles ſuch a Work as that himſelf.

S. As for my part, who have reign'd as well as you, I thought that the chief Duty of him who govern'd the People, was to give Laws which ſhould reſtrain both King and People, and make 'em both honeſt and happy. To command Armies, and to gain Victories, is nothing in compariſon of the Glory of a Legiſlator. But to return to *Tribonius*: he has compil'd the Laws of different Ages, which have often been chang'd; but you never had a Body of Laws all fram'd at the ſame Time, and upon the ſame Plan, to mould the Morals, and the entire Government of a Nation. 'Tis a Collection of private Laws, to determine the reciprocal

procal Pretenſions of private Perſons. The *Greeks* only have the Honour of having fram'd Laws to train up a People by the Principles of Philoſophy, and by them to direct all their Policy, and all their Governments. The Multitude of your Laws, which you ſo much boaſt of, firmly perſuade me, that either you had none that were good, or that you could not preſerve 'em in their primitive Simplicity. That a People may be well govern'd, they ought to have few Laws, and few Judges; you ſhall ſeldom find Men capable of judging. The Multitude of Judges corrupt every thing, nor are the Multitude of Laws leſs pernicious. They are no longer underſtood or obey'd, when there are ſo many, People accuſtom themſelves apparently to revere, and at the ſame time under frivolous Pretences to violate 'em. The Vanity of Men, ſets 'em upon making Laws formally, and with Pomp; but their Avarice, and other Paſſions, make 'em deſpiſe them, whilſt ſubtle Sophiſters explain 'em juſt as they are feed to do it. From hence proceeds *Cavilling*, a Monſter born to devour Mankind. I judge of Cauſes by their Effects; the Laws of no Country appear good to me, but where there's no Pleading, and where plain and ſhort Laws may be underſtood, without

Gloſſes

Gloſſes and Commentaries. I would have neither Wills or Adoptions, Diſinheritings, Borrowing, Selling or Exchanging. I would have a ſmall Tract of Ground allotted each Family, which it ſhould be in no body's power to alienate, and the Magiſtrate ſhould equally divide this Eſtate according to Law, amongſt the Children, after the Father's Death. When Families multiply ſo faſt, that the Land is too little for 'em, I would ſend a Colony of People into ſome deſert Iſland. This ſhort and eaſy Rule obſerv'd, there would be no need of all your Codes, and I would only think of regulating Men's Manners, of educating Youth ſoberly, patiently, laborioufly and courageouſly, and I would teach 'em to deſpiſe Luxury, Dangers and Death. This would be far better than drawing up Bonds, and refining upon Contracts.

J. By ſuch dry Laws, you would totally deſtroy the Eloquence of Counſellors.

S. I ſhould love dry and unpoliſh'd Laws, far better than an Eloquence which diſturbs Mankind, and in the end deſtroys their Morals. Never were ſo many Laws ſeen as in your Time, never was the Empire ſo ſoft, effeminate, degenerated, and unworthy of the antient *Romans*, who ſo very much reſembled the *Spartans*.

Spartans. For your own part, you was a deceitful, wicked, impious Deſtroyer of good Laws, always ſwell'd with Vanity and Falſhood, and your *Tribonius* was as wicked, a diſſolute double-dealing Fellow as your ſelf. But to return to the Laws, they are ſuch no longer than they are underſtood, belov'd and reſpected, and their Goodneſs conſiſts in making People good and happy. But your Collection of 'em has made no one either good or happy; from whence I conclude, that they deſerve to be burn'd. You grow paſſionate, your Imperial Majeſty believes itſelf above Truth; but you are a Shadow, to which, without running any riſque, one may ſay any thing. However, I'll leave you, and give you Time to cool.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XIII.

Democritus and *Heraclitus.*

These two Philoſophers are compar'd together, and the latter allow'd to be the moſt Humane.

Dem. I Can never reliſh ſo grave a Philoſophy.

H. Nor I ſo gay a one. A wiſe Man can ſee nothing in the World but what muſt be diſpleaſing to him.

D. You are too ſerious, upon my word, in theſe Affairs.

H. And you by much too merry; with that ſcornful Face you reſemble a Satyr, more than a Philoſopher: Are not you mov'd at the Blindneſs and Corruption of Mankind?

D. Not near ſo much as at their ridiculous Impertinence.

H. But do you conſider that when you laugh, 'tis at all Mankind, with whom you live and converſe; 'tis at your Friends, your Family, nay, even at your ſelf.

D. The

D. The Fools I laugh at, are ſuch as I care not a pin for; and I think my ſelf wiſe in laughing at 'em.

H. Thoſe who have either Wiſdom or Humanity in 'em, cannot laugh at Fools. Beſides, are you certain that you are not as extravagant as they are?

D. That cannot be, whilſt in every thing I think ſo differently from 'em.

H. There are Follies of various Kinds, and whilſt in your Opinions you differ ſo much from the reſt of Mankind, you run perhaps into another extreme as fooliſh as theirs.

D. You may think what you pleaſe of the matter, and if you have any Tears left, may ſhed ſome for me; as for my part, I'll ſtill laugh at Fools, and are not all Men ſuch? Ha!

H. Alas, 'tis but too true, they are, and that afflicts me; we both agree in this, that Mankind ſtrays from Reaſon: When I perceive this, I endeavour to ſhun their Example, and to follow Reaſon, which teaches me to love 'em, and this Love fills me with Compaſſion for 'em. Am I to blame becauſe I pity thoſe of my own Species, my Brethren, who are a part of my ſelf? Should you go into an Hoſpital, could you laugh at the maim'd and the wounded? Believe me, the Sores of the Body are nothing, when

compar'd

compar'd to thoſe of the Mind. Your own Cruelty would confound you, had you laugh'd at an unhappy Wretch, oblig'd to have his Leg cut off; and yet you are cruel enough to laugh at the whole World, for having loſt their Reaſon.

D. The Man who has loſt a Leg, deſerves to be pitied, becauſe it was an Accident, and not of his own ſeeking; but he who forfeits his Reaſon, loſes it thro' his own Fault.

H. And therefore deſerves our Pity, by ſo much the more as a Madman who plucks out both his Eyes, would deſerve it above one who accidentally became blind.

D. Come, don't let us quarrel, we are both juſtifiable. The World is ridiculous, and therefore I laugh at it; 'tis pitiful, and therefore you weep over it. Our different Tempers make us behold Objects in different Lights; but certain it is, that the World is very much in the wrong. If we would have our Thoughts and Actions praiſe-worthy, we muſt think and act in a manner very different from the Multitude; and he who pleads the Authority and Example of the Generality of Mankind, for what he does, is a Madman.

H. You

H. You are very much in the right of it, but yet you are cruel, and delighted at the Misfortunes of others: your Actions plainly ſhew that you neither love Mankind, nor the Virtue which they forſake.

DIALOGUE XIV.

Herodotus, Lucian.

To be too credulous is a Vice, to be wholly faithleſs a greater.

H. A Good morning to you Friend: So, your laughing days are over, I hope. How many famous Men have you ſet a talking, whilſt they croſs'd the Ferry in *Charon*'s Boat; but 'tis your turn, at laſt, to viſit the *Stygian* Shore. I do not blame you for having ridicul'd Tyrants, Flatterers, and wicked Men; but why ſhould you trouble yourſelf about me?

L. Why, when did I ridicule you? or haſt a mind to pick a Quarrel?

H. In your true Hiſtory, and ſeveral other Places, you treat what I have ſaid as fabulous.

L. Am

L. Am I to be blam'd for that? How many things have you advanc'd upon the bare Teſtimony of Prieſts, and ſuch like People, who are always fond of ſomething myſterious and ridiculous?

H. You impious Wretch! You had no Notion of Religion.

L. There was need of one more pure, and leſs trifling, than what was taught us of *Jupiter*, *Venus*, *Mars*, *Apollo*, and the reſt of the Gods, if you would have made Men of Senſe faithful: I think you the moſt impious for having believed ſuch Stuff.

H. But you deſpiſed Philoſophy as much as Religion; nothing was ſacred to you.

L. I deſpiſed the Gods, becauſe the Poets deſcribed 'em as much more corrupt than the Race of Mankind; and for the Philoſophers, they only pretended to a Love of Virtue, but their Souls were full of Vice: had they really been Philoſophers, I ſhould have reſpected 'em.

H. How have you treated *Socrates*? Was it his fault, pray now, or yours? Will you anſwer that?

L. I own that I have plaid a little upon thoſe things of which he ſtood accus'd, but I never condemn'd him ſeriouſly.

H. And muſt you play upon ſo great a Man, when, at the ſame time, the Calum-

ny was ſo groſs and apparent? But confeſs the truth; Did not you make it your whole Buſineſs to laugh at every thing? to ſhew every thing in a ridiculous Light? yet never gave yourſelf the trouble of eſtabliſhing any thing ſerious and ſolid in the room of what you was laughing out of doors.

L. You miſtake me: Did I not laſh Vice, and ſatirize Great Men who made an ill uſe of their Power? Have I not preached up the Contempt of Riches and Pleaſure?

H. 'Tis true that you have ſpoken well of Virtue, but 'twas only for an opportunity of cenſuring the Faults of all Mankind, which ſavours more of the Satiriſt than the Philoſopher; and when you commended Virtue, you never took care to derive it from Religion and Philoſophy, from which it has its beginning.

L. You argue much better now than you did whilſt travelling; however, the truth of the matter is, I was too faithleſs, and you were too credulous.

H. You are the ſame Man ſtill, making a Jeſt of every thing; 'tis time that your Shade, *Lucian*, ſhould have a little more Gravity in it.

L. Gravity! I have ſeen ſo much, that I am weary of it: I was ſurrounded with Philoſophers, who, without Shame, without

out Moderation, without Friendſhip, without Faith, and without Juſtice, valued themſelves upon being grave.

H. You ſpeak of the Philoſophers of your Age, who were degenerated, but—

L. But what! would you have had me ſeen thoſe who were dead ſeveral hundred Years before I was born? I do not, like *Pythagoras*, remember my having been at the Siege of *Troy*; every body is not an *Euphorbus*.

H. Jeſting again? thus you anſwer the moſt ſolid Arguments; I wiſh that for a Puniſhment of your Incredulity, the Gods wou'd ſend your Soul to animate the Body of ſome Traveller, then you wou'd be convinc'd of the truth of what you have call'd fabulous.

L. And then enter the Body of ſome Philoſopher of each different Sect, one after another, that I might be of the ſeveral Opinions which I have ridicul'd. A very pretty thing, Faith! but all of a piece with ſeveral other things that you have advanc'd.

H Go, I leave thee, nor am I griev'd when I reflect that you have dealt no worſe by me, than by *Homer*, *Socrates*, *Pythagoras*, and *Plato* himſelf, from whom you firſt learnt the Art of writing Dialogues, tho you have made uſe of 'em to ridicule his Philoſophy.

DIALOGUE XV.

Socrates, Alcibiades.

Natural Endowments do but diſhonour a Man, unleſs they are back'd by Virtue.

S. SO, you are ſtill the ſame agreeable Perſon! Who is it that you intend to charm here in Hell?

A. And you are ſtill the ſame Cenſor of Mankind; whom wou'd you reform, you that are always endeavouring to reform ſomebody?

S. I am diſcouraged from attempting to reform Mankind, ſeeing that all the pains I have taken to incline you to Virtue, have prov'd fruitleſs.

A. Wou'd you have had me liv'd poor and retir'd like yourſelf, and never have concern'd myſelf with Publick Affairs?

S. And, pray, Sir, which was the honeſteſt part, not to have concern'd yourſelf with 'em, or by letting 'em alone, not to have confounded 'em, and ſo become the Enemy of one's Country?

A. I like the part that I have acted much better than yours: I have been beautiful, magnificent, loaded with Honours,

nours, and have liv'd in Pleaſures. I was the Terror of the *Perſians*, and of the *Lacedemonians*; nor cou'd the *Athenians* find any other means of ſaving their City, than by recalling me. Had I been with 'em, *Lyſander* never had enter'd their Port. You was poor, ugly, flat-nos'd, and bald, and your whole Life was ſpent in cenſuring Men's Actions. *Ariſtophanes* has expos'd you upon the Stage; you was taken for an impious Wretch, and you were put to death.

S. You have ty'd up a fine Bundle together, prithee let us undo it, and examine every Crime in particular. You were beautiful, but you made a ſhameful uſe of your Beauty, and in Luxury you drowned all your good natural Qualities; you have done your Country great Services, but you have alſo done it a great deal of Miſchief; and when you did Good or Ill, you acted on a Principle of vain Ambition, and conſequently you can reap no real Glory from it. The Enemies of *Greece*, to whom you gave yourſelf up, dar'd not truſt you, nor cou'd you truſt them. Had it not been far more glorious for you to have liv'd poor and contented in your own Country, and patiently to have ſuffer'd all that wicked Men generally inflict upon thoſe who follow Virtue? 'Tis better to be ugly and wiſe, as I was,

than beautiful and debauch'd as you were. The only thing I can be upbraided with, is my love to you, and my having been dazzled by a Temper as fickle and inconſtant as yours was: your Vices have been a diſhonour to the philoſophical Education which *Socrates* gave you. Theſe, Sir, are my Crimes.

A. But your Death proves your having been an impious Wretch.

S. Thoſe may juſtly be call'd impious, who have broken the Statues of the Gods to pieces. 'Twas far more honourable to ſwallow Poiſon for having taught the Truth, and thereby provok'd Mankind who hate it, than to meet one's Death in the Boſom of a Courtizan, as you did.

A. Your Raillery is always very ſatirical.

S. Who can have any patience with a Man who ſeem'd deſign'd to do a vaſt deal of Good, but who has done altogether as much Miſchief, and who ſtill is endeavouring to inſult Virtue?

A. So, ſo; the Shade of *Socrates* and Virtue, are then, it ſeems, but one and the ſame thing: preſumptuous Man!

S. You may eſteem *Socrates* as nothing, if you pleaſe, Sir; but after having deceived all the hopes I had form'd of filling your Soul with Virtue, don't come hither

hither to laugh at my Philoſophy, or to boaſt of your Actions; for tho they have made a Figure, they have been very irregular: nor have you any reaſon to triumph, Death has made you as ugly and diſagreeable as myſelf. What Fruit have you now in all your Pleaſures?

A. Alas! 'tis too true; there is nothing of 'em remaining now but Shame and Remorſe——But where are you going? Will you leave me already?

S. Adieu to thee: when fir'd with Ambition you went to *Sicily*, *Lacedemon*, and into *Aſia*, I never follow'd you; 'tis not therefore juſt that you ſhou'd now follow me to the *Elyſian* Fields, where I am going to lead a peaceable and happy Life with *Solon*, *Lycurgus*, and the other Sages.

A. Alas! my dear *Socrates*, muſt you be torn from me? Where muſt I go?

S. With thoſe vain and empty Shades, whoſe Lives have been a perpetual Mixture of Good and Evil, and never follow'd Virtue, for any conſiderable time at once. You were born to purſue her, but you have preferr'd your Paſſions to her; now ſhe'll forſake you, and you ſhall eternally regret her.

A. Alas! my *Socrates*, you have lov'd me dearly, will you take no pity on me?

You know better than any body elſe, that my natural Diſpoſition was good.

S. And therefore you are inexcuſable; you were born to do Good, and you have liv'd to do Evil; I lov'd you for the ſake of your Virtue, but lov'd you to the endangering of my Reputation: my love for thee has caus'd me to be ſuſpected of monſtrous Crimes which all my Doctrines have condemn'd; to you I ſacrificed my Life and Honour. Have you forgotten the Expedition of *Potideus*, at which time I was always near thee? a Father cannot be more tender of his Son, than I was of you; in all Engagements I was ſtill at thy ſide: one day, the Combat being doubtful, you was wounded; immediately I threw myſelf before thee, to cover thee with my Body, as with a Shield; I ſav'd thy Life, thy Liberty, and thy Arms: by this Action I purchas'd the Crown, but deſir'd the Leaders of the Army to give it you. I never had any Paſſion but for your Honour, nor cou'd I have ever believ'd that you wou'd have prov'd your Country's Diſgrace, and the Source of all its Misfortunes.

A. I hope, my dear *Socrates*, that you have not forgotten how at another time when our Army was defeated, you were flying on foot, and with much difficulty crept away; and tho I was on horſeback, I

ſtopp'd

ſtopp'd to keep thoſe Enemies back, who otherwiſe muſt have overtaken and overwhelm'd thee: let us ſet one good Turn againſt the other.

S. With all my heart: If I remind you of what I have done, 'tis not with a deſign to reproach thee, or to boaſt of what I have done for thee, but only to let you ſee what Pains I have taken to make thee good, and what a poor Return I have met with for all my Pains.

A. You cannot upbraid the Actions of my firſt Youth: often, whilſt I was liſtning to your Inſtructions, my Heart melted within me, and my Eyes were filled with Tears; if, drawn away by company, I ſometimes left you, you wou'd purſue me as a Maſter does his flying Slave: Did I then ever offer to reſiſt you? I hearkned to no body but you, and fear'd no one's Diſpleaſure but yours. One day, indeed, I muſt confeſs I laid a Wager that I wou'd give *Hipponicus* a ſlap in the Face; I did it, but went afterwards, and, begging his pardon, ſtript myſelf before him that he might ſcourge me with Rods; but he ſeeing that it was only thro a light and wanton Temper that I had offended, forgave me my Offence.

S. Then you acted only like a young hot-brain'd Fool; ſince that, you have acted like a Villain, without the leaſt

regard to the Gods, to Virtue, or to your Promiſe; like a Villain, who to ſatisfy his Ambition, ſets his Country in a blaze, and who debauches the Manners of the Inhabitants of foreign Places: be gone, you raiſe Horror and Compaſſion; ſpite of your own Diſpoſition to be good, you choſe to be wicked; and of this I never ſhall be comforted. But let us part, the three Judges will ſoon pronounce your Sentence; but be it what it will, there never more can be any Union between us two.

DIALOGUE XVI.

Socrates, Alcibiades.

In a good Government, People ought to be taught to reſpect the Laws, to love their Country, and Mankind.

S. YOU are, I ſee, become wiſe at your own and the expence of thoſe whom you have deceiv'd: you might very well be the worthy Hero of a ſecond *Odyſſee*; for in your Travels you have ſeen the Manners of as great a Number of People, as ever *Ulyſſes* did in his.

A. I do not ſo much ſtand in need of Experience, as I do of Wiſdom; and tho you

you laugh at me, you cannot deny but that a Man muſt improve very much by travelling, and ſeriouſly ſtudying the Manners of Mankind.

S. 'Tis true that a Mind might be improved by ſuch a Study, but it muſt be that of a Philoſopher who can ſeriouſly apply himſelf, and who is not, like you, ſway'd by Pleaſure or Ambition: a Man free from Prejudice or Paſſion, cou'd examine and ſee what was laudable amongſt every People, and what Good or Evil every Law had been the cauſe of. A Philoſopher, returning from ſuch Travels, wou'd make an excellent Legiſlator; but you were never capable of giving Laws, your Talent lay in breaking 'em: you were yet a very Youth, when you adviſ'd your Uncle *Pericles* to undertake a War, that he might avoid giving an account of the Publick Fund. I'm afraid, that even after your Death, you wou'd be but a poor Obſerver of the Laws.

A. No more of this, I beſeech you; my Faults are all to be caſt in *Lethe*'s Streams: Let us now talk of the Manners of different People. Wherever I have been, I have met with ſeveral Cuſtoms, and very few Laws; all the Barbarians walk by no other Rule than the Example of their Fathers: even the *Perſians*, whoſe Morals, in the time of *Cyrus*, are ſo much

boaſted

boaſted of, have no ſign left of that former Virtue; their Courage and Magnificence ſhew a good natural Diſpoſition, but corrupted by vain Oſtentation and Effeminacy; their Kings, who are ador'd, and to whom Incenſe is offer'd up, can never be really juſt, or thoroughly acquainted with the truth of things; nor can a Human Soul, with Moderation, enjoy a Power as unlimited as theirs is: they imagine that every thing is created for their uſe, and they diſpoſe of the Lives, Honours, and Eſtates of other Men. Nothing can be more barbarous than this Form of Government; there are no Laws in force, the Will and Pleaſure of one Man, whoſe Paſſions are all flatter'd, are his and their only Law.

S. Such a Government was not at all agreeable to a Genius as free and bold as yours was; but don't you think that the *Athenian* Liberty was carried quite into the other Extreme?

A. The *Spartan* Government was that I liked the beſt.

S. Did not the Slavery of the *Illotes* appear very inhuman to you? Come, boldly acknowledge the Truth, lay your Prejudices aſide, and own that here the *Greeks* are in ſome degree Barbarians. Is it meet that one half of Mankind ſhou'd treat the other as Beaſts of Burden?

A. Why

A. Why not? provided they are a conquer'd People.

S. Tho conquer'd, they ſtill are a People, and the Laws of Conqueſt are not of ſo great a force as thoſe of Humanity. Nothing can be a greater piece of Tyranny than what you call a Conqueſt, unleſs the conquer'd Nation was overcome in a juſt and legal War, and unleſs the Conqueror takes care to give 'em good Laws. The *Lacedemonians* ought not therefore to treat the *Illotes* ſo inhumanly, ſeeing that they are Men as well as themſelves. How horrid and barbarous it is, to ſee one People ſporting with the Lives of another, and perpetually diſquieting 'em! As the Head of a Family ought never to be ſo taken up with the thoughts of making his Family great, as to diſturb the Repoſe of a whole People for the ſake of it, of which he and his Family are but a Member: ſo ought not the Head of a Nation, hurried away by the Wildneſs of Ambition, and a brutal Conduct, place a falſe Glory in encreaſing the Power of his People, and troubling the Repoſe of, and enſlaving the neighbouring People. Any one Nation is as much a Member of the whole Race of Mankind, as any one Family is of a particular Nation. Every Man is far more obliged to Mankind in general, our great Commonwealth, than

to

to our own private Country. 'Tis therefore far more unjuſt for a People to act offenſively againſt another, than for any private Family to act againſt the Commonwealth. To renounce Humanity, does not only denote Unpoliteneſs and Barbariſm, but alſo the ſavage Blindneſs of Rogues and Banditti; and in ſuch a Caſe we not only loſe the Characters of Men, but become Deſtroyers of Mankind.

A. You grow angry, Sir; in the other World you ſeem'd to be better humour'd, your ſatirical Ironies had ſomething more pleaſant in 'em.

S. I cannot be pleaſant upon ſo ſerious a Subject; the *Spartans* have entirely forſaken all the peaceable Arts, to give themſelves wholly up to War: and as there is no greater Evil under the Sun than War, they are capable of nothing but doing evil, they value themſelves upon it, and contemn every thing that does not tend to the Deſtruction of Mankind, and that is not uſeful to encreaſe the brutal Glory of a handful of Men call'd *Spartans*. Others muſt till the Earth for their Nouriſhment, whilſt they are ravaging the neighbouring Lands: they will not live ſoberly, that they may live juſtly; but on the other hand, they are hard-hearted and cruel to all who do not belong to their own Country, as if they did not belong

to

to the Commonwealth of Mankind, more juſtly than to that of *Sparta*. War is an Evil which diſhonours Mankind, and cou'd we but for ever bury all our Hiſtories, we ought to conceal from Poſterity that Men have been capable of killing one another. All Wars are properly Civil Wars, 'tis ſtill Mankind ſhedding each other's Blood, and tearing their own Entrails out: the farther a War is extended, the more fatal it is; and therefore the Combats of one People againſt another, are worſe than the Combats of private Families againſt a Republick. We ought therefore never to engage in a War, unleſs reduced to the laſt Extremity, and then only to repel our Foes. Was not *Lycurgus* aſhamed to alter the Cuſtoms of a People, bred up in all the ſweet and innocent Occupations which flouriſh in peaceable times, ſo as to make 'em only fit for the Deſtruction of Mankind?

A. You are in the right now in growing angry; but to theſe wou'd you prefer a People like the *Athenians*, who cou'd ſo egregiouſly refine upon Pleaſure and Luxury? one had better bear with the rough unhewn Diſpoſitions of the *Spartans*.

S. You are very much changed of late, and are no longer that Man ſo cried down for his Luxury; the *Stygian* Shores make ſtrange Alterations, I ſee; but perhaps you

you ſpeak thus through Complaiſance; for during the whole Courſe of your Life, you have been a *Proteus* in your Morals. But be that as it will, I muſt confeſs, that a People, who by the Contagion of their own Morals, implant Luxury, Injuſtice, Fraud and Effeminacy, in another Nation, are more guilty than thoſe whoſe only Buſineſs, and whoſe only Merit 'tis to ſhed their Blood; for Virtue to Men, ought to be dearer than Life. *Lycurgus* ought therefore to be prais'd, for having baniſh'd all luxurious Arts from his State; but is inexcuſable, for having baniſh'd Agriculture, and other Arts, at the ſame time, neceſſary to a ſober and frugal Life. Is it not a Shame, that a People ſhould not be able to ſupply themſelves with Neceſſaries, but be oblig'd to another People for tilling the Earth for their Nouriſhment?

A. Well, here I'll confeſs my ſelf in the wrong; but do you not prefer the ſevere Diſcipline of *Sparta*, with that juſt Subordination which ſubjects their young Men to the old, before the unbridled Wiſdom of the *Athenians*?

S. A People corrupted by an exceſs of Liberty, is more inſupportable than any Tyrant, nor is any Maſter more inſolent, than the Many, when they triumph over the Laws; a juſt Medium ought in this Caſe

Caſe to be obſerv'd. There ſhould be unchangeable written Laws ſacred to the whole Nation, from which thoſe that govern ſhould derive their Authority. They might do all the good which theſe Laws could authorize, but never violate 'em to do evil. This is the Order that Men for their mutual Happineſs ought to eſtabliſh, were they not blind, and their own Enemies. But ſome, like the *Athenians*, deſtroy the Laws, leſt they ſhould give too much Authority to the Magiſtrates, whoſe Buſineſs it ſhould be to put theſe Laws in force; others, like the *Perſians*, have ſo ſuperſtitious a Veneration for their Laws, that they make themſelves Slaves to the Magiſtrates, and they, inſtead of governing by the Laws, govern by their own Wills, which becomes a poſitive Law. Thus both the one and the other ſhoot wide of the Mark, which ought to be a Liberty and Property, deriv'd from the Laws, of which the Magiſtrates ought only to be the Defenders. He who governs, ought to be in the greateſt Subjection to the Laws, for without them he is nothing, and his Perſon is ſacred only, as he is a living Law, given for the Good of Mankind, and free from Prejudice, Paſſion and Intereſt. By this you may ſee how much of Barbariſm, even the *Greeks*, who

deſpiſe

deſpiſe the Barbarians, have in 'em. The *Peloponneſian* War, in which for the Space of twenty eight Years every thing was deſtroy'd by Fire and Sword, through the ambitious Jealouſy of the two Republicks, is too fatal a Proof of this Truth. Have not you your ſelf ſometimes flatter'd the grave and implacable Ambition of the *Spartans*, ſometimes the more vain and wanton Ambition of the *Athenians*. *Athens*, with a leſſer Power has done greater Things, and for a long while triumph'd over all *Greece*; but at laſt it dwindled away at once, becauſe the deſpotick Power of a People is a blind and fooliſh Power, always acting againſt it ſelf, and never grows abſolute, and above the Laws, but it deſtroys it ſelf.

A. I ſee, that *Avitus* was very much in the right of it, when he made you drink the poiſonous Draught. Your Politicks were more to be fear'd, than your new Religion.

DIALOGUE XVII.

Socrates, *Alcibiades* and *Timon*.

A juſt Medium between the Man-hating Character of Timon, *and the corrupt Character of* Alcibiades.

Alc. I Am ſurpriz'd, dear *Socrates*, to ſee you have ſuch a Reliſh for this Man-hater, this Bugbear.

S. I am the more ſurpriz'd, to ſee him accuſtom himſelf to my Company.

T. I am accus'd of being a Man-hater, nor do I deny it. Obſerve how Men are form'd, and then judge whether or no I am in the wrong. He that hates Mankind, hates a miſchievous Brute, a Company of Fools, Rogues, Flatterers, Traitors and ungrateful Wretches.

A. A fine *Billinſgate* Vocabulary! But can you think that 'tis better to be wild, ſcornful, unſociable, and always ſatirical? As for my part, I am diverted in the Company of Fools, and pleas'd in that of wiſe Men. In my turn I endeavour to pleaſe them, and I ſuit my ſelf to all Companies, in order to make my ſelf agreeable to all.

T. And

T. And I ſuit my ſelf to none, ſince none are pleaſing to me; to me every thing goes awry, and is intolerable, every thing provokes me, and excites my Rage. You, like *Proteus*, can aſſume all kinds of Shapes, but remain long in no one. Theſe eaſy Changes denote a Heart without any Principles of Juſtice or Truth. With you, Virtue is nothing but a fine Name, nor have you any one inherent in you. What at *Athens* you approve, at *Lacedemon* you condemn; in *Greece* you are a *Grecian*, and in *Aſia* a *Perſian*; nor are you conſtrain'd by your Gods, your Laws, or your Country. You are guided but by one Rule, which is the Paſſion of pleaſing, dazzling, and lording it over Mankind; of living in Delicacies, and embroiling every State. O Heavens! muſt ſuch a Man be ſuffer'd to live? and muſt other Men admire him? *Alcibiades* was belov'd by moſt Men whilſt he was deluding 'em, and by his Crimes plunging 'em into ſo many Misfortunes. As for my part, I hate *Alcibiades*, and all thoſe Fools who love him, and it would grieve me to be belov'd by ſuch who have no Notion of loving any thing but what is evil.

A. A very obliging Declaration truly! however, I am not in the leaſt angry at it. You ſet me at the Head of Mankind,

kind, and thereby do me a great deal of Honour. My Party is ſtronger than yours, but you are valiant, and do not fear, tho' alone, to encounter the whole Race of Mankind.

T. I ſhould be aſhamed was not I alone, when I behold the Baſeneſs, the Cowardice, the Lightneſs, Corruption and Heinouſneſs of all Men upon the Face of the Earth.

A. Do you except no one amongſt 'em?

T. Not one, and you leſs than any other.

A. What, not your ſelf? Do you hate your ſelf?

T. Yes, whenever I ſurprize my ſelf committing a weak Action, I then hate my ſelf.

A. You do well; but are very much in the wrong for not always hating your-ſelf. What can be more deteſtable in a Man, than his forgetting that he is a Man; who loaths his own Nature, who looks on every thing with Horror, Deteſtation, and ſuch a frightful Melancholy, that it converts every thing into Poiſon; who renounces all manner of Society, tho' Man was born only to be ſociable.

T. Then give me Men who are plain and upright, full of Juſtice and Goodneſs; ſuch will I love, always frequent, and even adore like Gods inhabiting the Earth.

Earth. But whilſt you only give me Men who do not deſerve the Name, who by their Subtlety ſhould be Foxes, and by their Cruelty Tygers; whoſe Face indeed, and Shape, and Voice are human, but whoſe Hearts are monſtrous, and like thoſe of *Syrens*; ſuch as theſe, Humanity it ſelf will teach me to ſhun and abhor.

A. What? you muſt have a Race made on purpoſe for you. Had not one much better ſuit one's ſelf to Mankind, ſuch as it is, than hate it till it ſuits us? So critical a melancholy Temper makes you ſpend your Life very uneaſily, makes you be deſpis'd, laugh'd at, and forſaken, and you never can reliſh any Pleaſure. As for my part, I give my ſelf wholly up to the Cuſtoms and Imaginations of every People; thus I meet with Pleaſure every where, and influence Men juſt as I pleaſe. I cannot reliſh that Philoſophy, which teaches a Man to make an Owl of himſelf. In this World we muſt make uſe of a more worldly Philoſophy. Good Men are to be gain'd by virtuous Motives, the Voluptuous by thoſe of Pleaſure, and Rogues by the Motives of Intereſt. This is the true way of living; all other Notion of Life is viſionary, and founded upon black Melancholy, for which I can preſcribe nothing better than a few Grains of *Hellebore*.

T. By

T. By ſuch a Speech you annihilate Virtue, and ridicule all good Morals. In a Republick, whoſe Polity is good, ſuch a Man would not be ſuffer'd; but alas! where is that Republick on Earth? O my dear *Socrates!* when ſhall we ſee yours? to-morrow? Oh I would willingly go thither to-morrow, was there any ſuch one! Come my *Socrates*, let us go and found this Colony of pure Philoſophers, far from any known Part of the World, ſomewhere in the *Atlantick* Iſland.

A. You forget your ſelf, when you talk of going there; you muſt firſt be reconcil'd to your ſelf, with whom you ſay you ſo often jar.

T. You may laugh at it if you pleaſe, but nothing I'll aſſure you is more certain, than that I often hate my ſelf, and that very juſtly. As often as I find my ſelf ſo ſoften'd by Pleaſures, as to be able to bear with the Vices of Men, and ſee my ſelf inclin'd to be complaiſant to 'em; when I find any Sparks of Intereſt and Voluptuouſneſs kindling in me, or of Love for an empty Reputation amongſt Fools and Villains; then do I begin to fancy my ſelf almoſt like 'em; then try, condemn, deteſt, and am no longer able to bear my ſelf.

A. And

A. And pray now, how is this Breach made up? do you chuſe any Arbitrator?

T. After having condemn'd, I correct and reform my ſelf.

A. So! ſo! what a pretty Company there muſt be within you; firſt, a Man who is corrupted and drawn away by bad Examples; then another who ſnarls at, and falls out with the firſt; then comes a third, who correcting the firſt, reconciles him to the ſecond, and——

T. You may be as merry as you pleaſe upon the matter, I own that there is not ſuch a Company in you. There is in your Heart but one ſupple deprav'd Man, who diſguiſes himſelf in a hundred different Shapes; but always with the ſame Deſigns to do evil.

A. Then there is upon the Face of the Earth no one good but your ſelf, nor are you ſo but at certain Intervals of Time.

T. I know nothing good upon the Earth, or worthy of being lov'd.

A. If you know nothing good, nothing in your ſelf or others, but what is ſhocking; if Life be thus diſpleaſing, you ought to get rid of it, and take your leave of ſuch troubleſome Company. Is it not Madneſs to live for the ſake of being vex'd at every thing, and ſnarling from Morning to Night? Don't you know

know that there are running Nooſes and Precipices enow at *Athens?*

T. I ſhould certainly do what you now endeavour to perſuade me, was I not afraid of pleaſing Men, who are unworthy of being pleas'd.

A. And could you leave every body without regret? Do you except no Man? Pray conſider of it before you anſwer me.

T. I ſhould leave *Socrates* indeed with ſome little regret, but——

A. But what? Don't you know that he is a Man?

T. I don't know it, and am often inclin'd to believe that he is not, for he bears but a very little reſemblance to other Men: he appears to me, to be void of Intereſt, Ambition and Artifice; and on the other hand, to be juſt, ſincere, and ſtill the ſame. Were there ten Men in the World like him, I really believe they would reconcile me to Mankind.

A. If that be your Opinion of him, you may eaſily believe what he ſays; then prithee ask him, whether or no he believes that true Reaſon will allow you to be a Man-hater as you are.

T. To ſatisfy you, I will; and though he has always been too eaſy, and too ſociable, yet can I ſafely engage my ſelf to follow his Advice. When I behold Man-

kind, my dear *Socrates*, and then turn my Eyes from them, and caſt 'em on you, I am inclin'd to believe that you are *Minerva*, who having aſſum'd the Form of Man, is come down to inſtruct the Inhabitants of this City. Anſwer me, I beſeech you, without diſguiſe; would you adviſe me any more to mix my ſelf in the infected Society of blind, wicked and deceitful Men?

S. No, I would never adviſe you to engage your ſelf in the Aſſemblies of the People, in licentious Feaſts, or in Societies of a Number of the Citizens; for Multitudes are always corrupt. An honeſt and peaceable Retreat, where a Man is free from his own, as well as from the Paſſions of other Men, is the propereſt State for a Philoſopher: but we muſt love Mankind, and, ſpite of their Defects, endeavour to do 'em good; we muſt ſerve 'em without any view of Intereſt, for they will prove ungrateful. But to live in the midſt of 'em, only to deceive 'em, to dazzle 'em, and to make 'em ſerviceable to our Paſſions, is the worſt of Villany, and he who goes about it, draws on himſelf thoſe Misfortunes which he ſo richly deſerves. To live at a diſtance from, yet near enough to do good to Men, is acting like a benign Deity on Earth. The Ambition of *Alcibi-*

ades

ades is deſtructive, your Miſanthropy a weak Virtue, or rather the effect of a fretful Temper. That Severity, that Impatience at other Men's Vices, proceeds from a Self-love, which grows thus impatient, when we cannot mould their Minds juſt as we pleaſe. Philanthropy is a Virtue void of Impatience and Intereſt, and teaches us to bear with evil without approving it. Regardleſs of its own Eaſe and Convenience, it looks upon its own Frailties, and by them learns to ſupport thoſe of others. 'Tis never deceiv'd by the moſt deceitful, or moſt ingrateful of Men; for it never hopes for, or expects any thing from 'em. It never deſires any thing of 'em, but what is for their own good; nor is it ever weary of this diſintereſted Goodneſs, but imitates the Gods, who have given Man a Life and Being, though they do not ſtand in need of his Victims and Incenſe.

T. But 'tis not through any inhuman Temper that I hate Mankind; ſpite of my ſelf, I do it becauſe they are deteſtable. I hate their Depravations, and conſequently their Perſons, becauſe they are deprav'd.

S. Well, ſuppoſe this to be true; if you hate only what's evil in Man, why do you not endeavour to deliver him from this Evil, and love him well enough to

make him good? A Phyſician hates a Fever, and all other Diſtempers incident to Man; but he does not hate the Patient. Man's Vices are the Diſtempers of his Soul; then be a wiſe and charitable Phyſician, who, far from hating a ſick Man, endeavours to cure him. The World is a large Hoſpital, in which every Object ought to move your Compaſſion. Wrath, Avarice, Envy and Ambition, are Sores more dangerous to the Soul, than any Boyles, Wounds or Ulcers, can be to the Body. Cure all the Sick whom you can cure, and pity thoſe who ſhall prove incurable.

T. 'Tis an eaſy matter, my dear *Socrates*, to diſcover the Sophiſtry of this Argument. There is a vaſt deal of difference between the Vices of the Soul, and the Diſtempers of the Body: theſe laſt we ſuffer without being able to prevent 'em; they are not of our own ſeeking, and therefore we deſerve to be pitied. As for our Vices, we may prevent them, and they are of our own ſeeking. Such Evils ſhould be chaſtiſed, and are fitter to move our Anger than our Pity.

S. I confeſs that Diſtempers incident to Man are twofold; one kind is involuntary, and therefore innocent; the other voluntary, and which of conſequence makes the Patient guilty, ſeeing that

that an evil Diſpoſition is the worſt of Evils, and Vice the moſt deplorable of Diſtempers. The wicked Man, by making others ſuffer, ſuffers himſelf, thro' his Malice, and is drawing on his Head the moſt cruel Tortures which the juſt Gods can inflict on him; ſuch a one ought therefore to be pitied, more than an innocent ſick Man: Innocence is the Health of the Soul, and will heal, or at leaſt comfort you in the moſt ſenſible Pains. Would you not pity a Man, becauſe he labours under the moſt grievous Diſtemper? If his Pain lay in his Hand, or Foot, you would compaſſionate him; but have no pity left for him, when the Gangrene has reach'd his Heart.

T. Well; I acknowledge that we muſt pity the Wicked, but not love 'em.

S. We muſt not love their Wickedneſs, but we ſhould their Perſons, in order to cure 'em. By what you ſay your ſelf, you love Mankind without knowing it; for Pity proceeds from our ſeeing a belov'd Perſon in Affliction. Do you know what 'tis that hinders you from loving wicked Men? 'tis not your Virtue, but the Imperfection of your Virtue: An Imperfect Virtue ſinks under the weight of other Men's Imperfections. Our Self-love hinders us from always bearing with what is ſo contrary to our own Taſte

and Manners. We are angry with the Ungrateful, becauſe through a Principle of Self-love we want our Favours to be acknowledg'd. Virtue in perfection, takes a Man off from himſelf, and makes him capable of always bearing with the Weakneſs of others. The farther we are remov'd from Vice, the more patient we become, and willing to remove it from others. Virtue when imperfect is miſtruſtful, criticiſing, ſevere and implacable; but when its chief aim is another Man's Good, then 'tis kind, affable, compaſſionate, and always the ſame; nothing ſurprizes, nothing ſhocks it.

T. 'Tis an eaſy matter to talk, but very difficult to act thus.

S. O my dear *Timon!* blind and fooliſh Men thought you were a Man-hater, through a too great exceſs of Virtue; but I maintain, that had you been more virtuous, you would have done what I tell you. You would not have been thus led away by a wild and melancholy Humour, nor by your Diſlike of, or Impatience for the Faults of Men. You love your ſelf too well, and therefore you cannot love other Men who are imperfect, and whom you might very well forgive, as the Gods do, were you perfect your ſelf. Why do you not patiently bear with what the Gods, far better than you, bear?

bear? This Nicety is a real Imperfection. That Reaſon which can bear with nothing but what is reaſonable, and can't ſuffer the Unreaſonableneſs of other Men, ſcarce deſerves the Name of Reaſon.

A. Faith, *Timon*, you and your auſtere Virtue are both confounded. Living to one's ſelf, and not being able to bear with any thing, but to be ſhock'd at every thing, proceeds from Self-love. When we are not ſo fond of our ſelves, we give our ſelves freely up to others.

S. Hold, if you pleaſe, *Alcibiades*, you are miſconſtruing what I ſaid. There are two ways of giving our ſelves up to other Men. The firſt is, when we make our ſelves belov'd, and gain the Confidence of Men, only in order to make 'em good. This way is entirely divine. The other is, when we endeavour to pleaſe Men, to dazzle 'em, and flatter 'em, in order to uſurp an Authority over 'em. We no longer can be ſaid to love them, but our ſelves. We act by a Principle of Vanity and Intereſt, and we only apparently give our ſelves up to others, that we may wholly poſſeſs them. Like a Fiſherman we throw a baited Hook into the River, and whilſt we pretend to feed the Fiſh, we are catching 'em. All your ambitious Tyrants, Magiſtrates and Politicians appear benign,

and generous; and whilſt they pretend that they are giving themſelves up to, they are catching the People. They lay their Hooks in Feaſts, in Companies and publick Aſſemblies. They are not ſociable for the Intereſt of Mankind, but in order to abuſe all Men. Like Courtezans, they make uſe of flattering and crafty Inſinuations, to corrupt Mankind, and to enſlave all thoſe whom they ſtand in need of; and the beſt things when corrupted become the worſt. Such Men are the Bane of Society. The Self-love of a Man-hater is only wild and unprofitable to Mankind, but that of this Man-lover is traitorous and tyrannical. You promiſe your ſelf to meet in him all the Virtues neceſſary to the Support of Society, whilſt they propoſe no other End but that of making their Fellow-Citizens ſubſervient to 'em. The Man-hater may affright, but will never hurt you: As a Serpent, who hides himſelf under the Flowers of the Field, is more dangerous than a wild Beaſt, which as ſoon as it ſees you, flies towards his Den.

A. Prithee *Timon* let us make off, we have each one of us had a good Sermon; let thoſe that can, profit by it, I am afraid we ſhall be but little the better for it. You will ſtill be enrag'd againſt Mankind, and for my part, I'll go, and betwixt

twixt the *Grecians*, and the King of *Perſia*, put on as many different Forms as ever *Proteus* did.

DIALOGUE XVIII.

Alcibiades, *Pericles*.

The greateſt Endowments of Nature, without Virtue, are eſteem'd as nought after Death.

Per. DEAR Nephew, I am heartily glad to ſee you again; I ever had a great deal of Friendſhip for you.

A. That you have given me Demonſtration of, from my very firſt Infancy; but I never ſtood ſo much in need of your Aſſiſtance as I now do. *Socrates*, whom I juſt now left, gives me Reaſon to apprehend ſomething from the three Judges, before whom I am going to appear.

P. Alas! my dear Nephew, we are no longer now at *Athens*; thoſe three inexorable old Men deſpiſe Eloquence. I my ſelf have felt the Effects of their Rigour, and I foreſee that you cannot eſcape it.

A. Are there no ways of winning upon theſe three Men? are they inſenſible of Flattery, of Pity, of all the Graces of

Oratory, Poetry and Muſick? not mov'd by ſubtle Arguments, or the Rehearſal of great Actions?

P. You know very well, that could Eloquence prevail, (and this I may ſay without Vanity) I ſhould come off as well as any other: but talking to 'em is in vain. Thoſe Flatteries by which the *Athenians* were won, thoſe ſubtle Turns in Diſcourſe, thoſe inſinuating ways by which Men are taken, by falling in with their Humours and Paſſions, are of no ſervice here. Their Ears are ſtopp'd, and their Hearts of Braſs cannot be mov'd. Though I dy'd in the unhappy *Peloponneſian* War, yet am I puniſh'd for it here below. They ought to have forgiven me ſuch a Fault, in the Commiſſion of which, I loſt my Life; and which I was led into by your Perſuaſions.

A. True, I adviſ'd you to undertake this War, rather than be oblig'd to make up your Accounts. When you govern a State, your own Eaſe, Reputation and Intereſt, are to be the firſt things conſulted, let the Publick ſhift as it can; otherwiſe, who would be fool enough to undergo the Toils of Government? who would watch Night and Day, that others might ſleep in Peace? Can your

Judges

Judges here below be angry at ſuch Maxims?

P. Yes, ſo very angry, that tho in that curſed War I loſt the Confidence of the People, and died of the Plague, yet have I ſuffer'd terrible Puniſhments here, for having unſeaſonably diſturb'd the Publick Quiet. By this you may judge, Couſin, how well you are like to come off.

A. This is ſad News indeed. When thoſe upon Earth are vex'd at any thing, they wiſh themſelves dead; but now I am dead, I cou'd heartily wiſh myſelf alive again.

P. And well you may; you are no longer array'd in that looſe trailing Purple Robe, which the Ladies of *Sparta* and *Athens* ſo much admir'd; you will not be puniſh'd for your evil Actions only, but alſo for the evil Counſels you have given me.

DIALOGUE XIX.

Alcibiades, *Mercury*, and *Charon*.

The Character of a Young Prince corrupted by Voluptuouſneſs and Ambition.

C. PRithee, what Man have you got there? how high he carries it? Pray now, what has he done to make him take ſo much State upon himſelf?

M. He was beautiful, well made, learned, valiant, eloquent, and fit to pleaſe the Taſte of every Man. Never was Man ſo ſupple, he cou'd ſhift his Form as eaſily as *Proteus*. Amongſt the *Athenians* he was nice, learned, and polite; at *Sparta* he was rough, ſevere, and laborious; in *Aſia* as ſoft, effeminate, and magnificent as a *Perſian*; in *Thrace* he was always on horſeback, and drank as hard as *Silenus*: and by theſe Means, whatever Country he was in, he has embroil'd and overturn'd every thing.

C. But won't he overturn my Boat too, 'tis very old and very leaky? Why did you bring ſuch a one with you, 'twas far better to have left him amongſt the Living, he wou'd have been the occaſion of War, Slaugh-

Slaughter, and Deſolation, and wou'd have ſent many a Shade here; but as for his own, I am really afraid of it. What's his Name?

M. Alcibiades. Did you never hear of him?

C. Alcibiades! Moſt of the Shades that come down here can talk of nothing elſe, and make ſad Complaints of him. Is he not the ſame Man, who, flying to *Sparta*, after having been guilty of ſo many impious Actions at *Athens*, corrupted the Wife of King *Agis*?

M. The very ſame.

C. I wiſh he does not do the like with *Proſerpine*, for he is handſomer, and has a better Tongue than our infernal King; but, faith, *Pluto* is not to be jeſted with in ſuch a Caſe.

M. Such as he is, I deliver him to you. If he does but make as great an Uproar in Hell, as he has all his life-time upon Earth, this will no longer be the Kingdom of Silence. But ask him himſelf, what 'tis he intends to do here. Prithee, *Alcibiades*, tell *Charon* how 'tis you intend to behave yourſelf here below.

A. Who, I? I pretend to govern every body here: I wou'd adviſe *Charon* to inſiſt upon a double Fare, and counſel *Pluto* to wage War with *Jupiter*, and make himſelf the Maſter of the Gods, ſeeing that

Jupiter

Jupiter does not govern Mankind as he ought to do, and that the Empire of the Dead is greater than that of the Living. What does he do yonder in *Olympus*, whilſt he neglects the things on Earth, and lets every thing go awry? We had better acknowledge him for the ſupreme Deity, who puniſhes the Vices of Men here below, and redreſſes every thing which his indolent Brother had neglected. As for *Proſerpine*, I'll tell her ſome News from *Sicily*, which was once ſo belov'd by her, and on my Lyre I will ſing thoſe Songs which were there compos'd in honour of her; I will talk to her of the Nymphs who were gathering Flowers with her when *Pluto* forc'd her away. I will relate all my own Adventures to her, and 'twill be hard if I don't pleaſe her one way or other.

M. I wou'd venture to lay a good Wager upon your head, that you ſoon govern all Hell. *Pluto* will make you a Member of his Privy-Council, and will ſoon repent it; which will be ſome Satisfaction for the Injury you wou'd do me in dethroning my Father *Jove:*

A. You'll find that *Pluto* will be far from repenting it.

M. Why you have given very fatal Counſels in your life-time.

A. And very good ones too.

M. Meaning

M. Meaning the *Sicily* Expedition? How well the *Athenians* came off in following your Advice there!

A. True; I adviſed the *Athenians* to attack the *Syracuſæ*, not only that they might conquer *Sicily*, and afterwards *Africa*, but alſo that I might keep the *Athenians* in ſubjection under me. When we have to do with a light and inconſtant People, we muſt never give them time to be idle; you muſt always keep 'em engaged in ſome intricate Buſineſs, that they may perpetually ſtand in need of you, and never have time to reflect upon, or cenſure your Conduct. But this Enterprize, tho a very difficult one, wou'd have ſucceeded, had I had the Management of it; but I was recall'd to *Athens*, upon a very fooliſh Buſineſs, to quell the revolting *Thermæ*. After my departure, *Lamachus* periſh'd like a giddy-brain'd Fool; *Nicias* was a great indolent cowardly irreſolute Fellow. Thoſe who are ſo very fearful, have more reaſon to apprehend than any body elſe: they neglect all the Advantages which Fortune offers 'em, and fall into all the Inconveniences which they foreſee. I was accuſed too of having, in a Debauch with ſome diſſolute Fellows, repreſented the Myſteries of *Ceres*. To this they added, that I had acted the chief part, and repreſented the Prieſt; but this

was

was a mere Tale of a Tub, they never cou'd convict me of it.

M. A Tale of a Tub! if ſo, why did you not appear and anſwer theſe Accuſations?

A. I wou'd have done it, had the Accuſation been of leſs moment; but my Life was concern'd here, and that I wou'd not have truſted in my own Mother's hands.

M. A cowardly Anſwer! are you not aſhamed of returning ſuch a one? You who were not afraid of truſting your Life, whilſt very young, to the Mercy of a brutiſh Carman, yet durſt not, when you grew up, truſt it to the Judges, tho it was to clear your Honour. Upon my word, Friend, your Conſcience muſt tell you that you were guilty.

A. The Reaſon of that is, a Child, playing in the Highway, won't give over his Play to let a Cart paſs along, becauſe his Temper is childiſh and ſtubborn, but he'll no longer be guilty of ſuch things when he comes to the uſe of Reaſon. In ſhort, I had cauſe to apprehend the Spite of thoſe who envied me, as well as the Folly of the People, who are in a Paſſion as ſoon as they hear of any of you Deities being affronted.

M. The true Language of a Libertine! and I queſtion not but you derided

the

the Myſteries of *Eleuſinian Ceres*: as for my Statues, I need not queſtion any thing about 'em, I am ſure you daſh'd 'em to pieces.

C. I'll not receive ſuch an impious Enemy of the Gods into my Boat, this Bane of Human Society.

A. But you muſt receive me, or where wou'd you have me go?

C. Return upon Earth again, torment the Living, and make a noiſe there; this is the Abode of Silence and Repoſe.

A. For Heaven's ſake let me not wander on the *Stygian* Banks like thoſe who are depriv'd of Burial; my Soul has always been too haughty to bear ſuch an Injury: but after all, having receiv'd the Funeral Honours, I can force *Charon* to take me into his Boat. If I have done amiſs, let the infernal Judges puniſh me; but for that old Fool, I'll oblige him——

C. Since you come to that, Sir, I'll know in what manner you was buried, for your Death is variouſly reported: Some ſay that you were ſtabb'd whilſt in the Arms of a Courtezan; a fine Cloſe of Life to be proud of! Others ſay you were burnt, and till you have clear'd up this matter, I'll laugh at your Pride, and you ſhall not come into my Boat.

A. I can with pleaſure relate the Manner of my Death, by which I reap ſo great

great an Honour, and which crowns a glorious Life. *Lyſander*, knowing how much Miſchief I had done the *Lacedemonians* by ſerving my Country in Battle, and negotiating their Affairs for 'em amongſt the *Perſians*, determin'd to deſire *Pharnabaces*, who then commanded the Great King's Army upon the Confines of *Aſia*, to put me to death. For my part, ſeeing that the Conduct of the chief *Athenians* was very raſh, and they refuſing to follow my Advice when their Fleet was in the River, near the *Helleſpont*, I foretold their Ruin, which ſoon after follow'd, and then retired to a Place of *Phrygia*, which the *Perſians* had given me to live in; there I ſpent my time contentedly, out of conceit with Fortune, which had ſo often deceived me, and thought of nothing now but diverting myſelf; *Timandra* the Courtezan was with me: But *Pharnabaces*, not daring to refuſe me for a Sacrifice to the *Lacedemonians*, ſent his Brother *Magnaus* to cut my Head off, and burn my Body; but he, and all the *Perſians* with him, durſt not enter the Houſe where I was, and therefore they ſet it on fire about me, not daring to attack me. As ſoon as I ſaw what their deſign was, I threw my Clothes, and even all the Furniture of the Houſe, upon the Fire; then wrapping my Cloak round my Left-

hand,

hand, and in my Right-hand holding my drawn Sword, I threw myſelf thro the Flames without being hurt, my Cloak only a little ſing'd, and came into the midſt of my Enemies, who immediately flew from me; but flying, ſhot ſo many times at me, that they pierced me thro and thro with their Arrows, and I fell down dead: but no ſooner were theſe Barbarians gone, when *Timandra*, taking my Body, and wrapping it up, gave it the moſt honourable Burial ſhe could.

M. Is not this *Timandra* Mother to *Lais* the famous *Corinthian* Courtezan?

A. The ſame. This, *Charon*, is the Hiſtory of my Death and Burial: is there any difficulty concerning either of 'em yet remaining?

C. A very great one, which I am afraid you won't be able to clear up. It ſeems there was no other way of your eſcaping from the midſt of the Flames, but by throwing yourſelf, like a deſperate Wretch, headlong amongſt your Enemies; and yet *Timandra*, who ſtaid in this burning Houſe, was well enough to bury you. Beſides this, I have heard ſeveral Shades ſay, that neither the *Perſians* nor the *Lacedemonians* put you to death; but that, according to your old Cuſtom, having debauch'd a young Woman of a noble Family, the Lady's Brother, to revenge this

this Diſhonour done their Houſe, had you burnt.

A. Be that as it will, you can't deny but that I have been burnt as well as the other Dead.

C. But you have not been buried, good Sir; I find you are evading and quibbling, you have certainly been a very ſhuffling Fellow.

A. I have been burnt as the other Dead are, and that's ſufficient. S'death, wou'd you have had *Timandra* brought my Aſhes, or ſent you an Affidavit of my Burial? but to end this Diſpute, I appeal to the three Judges, let them decide it: come let us go and plead our Cauſe before 'em.

C. A very cunning Fellow, indeed! I muſt carry you over to them that you may plead your Cauſe, which by theſe means you wou'd have gain'd.

M. To tell you the truth of the matter, as I came along I ſaw the Urn wherein 'twas ſaid this Courtezan had encloſed her Lover's Aſhes; a Man who knew ſo very well how to charm the Ladies, could never be without a Burial; he has had all the Honours of it paid him too, has been wept over and regretted much more than he deſerved.

A. So, here's poſitive Evidence now; *Mercury* has ſeen my Aſhes in their Urn: now,

now, *Charon*, I command you to take me into the Boat, refuſe me any longer at your peril.

M. I pity him for having any thing to do with ſo wicked an Incendiary; 'twas you who kindled the great and horrid War in *Greece*; you are the cauſe that the *Athenians* and *Lacedemonians* have been under Arms to injure each other, by Land and Sea, for the ſpace of 28 Years.

A. Now you accuſe me wrongfully, this was my Uncle *Pericles*'s doing.

M. Pericles indeed undertook this fatal War, but he did it by your Advice. Don't you remember your going one day to his Houſe, and the Servants telling you that you cou'd not ſee *Pericles*, he was very buſy in making up his Accounts with the *Athenians*, and ſhewing how in his Adminiſtration he had diſpos'd of the Publick Revenues: To this you anſwer'd, that inſtead of giving an Account, he ought to be thinking of the means of avoiding one. The Means you found out for him, was to put every thing into Confuſion, and to wage a War. *Pericles* was fooliſh enough to follow this Advice, he waged a War, and periſhed in it, as did the greateſt part of your Country, which thereby loſt its Liberty. After this, 'twas no wonder if *Archeſtratus* ſaid that all *Greece* put together, was not able

to

to contain two *Alcibiades's*: nor was *Timon*, the Man-hater, leſs pleaſant on this Occaſion, when enraged againſt the *Athenians*, in whom he cou'd perceive no Remains of Virtue; and meeting thee one day in the Street, he ſaluted thee, and taking thee by the Hand, ſaid, 'Courage, 'my Lad; let but your Authority en-'creaſe, and you will make all the Miſ-'fortunes which this People deſerve, fall 'heavy on them.'

A. Muſt you mind all that's ſaid by a ſurly melancholy Fellow, who hates Mankind.

M. Well we'll let this ſurly Fellow alone: Cou'd any one but a Rogue give the Advice we were talking of?

A. Prithee, *Mercury*, don't you talk of Rogues, we know you are a profeſs'd one, and let me tell you, it ill becomes a ſharping God to reprove Men for a little Diſhoneſty or Pilfery.

M. For Heaven's ſake, *Charon*, carry him over as quick as you can, we ſhall get nothing by talking to him; however, take care he does not ſurprize the three Judges, and even *Pluto* himſelf. Tell them, from me, that he is a Villain capable of making the Dead revolt, and of overturning any the moſt peaceable Empire. The Puniſhment he deſerves, is to be debarr'd the ſight of Women, and condemned to ever-

everlaſting Silence, for he has made a vile uſe both of his Beauty and of his Eloquence.

C. Never fear, I'll do his buſineſs for him, and I am afraid he'll ſpend his time but poorly amongſt the Dead, when no longer able to carry on any ſubtle or villainous Intrigue.

DIALOGUE XX.

Dionyſius, *Pythias*, and *Damon.*

True Virtue can love nothing but what is virtuous.

Di. YE Gods! what do I ſee; can that be *Pythias* arriving here? 'Tis he himſelf; he's coming here to die, and to deliver his Friend from Death.

P. Yes, 'tis *Pythias* himſelf; I went only to pay the Gods what I had vow'd, to regulate my own domeſtick Affairs according to Juſtice, and to bid my Children a long Farewel, that I might die in Peace.

Di. But why do you return? are you not afraid of Death? or do you, like a deſperate Wretch, come to throw yourſelf headlong upon it?

P. I

P. I come to ſuffer Death, and tho I do not deſerve it, yet was this no reaſon why I ſhou'd let my Friend die for me.

Di. You love your Friend then better than yourſelf.

P. No, but I love him as well as myſelf; and 'tis not juſt that he ſhou'd die to deliver me from Death, ſince I, not he, was condemn'd by you.

Di. But you pretend that Death is no more your Deſert than his.

P. True: we are both equally innocent, and 'tis as juſt a thing to kill me, as 'twould be to kill him.

Di. How then can you ſay that 'tis not juſt he ſhou'd die in your ſtead?

P. In you, I ſay, 'tis equally unjuſt to put either *Damon* or me to death; but it would be unjuſt in *Pythias* to let *Damon* ſuffer that Death, which, by the Tyrant, was prepar'd for *Pythias* only.

Di. And ſo you come upon the appointed Day to ſave the Life of your Friend by loſing your own.

P. I come, on your account, to be unjuſtly dealt with, as is uſual from Tyrants; and on *Damon*'s account, to deal juſtly by him, and deliver him from a Danger to which he had expos'd himſelf thro his Friendſhip to me.

Di. Well, *Damon*, confeſs the truth now; was not you afraid that *Pythias* wou'd

wou'd not return, and that you muſt ſuffer for him?

Da. I was but too certain that he wou'd return punctually to the time, and rather chuſe to loſe his Life, than break his Word. Wou'd to God his Friends and Relations, ſpite of himſelf, had kept him at home, he now wou'd live to be their Comfort, and I ſhou'd have that of dying for him.

Di. Are you weary of Life then?

Da. I am whenever I ſee a Tyrant.

Di. You ſhall not long be troubled with the ſight of one, I'll ſend you to inſtant Death.

P. Alas! excuſe the Tranſport of a Man afflicted with the thoughts of loſing his Friend: remember that I only am condemn'd to Death, which to deliver my Friend from, I come prepared to ſuffer.

Di. I cannot bear with two Men who thus deſpiſe their Lives and my Power.

Da. Can you not bear with Virtue?

Di. Not with ſuch a haughty and ſcornful Virtue, which deſpiſes Life, is fearleſs of Danger, and unmov'd at Riches and Pleaſures.

Da. At leaſt you ſee 'tis not unmov'd with Honour, Juſtice, or Friendſhip.

Di. Well, let *Pythias* be conducted to Death, we ſhall ſee if *Damon* will any longer deſpiſe my Power.

Da. Pythias, by coming back, and ſubmitting himſelf to your Sentence, has deſerv'd his Life from you, and I, by delivering myſelf up inſtead of him, have rais'd your Anger; be ſatisfied with the Death of one of us, and let me be the Perſon.

P. By no means, *Dionyſius*, no body but myſelf has offended you, *Damon* never cou'd——

Di. Alas! what do I ſee? where am I? how great is my Unhappineſs, and how much do I deſerve it! Hitherto I have liv'd in Ignorance, my Days have been ſpent in Darkneſs and in Error; all my Power is not ſufficient to force any one to love me; in a 30 Years tyrannical Reign, I can't boaſt of having acquir'd one Friend. Theſe two Men, whom Fortune has plac'd in a private Station, love and confide in one another, are happy in each other's Friendſhip, and either wou'd willingly lay down his Life to ſave that of his Friend.

Da. How cou'd you have acquir'd a Friend, and never lov'd any body; you fear'd and tyranniz'd over Men, they in return fear and hate you: had you lov'd them, they wou'd now love you.

Di. Damon, Pythias, receive me amongſt you, let me be the third Member of ſo perfect a friendly Society; I will not only give

give you your Lives, but load you with Riches.

Da. Your Riches we value not, and as for your Friendſhip we cannot accept of it, till you become juſt and good; whilſt you are otherwiſe, you may have trembling Slaves, and fawning Flatterers about you, but to be belov'd by free-born Souls, you muſt be virtuous, benign, ſociable, ſenſible of Friendſhip, and capable of always living in the ſame equal Temper with your Friends.

DIALOGUE XXI.

Plato, and *Dionyſius* the Tyrant.

The ſolid Happineſs and Safety of a Prince, is placed in the Love of his Subjects.

Di. A Good morning to you, *Plato*, you are ſtill the ſame Man as when I ſaw you in *Sicily*.

P. For your part, you are far from being the ſame, you don't ſhine here as you did upon the Throne there.

Di. You were a chimerical Philoſopher, your Republick was nothing but a mere Dream.

P. Nor has your tyrannical Government prov'd more ſolid; that's fallen too, you ſee.

Di. 'Twas your Friend *Dion* that betray'd me.

P. You betray'd yourſelf; when we make ourſelves hateful, we have reaſon to apprehend every thing.

Di. 'Tis too toilſome to make one's ſelf belov'd, we muſt take care to pleaſe other Men. Had not one better pleaſe one's ſelf, and run the riſque of being hated?

P. When a Man, to gratify his Paſſions, makes himſelf hateful, he has as many Enemies as he has Subjects, and conſequently can never be in ſafety. Confeſsthe truth, did you ſleep in peace?

Di. I own I did not; but the reaſon of that was, I had not put People enough to death?

P. And don't you ſee that the Death of one drew the Hatred of others upon you? Thoſe who ſaw their Neighbours fall a Sacrifice, expected every day to meet their Fate; nor was there any means of ſaving themſelves left, but putting you to death by way of Prevention. You muſt either kill every one of your Subjects, or elſe be merciful, and endeavour to be belov'd. When your People love you, you no longer ſtand in need

need of Guards, but in the midſt of 'em, are like a Father in the midſt of his Children.

Di. I remember that you urg'd all theſe Reaſons to me, when I was about to lay down my Tyranny, and become a Diſciple of thine, but a Flatterer hinder'd me: and indeed 'tis a hard Task to renounce all Sovereign Power.

P. Had it not been much better to have renounc'd it of your own accord, and have become a Philoſopher, than to have ſhamefully been driven from the Throne, and obliged to get a Living at *Corinth*, by keeping a School?

Di. But I never thought that I ſhould have been driven from it.

P. How cou'd you preſume that the Power would be long left in your hands, at a Place, where, for their own Safety, they were obliged to work your Deſtruction?

Di. I was in hopes that they wou'd not dare attack me.

P. When Men hazard leſs by attacking you, than by letting you live, there are enow who dare do it. Your own Guards in ſuch a caſe have no other way of ſaving their Lives, but by ſacrificing yours: but confeſs the truth now, did not you live more happily whilſt poor and at *Corinth*,

than you did in all your Splendor at *Syracuſa*?

Di. You are in the right on't; the School-maſter at *Corinth* could eat and drink pretty well, but the Tyrant of *Syracuſa* was always fearful and jealous perpetually deſirous of cutting ſome body's Throat, extorting Money, or making new Conqueſts; Pleaſures were no longer ſuch to me, I had loſt the reliſh of 'em, and yet greedily coveted 'em. But you, who are a Philoſopher, tell me, was your Condition unhappy when I ſold you into Bondage?

P. In my Bondage I enjoy'd the ſame Repoſe which you did at *Corinth*, with this difference however, that I had the ſatisfaction of ſuffering for the ſake of Virtue, thro the Injuſtice of a Tyrant; and you were a Tyrant ſhamefully diſpoſſeſs'd of your Power.

Di. Well, I ſee that I get nothing by talking to you; if ever I return again upon Earth, I'll either chuſe a private Station, or I'll make myſelf be beloved by the People who are in ſubjection under me.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XXII.

Plato, Ariſtotle.

A critical Diſſertation upon the Philoſophy of Ariſtotle, *and the Solidity of* Plato's Eternal Ideas.

A. HAVE you forgotten your *quondam* Diſciple? do you not know me now?

P. How ſhou'd I ſee any thing of a Diſciple of mine in you? You made it your whole Buſineſs to ſeem the Maſter of the whole School of Philoſophers, and endeavour'd to deface the Memory of all thoſe who preceded you.

A. That's becauſe I ſtarted ſome new Notions, and explain'd 'em very diſtinctly; I never enter'd into a poetical Style in ſearching for the Sublime, nor run into Fuſtian: I never talk'd of your eternal Ideas.

P. All that you advanc'd was taken out of other Books, which you endeavour'd to ſuppreſs. I muſt confeſs that you writ in a neat, cloſe, and pure Style, but at the ſame time dry, and incapable of making any one ſenſible of Divine

Truths. As for my eternal Ideas, you may laugh at 'em as much as you pleaſe, but you can't do without 'em, if you wou'd draw any certain Concluſions. How can you affirm or deny any one thing of another, unleſs you have fix'd unchangeable Ideas of both theſe things? What is our Reaſon but our Ideas? If our Ideas may be alter'd, ſo may our Reaſon too: to-day the Whole would be bigger than a Part, to-morrow the Faſhion of that Notion would be changed, and then a Part would be bigger than the Whole. Theſe eternal Ideas, which you now would ridicule, are the firſt Principles of Reaſon, which are ſtill the ſame. Far from being able to form any Judgment of theſe firſt Truths, we are judged by them, and they ſet us to rights whenever we err. If I ſay any thing that's extravagant, other Men immediately laugh at it, and I am aſhamed. The cauſe of this is, that my Reaſon, and that of my Neighbours, in ſpite of me, ſets me to rights, and which, like a ſtrait Rule, amends a crooked Line which might have been drawn thus for want of tracing things back to their Ideas, which are the firſt and plain Notions of every thing. You never had any Principles ſolid enough, and therefore always walked in the Dark.

A. Is

A. Is there any thing more plain than my Morals?

P. I own that they are plain and fine; your Logick is ſubtle, methodical, exact, and ingenious, but your Phyſicks are nothing but a heap of abſtruſe Terms of Art, and empty Names, fit to ſatisfy thoſe Minds which can be ſatisfied with bare Words, and will fancy that they underſtand that which they know nothing of. On this Occaſion you wou'd ſtand in need of clear Ideas, to avoid that Fuſtian which you upbraid others with: an ignorant Man of Senſe will acknowledge that he does not know what your *firſt Matter* is, but one of your Diſciples thinks that he has told us Wonders, and certainly ſatisfied us, when he tells us 'tis *neque quid, neque quale, neque quantum*, &c. With ſuch a Jargon a Man fancies himſelf a great Philoſopher, and deſpiſes the Vulgar. The *Epicureans*, who came after you, have argued with more Reaſon than you, upon the Motion and Form of thoſe little Bodies, which, by their uniting, frame the compoſed Bodies. In their Natural Philoſophy you find ſeveral probable Hypotheſes: true, they never traced things back to the Idea and Nature of theſe Particles, or little Bodies; they never prove any thing, but draw all their Concluſions from Hypothetical Po-

ſitions. This Philoſophy, in its Principles, is indeed a mere Fiction, yet does it explain the nature of many things; your Phyſicks do not deſerve the name of Philoſophy, they are only an out of the way Jargon. *Tireſias* threatens you, that the day ſhall come when other Philoſophers ſhall turn you out of the Schools in which you ſhall have reign'd for many Ages, and your Reputation at once will fall from its towring height.

A. I was willing to conceal the Elements of my Natural Philoſophy, that made me wrap it up thus.

P. And you have ſucceeded ſo very well, that few underſtand you; and thoſe few that do, ſay you have no Meaning.

A. I had not time to ſearch into the truth of every thing, and to make all the Experiments myſelf.

P. No Soul ever had ſo fair an Opportunity as yourſelf; you could make uſe of *Alexander*'s Money and Authority: had I had the ſame Advantage, I ſhou'd have made ſome curious Diſcoveries.

A. You ſhould have been complaiſant to *Dionyſius* the Tyrant, and then you might have had the ſame Advantages.

P. But I was neither a Courtier, nor a Flatterer; but did not you, who think that Princes ought to be managed by Complaiſance, loſe the Favour of your Diſciples

Diſciples by your ambitious Enterprizes?

A. Alas, I did! and even here below, tho ſometimes he uſes me with the ſame Confidence as he did one while on Earth, yet at other times he does not know me, and will ſcarce condeſcend to look upon me.

P. That's becauſe he did not meet with the ſame Morality in your Conduct, which he did in your Writings. Confeſs the truth, you did not bear the leaſt Reſemblance to the magnanimous Hero which you deſcribe.

A. And did not you treat of the Contempt we ought to have for all earthly fleeting things, when at the ſame time you liv'd ſplendidly.

P. I confeſs it; but then I was a Man of note, yet I liv'd with Moderation and Honour, and tho deſtitute of Authority, and free from Ambition, yet revered by the *Grecians:* but the *Stagyrite* Philoſopher, who came to confound and turn every thing topſy-turvy in his Diſciples Kingdom, is, conſider'd in a philoſophical Light, a very odious Fellow.

DIALOGUE XXIII.

Alexander, Ariſtotle.

Let the natural Endowments of a Young Prince be never ſo great, he is always in danger, unleſs he drives all Flatterers far from him, and accuſtoms himſelf betimes to govern his own Paſſions, and to love thoſe who have Courage enough to tell him the Truth.

Ar. I AM heartily glad to meet with my Diſciple; how glorious a thing it is for me to have inſtructed the Conqueror of the whole World?

Alex. Dear *Ariſtotle*, I am heartily glad to ſee you again; I had not ſet eyes upon you ſince I left *Macedon*: but you know very well, that I never forgot you even in the midſt of my Conqueſts.

Ar. Do you remember the time when you was ſo lovely a Youth?

Alex. Yes; methinks I am ſtill at *Pella*, or at *Pydne*, and you coming from *Stagyra* to inſtruct me in Philoſophy.

Ar. But you forgot my Precepts, when your Heart was ſwell'd with your too great Proſperity.

Alex. I confeſs it, and you are not unacquainted with my Sincerity: now that

that I am only the Shade of *Alexander*, I can plainly ſee that *Alexander* was too proud and too haughty for a Mortal.

Ar. You did not take my Hero for a Pattern.

Alex. No, indeed, your Hero was a mere Pedant, nothing true or natural in his Character, but in every thing affected and over-ſtrain'd.

Ar. And was not you overſtrain'd in your Heroiſm? When you were told that there was a Plurality of Worlds, you wept becauſe you had not as yet conquer'd one of 'em; you ſubdued large Kingdoms, only to reſtore 'em to their own Monarchs, and ravaged the whole Earth that you might be talk'd of; alone you ſcaled the Walls of an hoſtile Town, and wou'd fain have paſs'd for a Deity: was not this being over-ſtrain'd?

Alex. So, I am come to School again, and you ſet every Truth before me, as you were wont to do at *Pella*; it had not been ſafe to have talk'd thus to me on the Banks of *Euphrates*, but on the *Stygian* Shore we can with patience hear a Cenſor ſpeak. But tell me, *Ariſtotle*, for I think you know every thing, how comes it about that ſeveral Princes ſhould have ſomething ſo wondrous in 'em during their Infancy, yet when the time comes that they ſhould make uſe of all

all thoſe good Maxims which they have learnt, they then forget 'em? Of what profit is it that in their Youth they ſhou'd talk like Parrots, to approve of every thing that in itſelf is good; but as they grow up, and come into the World, Reaſon, which ought to grow up with 'em, ſeems to fly far from 'em?

Ar. Such a wondrous Youth was you; with how much Politeneſs did you converſe with the Embaſſadors in your Father *Philip*'s Court! You were then a Lover of Learning, you took delight in Poetry, *Homer* charm'd you, and your Heart was enflamed when you met with the virtuous and glorious Actions of Heroes. When you made yourſelf Maſter of *Thebes*, you reſpected the Houſe of *Pindarus*, and when you enter'd *Aſia*, you went to viſit the Tomb of *Achilles*, and the Ruins of *Troy*. All theſe are Demonſtrations of a humane and laudable Inclination, which again you ſhew'd, when you truſted your Life in the hands of *Philip* the Phyſician; but eſpecially when you uſed the Family of *Darius* with ſuch Tenderneſs, the dying King comforted himſelf with the hopes of your being a Father to his Family. This is what a good natural Diſpoſition, improv'd by Philoſophy, made you do; the reſt of your Actions I'll paſs over.

Alex. No,

Alex. No, no, ſpeak 'em, ſpeak 'em boldly, *Ariſtotle*; Complaiſance wou'd now be ridiculous.

Ar. Your Luxury and Softneſs, your Suſpicion and Cruelty, your Rage, and the violent Paſſion you flew into againſt your Friends, your liſtning ſo credulouſly to Flatterers who would perſuade you that you was a God——

Alex. Oh! forbear. Wou'd to Heaven I had died after having conquer'd *Darius.*

Ar. What, before you had overcome the reſt of the Eaſt?

Alex. I acquir'd leſs Honour by the Victory, than I did Shame in ſinking beneath the Weight of Proſperity, and forgetting that I was a Man. But tell me, why are we ſo wiſe during our Infancy, and ſo unreaſonable when we ought to be wiſe?

Ar. Becauſe that whilſt young, you are inſtructed, incouraged, and corrected by juſt and honeſt Men; but when you grow up, you abandon yourſelves to the Mercy of the three worſt Enemies, Preſumption, Paſſion, and Flatterers.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XXIV.

Alexander, Clitus.

The fatal Weakneſs of Princes will not ſuffer their loyal Servants to ſpeak ſincerely to 'em, when they wou'd admoniſh 'em of their Faults.

C. SAVE you, great King, how long have you been come down to theſe dark Abodes?

A. For Heaven's ſake, *Clitus*, retire; I cannot bear thy ſight which thus upbraids me with my Fault.

C. Pluto has order'd that I ſhou'd ſtill remain before thy eyes, as a Puniſhment for your having unjuſtly ſlain me: I am ſorry for't; for ſpite of what you have done, I ſtill love you, but I never more muſt leave you.

A. O cruel Company! muſt I always behold a Man who upbraids me with a Fault, the remembrance of which fills me with Confuſion.

C. I can look on my Murderer, and cannot you look upon the Man whom you have ſlain? I find that great Men are nicer than others, they would ſee no one

one but ſuch as look pleaſed, can flatter, and pretend to admire them; 'tis in vain to be nice upon the *Stygian* Shore: you ought to have forgot this Quality, when you were depriv'd of Royalty; you have nothing left to beſtow here, and conſequently you'll meet with no Flatterers.

A. Curs'd Misfortune! on Earth I was a God; here, nothing but an empty Shadow, and mercileſs Ghoſts upbraid me with my Crimes.

C. Why did you commit them then?

A. When I ſlew you, I was overcome with Wine.

C. A fine Excuſe for a Hero and a God! that he who ought to have Senſe and Reaſon enough to govern the whole World, ſhould by Drunkenneſs loſe his Reaſon, and make himſelf like a ſavage Brute! But confeſs the Truth, you were more intoxicated by Paſſion, and Vain-glory, than you were by Wine; you could not bear me, becauſe I condemn'd your Vanity, for ſuffering divine Honours to be paid you, and for forgetting the Service that had been done you? Anſwer me, I am not afraid of being murder'd by you now.

A. Ye cruel Gods! why cannot I be revenged of you? but alas! I cannot even be revenged of the Shadow of *Clitus*, which brutally inſults me.

C. You

C. You are as paſſionate, and as fiery, as when upon Earth: but no body fears you here below; I can only pity you.

A. Gods! and is the great *Alexander* fallen ſo low, as to be pitied by that Slave *Clitus?* why is it not in my power to kill either him or my ſelf?

C. They are both out of your power; Shades never die: you are now immortal, but not in the ſame manner as you pretended to be; you are now a Shadow like my ſelf, and like the pooreſt of Mankind: Here are no Provinces to ravage, no Kings to trample under foot, no Palaces to burn in your drunken Fits, and no credulous Fools to believe the ridiculous Fables you might tell 'em, when you boaſt of being the Son of *Jupiter.*

A. You uſe me as you would the worſt of Wretches!

C. Far from it; I look on you as a noble Conqueror, whoſe natural Diſpoſition was excellent in it ſelf, but corrupted by the Greatneſs of your Succeſs. Are you offended, becauſe I tell you the Truth? if Truth be ſo offenſive, return on Earth, and ſeek your Flatterers.

A. Of what ſervice is all my Glory, if *Clitus* himſelf can rail at me?

C. 'Twas your Paſſions that caſt a blemiſh on your Glory, whilſt you were alive; would you recover it here, be modeſt

deſt amongſt the Shades, who can be neither gainers nor loſers by you.

A. But you told me that you lov'd me.

C. I did your Perſon, but not your Faults.

A. If you love me, ſpare me!

C. 'Tis becauſe I love you, that I do not ſpare you. When you appear'd ſo chaſte before the Wife and Daughter of *Darius*; when you ſhew'd ſo much generous Compaſſion for that conquer'd Prince, you were praiſe-worthy, and then I prais'd you: but your Proſperity has made you unmindful of your true Glory.

DIALOGUE XXV.

Alexander, Diogenes.

Flattery is deſtructive to Princes.

Diog. IS that *Alexander*, whom I ſee amongſt the Dead?

A. The ſame indeed, *Diogenes.*

D. How! and do Gods then die?

A. Not Gods, *Diogenes*; but Men do, who are by nature mortal.

D. And do you then believe your ſelf a mere Man?

A. And

A. And do you think it poſſible that I could entertain any other thought of my ſelf now?

D. You are very modeſt after Death; had you been ſo in your Life-time, your Glory would have been unſully'd.

A. Wherein did I ever ſo far forget my ſelf?

D. Can you ask the Queſtion, who when ſprung from a glorious King, who conquer'd all *Greece*, you pretended that you were the Son of *Jupiter*; thoſe only were welcome, who told you that *Olympias* had embrac'd a Serpent, and you rather choſe to have that Monſter for your Father, than to be deſcended from a long Race of *Macedonian* Kings, becauſe in ſuch a Race there was nothing but what was human. Did not you ſuffer the groſs and infamous Flattery of the Prieſteſs of *Jupiter Ammon*, when ſhe anſwer'd, that you blaſphem'd in ſuppoſing that your Father could be murder'd; you made uſe of the wholeſome Advice, and took great Care never more to be guilty of the like Impiety? You had not ſtrength enough to bear the weight of all thoſe Bleſſings, which Heaven had beſtow'd upon you.

A. And can you think, *Diogenes*, that I was mad enough to believe all theſe ridiculous Fables?

D. Why

D. Why then did you authorize 'em?

A. Becauſe they authorized me. I deſpiſed them, yet made uſe of 'em, becauſe they gave me an abſolute Power over Mankind. Thoſe who would not have car'd a pin for the Son of *Philip*, trembled before the Son of *Jove*. The People muſt be deceiv'd. Truth has but a very ſlender Power over their Minds: Fiction, an almighty one. The Anſwer of that Prieſteſs, which you now deride, has been of more ſervice to me, in my Conqueſts, than my Courage or Prudence. We muſt know Mankind, fit our ſelves to their Tempers, and lead 'em through thoſe Paths in which they are able to walk.

D. Men of the Character you are now deſcribing, deſerve to be deſpis'd, as much as the Fiction of which they are ſo fond. That you might be eſteem'd by ſuch vile Men, you have had recourſe to Falſhood, which had made you more worthleſs than any of them.

DIALOGUE XXVI.

Diogenes and the *Elder Dionyſius.*

A Prince, whoſe Happineſs conſiſts in the Gratification of his Appetites and Pleaſures, can neither be truly bleſs'd in this World nor in the next.

E. D. I Am glad to meet with a Man of your Fame. *Alexander*, ſince his coming hither, has talk'd to me about you.

D. As for you, I had heard too much of your Fame upon Earth; you made the ſame Noiſe as an impetuous Torrent, which bears down all before it.

E. D. And is it poſſible that you could be happy in your Tub?

D. A certain Mark of my being Happy there, was my never ſeeking for any thing farther, and even my deſpiſing the Offers which the young *Macedonian*, whom you juſt now mention'd, made me. But confeſs the Truth, you was not happy in the Poſſeſſion of *Syracuſe*, and *Sicily*, ſince you endeavour'd to make your ſelf Maſter of all *Italy*.

E. D. Your

E. D. Your Moderation was nothing but Vanity and diſſembled Virtue.

D. Your Ambition, Folly, and a towring Pride, which could not act with Juſtice, either towards your ſelf or others.

E. D. You grow bold.

D. Do you imagine that you can ſtill play the Tyrant here?

E. D. Alas! I am but too ſenſible that I cannot. I held the People of *Syracuſe*, as I have often made my Boaſt, in diamond Chains; but the cruel Fates cut thoſe Chains with the Thread of my Life.

D. I hear you ſigh, and am perſuaded that you alſo ſigh'd when in the Height of all your Glory. As for my part, I never ſigh'd whilſt in my Tub; nor need I do it now, ſince I have left nothing on Earth worth ſighing for. O poor Tyrant! How much have you loſt by being rich! How much has *Diogenes* gain'd by being in poſſeſſion of nothing!

E. D. All kinds of Pleaſures offer'd themſelves to me; my Muſick was wondrous fine, my Table exquiſite, and my Slaves without number. I had Perfumes, gold and ſilver Furniture, Pictures, Statues, Shews of all kinds, Men of Wit to converſe with and flatter me, and Armies to overcome all my Enemies.

D. Add

D. Add to this, Suſpicions, Fears, Alarms, Jealouſy and Rage, which prevented your enjoying all thoſe Things you have named.

E. D. I confeſs it; but would you have had me liv'd in a Tub?

D. Could not you live like other Men, peaceably in your own Houſe, and delight in the Study of Philoſophy? But is it true, that in the midſt of your Pleaſures you always fancy'd that you ſaw a naked Sword hanging over your Head?

E. D. Let's talk no more on't; you want to inſult me.

D. Will you permit me to ask you another Queſtion, more home than the former?

E. D. I muſt permit it, as far as I ſee; for I know no means which I am now maſter of, that will prevent you.

D. Did you promiſe Rewards to all thoſe who ſhould invent new Pleaſures? ſurely you muſt be violently greedy after Pleaſure; but how ſtrangely were you deceiv'd! You turn'd every thing topſy-turvy in your own Kingdom, with a deſign to make your ſelf happy; yet were miſerable at the ſame time for want of new Delights.

E. D. I was oblig'd to have new ones invented, when the old ones grew inſipid, and loſt their reliſh.

D. And

D. And thus all Nature was not able to ſatisfy you. Where then could you hope to meet with any thing that could content your violent Paſſions? But tell me, could theſe new Pleaſures cure you of your Suſpicions, and ſtifle the Remorſes of Conſcience, which upbraided you with your Crimes?

E. D. No; but thoſe who are ſick, ſeek any means of aſſuaging their Pains; they try the Efficacy of new Remedies, to cure 'em, and to reſtore their loſt Stomachs.

D. So you had loſt your Stomach, and was half-ſtarv'd at the ſame time; you loath'd what you had, and was greedy after what you could not come at. A fine State indeed, and which you labour'd hard to acquire and preſerve! An excellent Recipe this, to make one happy! How can you preſume to laugh at my Tub, where a little Bread and Water, and the Sun-ſhine ſatisfy'd me? When we know how to reliſh theſe plain and natural Pleaſures, we are never without ſuch Delights as cannot grow loathſome; but when we deſpiſe 'em, in vain we poſſeſs Riches and Power, for we can enjoy nothing.

E. D. This Truth is very afflicting, when I reflect on my Son, whom I have left to tyrannize after me. I had better

have bred him up a poor Tradeſman, ſatisfy'd with a very little, and able to bear the Strokes of adverſe Fortune; then would he have met with ſome ſolid Pleaſures, which Nature affords thoſe who are placed in a mean State.

D. To give him a good Stomach, he ſhould be oblig'd to faſt; and to rid him of the trouble which his ſumptuous Palace gives him, he ſhould be ſent to live in the Tub, which ſince my Death ſtands empty.

E. D. And he'll never be able to maintain that Power which has coſt me ſo much trouble in procuring.

D. How is it poſſible that a Man bred up in the midſt of effeminate Pleaſures, and a too great Proſperity, ſhould know any thing? Scarce is he capable of taſting any Delight, even when it falls in his way; every body muſt torment themſelves to divert him.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XXVII.

Pyrro *and his Neighbour.*

The Falſity and Abſurdity of Pyrroniſm.

Neigh. A Good Day to you, *Pyrro!* they ſay that you have a great number of Diſciples, and that your School is grown very famous; will you receive me in it, and inſtruct me?

P. I think I will.

N. What makes you ſay *I think?* Don't you know your own Mind? If you don't, I can't imagine who ſhould? or pray now, what is it that you do know? you, who paſs for ſo very learned a Man?

P. Who I? I know nothing.

N. What do People learn then, by attending your Lectures?

P. Nothing at all.

N. Why do they attend 'em then?

P. To be convinced that they know nothing. Is not that an excellent Piece of Knowledge, to be ſatisfy'd that one knows nothing?

N. Indeed I think not: the ignorant unpoliſh'd Peaſant is ſenſible of his Ignorance; yet is he neither a Philoſopher

nor a wiſe Man: He is convinced of his Ignorance, far more than you are of yours, ſeeing that by this Affectation of Ignorance, you ſet your ſelf above the reſt of Mankind. This pretended Ignorance of yours, does not hinder your being preſumptuous; whereas, the Clown, ſenſible of his Ignorance, really and ſincerely miſtruſts himſelf in every thing.

P. The Clown thinks himſelf ignorant of thoſe Things only, which are too ſublime for his Underſtanding, and which require Application and Study; but he does not know that he is ignorant of his Walking, Speaking or Living: I, for my part, am ignorant of all theſe things, and this Ignorance is founded on elementary Principles.

N. And you really are ignorant of all theſe things? Fine Principles, indeed, to have none at all!

P. Yes, I do not know that I live, or have a Being; in ſhort, I am ignorant of every one thing without exception.

N. But don't you know, that you have the Faculty of Thinking.

P. I do not know it.

N. To be ignorant of every thing, is always to be in doubt, and never certain in any thing? is not that true?

P. It is, if any thing can be ſo.

N. To be ignorant, and to doubt, you acknowledge

acknowledge are the ſame thing; and again, to doubt, and to think, are the ſame: from whence I conclude, that your Ignorance, and Doubt, are certain Proofs of your having the Faculty of Thinking: And there is ſomething certain, ſeeing that your very Doubt of it proves the Certainty of your Thinking.

P. But I am ignorant even of my Ignorance; now you are finely caught.

N. If you are ſo, why do you talk of it then? why defend, why teach it your Diſciples, and endeavour to perſuade 'em out of every thing they have hitherto believ'd? If you are ignorant even of your Ignorance, you muſt never read Lectures upon it, nor deſpiſe thoſe who think themſelves acquainted with Truth.

P. Our whole Life can be nothing but one continu'd Dream; perhaps at the inſtant of Death, we ſhall awake, and then ſee that all we believ'd real, was nothing but a Dream: as a Man who awakes on the ſudden, finds all thoſe Phantoms vaniſh'd, which, during his Dream, he fancy'd that he ſaw and touch'd.

N. You are afraid then that you ſleep and dream with your Eyes open; when you talk of any thing, you ſay perhaps, but even this perhaps denotes a Thought. Here nightly Viſions muſt be the Viſions of a dreaming Man; 'tis therefore cer-

tain that you dream, and dreaming cannot be the Action of a thoughtleſs Being. A thing which does not exiſt, can neither ſleep, dream, doubt, deceive it ſelf, be ignorant of every thing, nor ſay perhaps: thus ſpite of your ſelf you muſt know ſomething, and let the worſt come to the worſt, muſt acknowledge that you are a thinking dreaming Being.

P. This Subtlety is perplexing: you may be gone, I'll admit no ſuch ſubtle troubleſome Diſciple into my School.

N. You will, and then you will not. Every thing, indeed, that you ſay, or do, gives the Lye to your affected Doubt. Your Sect is a Sect of Lyars; and I can aſſure you, that if you won't have me for a Diſciple, I am even with you, and would by no means have you for a Maſter.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XXVIII.

Pyrrhus and *Demetrius-Poliorceſtes.*

Temperance and Virtue, not Conqueſt and Succeſs, make the Hero.

Dem. I Am come to ſalute the greateſt Hero, *Alexander* excepted, that ever *Greece* produced.

P. Is not that *Demetrius*? it ſhould be he by the Picture that has been given me of him.

D. Have you heard any mention made of the great Wars which I have been oblig'd to carry on?

P. Yes; but I have at the ſame time heard mention made of your Softneſs, and Effeminacy, during the time of Peace.

D. My great Actions have made ſufficient amends for that Fault.

P. In all the Wars that I waged, I was ſtill the ſame: I ſhew'd the *Romans* that I knew how to aſſiſt my Allies; for when they attack'd the *Tarentini*, I went to their Aſſiſtance, with a formidable Army, and made the *Romans* feel the weight of my Arm.

D. But *Fabricius* at length overcame you, with eaſe enough; and the whole World might ſee that your Troops were not to be compar'd to the *Roman* Forces. Your Elephants gain'd you the Victory in the firſt Battle, by ſpreading Confuſion amongſt the *Romans*, who were not accuſtom'd to this Manner of Fighting: Of the ſecond Combat, you made a drawn Battle; but in the third, the *Romans* gain'd a compleat Victory; you were oblig'd to return to *Epirus*, and at laſt you dy'd by a Woman's Hand.

P. I died in Combat; but for your part, your Gormandizing and Debauches, brought you to the Grave. I own that you have carry'd on many a dangerous War, in which you came off with advantage; but you were follow'd to theſe Wars by a Company of Courtezans, as a Shepherd is by his Flock. For my part, I always appear'd unmov'd, even in my Misfortunes; and in this I think I excell'd *Alexander*.

D. And would you compare your entering into *Italy*, and being oblig'd to leave it ſhamefully, to his paſſing the *Danube* upon Goats-skins, forcing his Paſſage over the *Granicus*, with a few Soldiers, againſt an innumerable Hoſt of oppoſing Enemies; to his always over-coming the *Perſians*, whether in Defiles, or

open

open pitch'd Battles, and taking their Towns; and in ſhort, to his penetrating even into *India*, and making himſelf Maſter of all *Aſia*.

P. Theſe great Conqueſts of *Alexander*, were the Cauſe of his Death; for 'tis ſaid, that *Antipater*, whom he had left at *Macedon*, in hopes of inheriting all his Dominions, had him poiſon'd at *Babylon*.

D. His Hope prov'd vain, and my Father ſhew'd him that he had to do with better Men than himſelf.

P. I muſt confeſs, I ſhew'd *Alexander* a bad Example; my Deſign was to conquer *Italy*, and his, to make himſelf Maſter of the whole World: but he had been far happier, had he ſtay'd at *Macedon*, than he was, when like a Madman he over-run all *Aſia*.

DIALOGUE XXIX.

Demoſthenes, Cicero.

A Parallel drawn between theſe two Orators, wherein the Character of true Eloquence is given.

Cic. AND ſo you would have it, that I was but an indifferent Orator?

D. I do not ſay an indifferent one; for 'tis not an ordinary Perſon that I would boaſt of having excell'd: doubtleſs, you were a famous Orator, a Man of excellent Parts; but you often wander'd from your Purpoſe, which to keep cloſe up to, is the greateſt degree of perfection in Oratory.

C. I ſuppoſe that you had no Faults at all.

D. In Oratory, I think, I can be upbraided with none.

C. And would you compare the richneſs of your Genius, to mine? your Diſcourſes were always dry and unadorn'd, confin'd to narrow limits: you never enlarg'd on any Subject. You uſed ſo ſhort, or if I may be allow'd the Expreſſion, ſo hungry

hungry a way of talking, that one dares not retrench a Word from your Diſcourſes; whereas the Copiouſneſs of mine, ſhews a Richneſs and Fertility of Genius, which was the occaſion of its being juſtly ſaid, that nothing could be added to my Works.

D. Where nothing can be retrench'd, nothing but what was abſolutely neceſſary has been ſaid.

C. And where nothing can be added, nothing certainly is omitted, that can embelliſh the Work.

D. Your Works abound with more Flaſhes of Wit than mine, and that's the reaſon you value your ſelf above me; is it not?

C. Yes, my Diſcourſes are infinitely more adorn'd than yours; there's much more Wit, Turn, Art and Eaſe in 'em: I can dreſs the ſame thing up in twenty different Forms. Whilſt the People were liſtning to my Orations, they were continually admiring my Wit, and ſurpriz'd with my Art; they ſhouted, and often interrupted me, to applaud and praiſe me: I ſuppoſe that you were liſten'd to with Attention, and probably your Hearers never interrupted you.

D. What you ſay is true, and you are miſtaken only in the Concluſion you draw: You fill'd the Aſſembly with Thoughts

Thoughts of your ſelf; I, with Thoughts of the Buſineſs I was talking of. Your Hearers admir'd you, mine were taken up with Reſolutions of doing what I was perſuading 'em to. Your Flaſhes of Wit pleas'd, my Words like Thunderbolts bore every thing down before 'em. Your Audience cry'd out, How nobly he talks! mine, Come, let us march againſt *Philip*. They prais'd you, but were too elevated to praiſe me. Your Orations were adorn'd, mine without any Ornament. I had nothing in my Diſcourſe but ſtrong, plain and cloſe Reaſons, from whence I drew Concluſions, as piercing as the Lightning which cannot be reſiſted. When you were plain, grave, auſtere, without any apparent Art; in ſhort, when you were *Demoſthenick*, you were a perfect Orator: but when Wit, Turns and Art, appear'd in your Diſcourſes, you were then barely *Cicero*, and you err'd from Perfection, when-ever you ſtray'd from my Character.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XXX.

Demoſthenes, Cicero.

The Difference between an Orator and a true Philoſopher.

C. IN my Opinion you are but little the better for having liv'd in *Plato*'s days, and been his Diſciple.

D. Did you never obſerve any thing in my Orations, you who have read 'em ſo carefully, that ſavour'd of *Plato*'s Maxims, and his Manner of perſuading?

C. You miſtake my Meaning, you were certainly the greateſt Orator that ever *Greece* produced, but then you were nothing but an Orator. As for me, who never knew any thing of *Plato* but in his Writings, and who liv'd 300 years after his time, I endeavour'd to imitate him in his Philoſophy: I brought the *Romans* acquainted with it, and was the firſt who introduced that manner of Writing amongſt 'em. In ſhort, I endeavoured as much as poſſibly I cou'd to join Eloquence and Philoſophy together in the ſame Perſon.

D. And

D. And ſo you believe that you have been a very great Philoſopher?

C. He is a Philoſopher who loves Wiſdom, and endeavours to make himſelf learn'd and virtuous; and, without Vanity, I think that I deſerve the Title.

D. Of an Orator, you do; for you have been the moſt famous of your Nation, and even the *Greeks* who liv'd in your time admired you: but for that of a Philoſopher, you muſt pardon me, 'tis not ſo eaſily acquir'd.

C. You don't know how much trouble it coſt me, my daily Toils, and nightly Watchings, my Meditations, the Books which I have read, the Maſters whom I have attended, and the Treatiſes which I have written.

D. All this does not make you a Philoſopher.

C. What will then?

D. You muſt do what you ſleeringly ſaid of *Cato*, ſtudy Philoſophy, not barely with a deſign to diſcover the Truth of Things, and to be able to argue as moſt Men do, but to practiſe it alſo.

C. And did not I do it? did not I live up to the Doctrines of *Plato* and *Ariſtotle*, which I had embraced.

D. Let *Ariſtotle* alone; perhaps I cannot allow of his being a Philoſopher; I can entertain no great Opinion of a *Grecian*

cian always engaged to a King, nay to *Philip*; and as for the Maxims of *Plato*, I'll maintain that you never follow'd them.

C. During my Youth, and even the greateſt part of my days, I muſt confeſs that I led the active and laborious Life of thoſe whom *Plato* calls *Politicians*; but when the State of my Country was changed, and I could no longer be uſeful to it by being at the Helm of Affairs, I endeavoured to ſerve it by my Knowledge of the Sciences; and for that purpoſe retired to my Country-Seat, and ſpent my time in the Contemplation and Study of Truth.

D. That is to ſay, Philoſophy was your *Piſ-aller*, and when you cou'd no longer have any Share in the Adminiſtration, you endeavoured to diſtinguiſh yourſelf by your Learning; ſo that 'twas your own Glory, more than Virtue, that you aim'd at.

C. To ſpeak the truth, I always lov'd Glory as the neceſſary conſequence of Virtue.

D. Rather ſay, you coveted a great deal of Glory, and very little Virtue.

C. What grounds have you for judging ſo ill of me?

D. Your own Orations; for at the ſame time that you ſet up for a Philoſopher, did not you make thoſe fine Speeches,

ches, in which you flatter'd your Tyrant *Cæſar* more groſly, than ever *Philip* was flatter'd by his Slaves? and yet it is very well known how little you lov'd him: and this, your Letters written during his Life-time to *Atticus*, and produced after his Death, ſufficiently ſhew'd.

C. 'Tis abſolutely neceſſary to ſuit one's ſelf to the Times, and to ſooth a Tyrant, leſt he ſhould grow more tyrannical.

D. Spoken like an excellent Orator, but very poorly for a Philoſopher! But pray now what came of your Philoſophy after *Cæſar*'s Death? What was it that obliged you to engage yourſelf in State-Affairs again?

C. The *Roman* People, who look'd on me as on the only Prop and Defence of their Country.

D. Your Vanity perſuaded you ſo, and made you at laſt the Bubble of a young Fellow. But to return to the Point; you have always been an Orator, never a Philoſopher.

C. And was you ever any thing elſe?

D. No, nor never pretended to it; I deceived no body, for I was ſoon ſenſible that I muſt take to the Study of Rhetorick or Philoſophy; either of 'em was ſufficient to employ a Man's time. A Thirſt of Glory always ſway'd me, and I thought it a fine

fine thing to govern a whole People by my Eloquence; and when I was only a Citizen, and a Tradeſman's Son, to be able to reſiſt the Power of *Philip*: I had a value for the Liberty of *Greece*, and for the Publick Weal; but I muſt confeſs that I had a greater value for myſelf, and was very ſenſible of the Pleaſure of receiving a Garland on the publick Theatre, and of having my Statue erected with a beautiful Inſcription. Now I can behold things in a quite different Light, and am convinced of the truth of what *Socrates* ſaid to *Gorgias*, *That Eloquence was not ſo fine a thing as he thought, ſhou'd it even gain its End, and make a Man abſolute Maſter of the Commonwealth.* This is a Pitch we both arriv'd at, yet acknowledge the truth, we neither of us were the happier for it.

C. Our Lives, I own, have been filled with Toils and Dangers; ſcarce had I pleaded for *Roſcius*, when I was obliged to fly into *Greece* to avoid *Sylla*'s Anger. The Accuſation of *Verres* alſo rais'd me up a great many Enemies. During my Conſulſhip, the time of my greateſt Glory, I was expoſed to the greateſt Toils, and greateſt Dangers. Several times my Life was manifeſtly hazarded, and the Hatred that I then drew upon me, ended in my Exile. In ſhort, my Eloquence caus'd

caus'd my Death, and had I not employ'd it ſo much againſt Authority, I ſhou'd ſtill be alive. I make no mention of your Misfortunes, 'twou'd be in vain to recall 'em to mind; but I think we may both blame the Deſtinies, or rather our hard Fortunes which brought us into the World in ſo corrupt an Age, that we cou'd neither reform our Republicks, nor prevent their Ruins.

D. Our Judgments, not our Fortunes, are to be blamed, we undertook an impoſſible thing; for it was not the People who forc'd us to take the Adminiſtration of Affairs upon ourſelves, nor did our Births engage us in it. I can forgive a Prince who is born to the Throne, for governing a State which the Gods have entruſted to his Care, as well as poſſibly he can, becauſe by his Birth he is obliged to do it: nor can he diſengage himſelf, let the State be in ever ſo bad a Condition. But a private Man ought to think of nothing but governing himſelf and his Family; he ought never to covet Publick Offices, or endeavour to attain 'em. If they force 'em upon him, he may accept of 'em for the Love he bears his Country. But as ſoon as his Hands are tied up from doing Good, and that his Citizens will neither be governed by Law nor Reaſon, he ought to return to his own private Station,

Station, and deplore thoſe publick Misfortunes which he cannot prevent.

C. So in your reckoning my Friend *Pomponius Atticus* was wiſer than myſelf, or even than *Cato* whom we have ſo much cry'd up.

D. Doubtleſs *Atticus* was a true Philoſopher: *Cato* was too obſtinately bent upon the redreſſing the Grievances of a People who at the ſame time were reſolved to loſe their Liberties, and you too eaſily yielded to the Fortune of *Cæſar*; at leaſt you did not preſerve your Dignity as you ought to have done.

C. But is not Eloquence a fine thing, and a noble Gift of the Gods?

D. If you conſider it in itſelf, it is a fine thing, but often corrupted in the uſe of it, when employ'd in flattering the Paſſions of the People, and gratifying our own: and what elſe did we, when we declaimed with ſo many bitter Invectives, I againſt *Midias* or *Eſchinus*, and you againſt *Piſo*, *Vatinius*, or *Anthony*? How often have our Paſſions and Intereſts obliged us to ſin againſt Juſtice and Truth? The true Uſe of Eloquence is to ſet Truth in its faireſt Light, and to incline others to follow their greateſt Intereſt; that is, to cultivate Juſtice and all other Vertues. This is the Uſe that *Plato* has made of his

his Eloquence, and in which neither of us has follow'd his Example.

DIALOGUE XXXI.

Coriolanus, Camillus.

Men are not born independent of, but ſubject to the Laws of the Country in which they are born and bred, and have, during their Infancy, been protected.

Cor. YOU have been ſenſible of the Ingratitude of your Country, as well as myſelf: How fooliſh a thing it is to ſerve a uſeleſs People? Confeſs this freely, and excuſe thoſe who grow impatient.

Ca. I cannot excuſe thoſe who riſe up in Arms againſt their own Country; we may retire, give way to Injuſtice, and wait for more favourable times, but 'tis impious to take up Arms againſt our Mother.

Cor. Thoſe fine Names of Mother, and of Country, are nothing but mere Names; Men are born free and independent. Societies, with their ſeveral Subordinations and Polities, are nothing but human Inſtitutions, which never can deſtroy Man's eſſential

eſſential Liberty. If the Society to which we belong, grows unjuſt and faithleſs, we no longer depend upon't, but are again reſtored to our own natural Freedom, and are at liberty to chuſe another Society more reaſonable than the former, where we may enjoy ſome Repoſe, as a Traveller who goes from Town to Town as his Humour and Convenience directs him. All theſe fine Ideas of one's Country, were firſt implanted by inſinuating ambitious Minds, who are deſirous of lording it over others. Our Legiſlators wou'd perſuade us ſtrange things, but for all this we muſt ſtill have recourſe to natural Right, which makes every Man free and independent; for each Man, being born in this State of Independence on any other, pawns his Liberty, and enters into a Society of Men, upon condition that he ſhall be juſtly dealt by. When the Society fails in the execution of this Condition, that private Man is again reſtor'd to his Freedom, and the whole Earth belongs to him as well as to any other; he has nothing to do, but to preſerve himſelf from the Invaſion of any ſuperior Power, and to enjoy his Liberty.

Cam. So, ſince your Deſcent hither, you are grown a ſubtle Philoſopher; they ſay, that whilſt among the Living, you were not ſo much addicted to Arguing:

But

But are you not ſenſible of your Error? This Covenant with a Society may be ſomewhat probable, when a Man chuſes a Country to live in; and yet he is liable to be puniſh'd by the Laws of that Nation, provided he be admitted into the Society, and deviates from the Cuſtoms and Morals of their Republick: but Children who are born in a Country, are not at their liberty to chuſe one; the Gods have given them one, or rather have given them to ſuch a Society of Men, which is their Country; that this Country may poſſeſs 'em, govern 'em, reward 'em, or puniſh 'em, as her own Children. 'Tis neither Choice, Polity, Art, nor any arbitrary Inſtitution which makes Children ſubject to their Fathers, 'tis Nature's Work. The Parents, join'd together, form this Country, and they have an abſolute Authority over the Children whom they have brought into the World. Dare you doubt of this Truth?

Cor. Yes, I dare; tho a Man be my Father, I am a Man as well as he is, and by the eſſential Rules of Humanity, as free as he is: I ought to be grateful to him, and bear him reſpect; but however, Nature has not made me dependent on him.

Cam. Fine Rules you lay down here for Virtue; every one muſt live according

ding to his Fancy, and there will no longer be any Polity, Safety, Subordination, fix'd Society, or ſtable Principles for the eſtabliſhing of Morals upon Earth.

Cor. There will ſtill be Reaſon and Virtue impreſs'd by nature upon the Hearts of Men; if they make an ill uſe of their Liberty, ſo much the worſe for them: but tho their Liberties, once abuſed, may turn to Licentiouſneſs, yet it is very certain that by Nature they are free.

Cam. That I acknowledge; but you muſt own, at the ſame time, that the wiſeſt of Men, having been made ſenſible of the Inconvenience of ſuch a Liberty, and that there would be as many fantaſtical Governments, as ill-contriv'd Headpieces, have thought it abſolutely neceſſary to the Peace of Mankind, that the People every where ſhou'd be ſubject to Laws. Is it not true that there is a Regulation which wiſe Men, in all Countries, have made for the Foundation of Society?

Cor. All this is true.

Cam. And ſuch a Regulation is neceſſary.

Cor. This too is true.

Cam. And this Regulation is not only wiſe, juſt, and neceſſary in itſelf, but alſo authorized by the univerſal Conſent, or at leaſt, by the major Part of Mankind.

If

If it be thus neceſſary to human Life, there are none but untoward and unreaſonable Men, who will offer to reject it.

Cor. I own it, but however 'tis arbitrary.

Cam. Whatever is eſſential to Society, to the Publick Peace, and to the Safety of Mankind; whatever Reaſon neceſſarily requires, muſt be founded in the Reaſonableneſs of Nature, and is not arbitrary: this Subordination is not therefore an Invention fit only to amuſe weak Minds, but on the other hand is a neceſſary Band, which Reaſon ſupplies us with for regulating, pacifying, and uniting Men together. Reaſon, therefore, which is the true Nature of reaſonable Creatures, requires that we ſhou'd be ſubject to Laws, and to certain Men, who ſupply the place of the firſt Legiſlators, whom they muſt obey, and with whom they ought to concur for their common Intereſt; and to ſupply the Publick Neceſſities, and never to make uſe of their Liberty but according to the Dictates of Reaſon, to eſtabliſh and confirm Society: Such a one is what I call a good Citizen, loves his Country, and is firm to the Intereſt of the Commonwealth.

Cor. You accuſe me of Subtlety, and yet argue more ſubtilly than I did.

Cam. In-

Cam. Indeed, I don't; but we'll return, if you pleaſe, to Particulars. By which of my Propoſitions did I over-reach you? I ſaid that Reaſon was the Nature of Man; is that true?

Cor. Doubtleſs it is.

Cam. Man is not at liberty to act againſt the Dictates of Reaſon. What have you to object to that?

Cor. Nothing at all.

Cam. Reaſon obliges us to live in Societies, and conſequently in Subordination; does it not?

Cor. I am as ſenſible of that as you are.

Cam. We muſt therefore have fix'd Rules for the Behaviour of ſuch Societies, which Rules are call'd Laws; and we muſt have Men for the Guardians of theſe Laws, call'd Magiſtrates, to puniſh thoſe who violate 'em, otherwiſe we ſhou'd have as many arbitrary Governments, as there are different Humours in a State; and the moſt ill-contriv'd Head-pieces, would be the firſt that ſhou'd endeavour to overturn Laws and Morals, and to govern, or at leaſt to live, according to their own fantaſtic Inclinations.

Cor. All this is evident.

Cam. 'Tis but reaſonable, therefore, in Nature, that we ſhou'd make our Liberties ſubject to the Laws and Magiſtrates of that Society in which we live.

Cor. This is undeniable; but then we may quit this Society.

Cam. If every one has the liberty of quitting that of which he was born a Member, in a very little time there would be no ſuch thing as a well diſciplin'd Society left.

Cor. Why ſo?

Cam. I'll tell you: the number of miſchievous Heads is much the greater, and if they cou'd ſhake off the Yoke of their Country, they would go ſomewhere where they might live without Laws or Rules: and this greater number thinking themſelves independent, would ſhake off all Authority wherever they came; nay, they wou'd go out of their Country to ſeek Aid and Aſſiſtance againſt their own Country, and from that time forwards, there would be no ſuch thing as a conſtant and ſettled Society of People; and thus you wou'd deſtroy all Laws, and even Society itſelf (which, as yourſelf confeſs, Reaſon inclines us to) that you might indulge an immoderate Liberty, or rather the Licentiouſneſs of Fools and Villains, who never think that they are free, unleſs they may unpuniſh'd bid defiance to Reaſon and the Laws.

Cor. I now perceive the Scope of your Argument, and begin to reliſh it.

Cam. Add

Cam. Add to this, that the Foundation of Laws, and of a Republick, were afterwards authoriz'd by the common Conſent, and univerſal Practice of Mankind, ſome few wild and barbarous People excepted; and thus Mankind in general have, for theſe ſeveral Ages, found themſelves under an abſolute Neceſſity of ſubjecting themſelves to the Laws; and even Fools and Villains, who are not entirely harden'd in their Folly and Villany, are ſenſible of this Neceſſity, of living in Societies, and being ſubject to the Laws.

Cor. I underſtand you; you would have this Right of your Country ſo ſacred and inviolable, that we muſt not dare to take up Arms againſt her.

Cam. 'Tis not I alone, but even Nature's ſelf that would have it. What Motions did you feel in your Heart, when *Volumnia* your Mother, and *Vetturia* your Wife, ſpoke to you in behalf of *Rome?*

Cor. Nature pleaded for my Mother, but not for *Rome.*

Cam. But your Mother pleaded for *Rome*, and Nature for your Mother. Theſe are the natural Bands which bind us to our Country. Could you attack the City of your Mother, of your Friends and Relations, without violating the

Rights of Nature? I don't deſire that you ſhould enter into any Argument upon the matter, but tell me your Opinion, without ſo much as taking Time to reflect upon it.

Cor. True, we act againſt the Dictates of Nature, every time we take up Arms againſt our Country; but if it be not permitted us to attack it, at leaſt you muſt acknowledge, that we may leave it whenever it proves unjuſt and ungrateful to us.

Cam. No, that's what I'll never acknowledge: If ſhe caſts us out from her Boſom, we may go ſeek an *Aſylum* ſomewhere elſe. If ſhe commands us to leave her, we muſt obey; yet when at a diſtance from her, we muſt reſpect her, wiſh for her Welfare, and be ready to return whenever ſhe recalls us, and to die in her Defence.

Cor. Pray now, where did you get all theſe Ideas of Heroiſm? when my Country has forſaken me, the Contract betwixt us is broke of courſe, I may forſake her alſo, and no longer owe her any thing.

Cam. You have forgotten that we take our Country for our Parents, and that the Laws have an Authority over us, without which, there would be no ſuch thing

thing as a fix'd and ſettled Society upon the Face of the Earth.

Cor. True, I acknowledge that this Society in which we were born, nouriſh'd and educated, and which in its Boſom bears our Friends and Relations, ought to be look'd upon as our true Mother. I will own that we ought to pay her the ſame Reſpects we would do to a Mother; but——

Cam. If my Mother had forſaken me, and us'd me ill, muſt I find her out, and beat her?

Cor. No, but you might——

Cam. What? forſake her, and deſpiſe her, though ſhe ſhould return and ſhew a hearty Sorrow for her ill Uſage?

Cor. No.

Cam. We ought always then to be ready to re-aſſume the natural Love for our Country, or rather we ought never to loſe it, but fly to her Service, as often as ſhe gives us an Opportunity.

Cor. I own that what you ſay is very juſt; but when a Man has been highly provok'd, nor Pride, nor a Deſire of Revenge will permit him ſeriouſly to reflect. The haughty *Roman* People trod on the Necks of the *Patricians*; this was an Affront I could not bear with, and the People being enrag'd, forc'd me to ſeek a Refuge amongſt the *Volſcii*; there my

own Reſentment, and a Deſire of being eſteem'd by theſe Enemies of the *Romans*, forc'd me to take up Arms againſt my own Country: but now you have convinc'd me, that I ought quietly to have ſuffer'd my Misfortunes.

Cam. We have the Shades of ſeveral Heroes amongſt us, who have done what I tell you. *Themiſtocles* having offended ſo far as to go into *Perſia*, choſe rather to poiſon himſelf by drinking the Blood of Bulls, than to ſerve the King of *Perſia* againſt the *Athenians*. *Scipio* having overcome all *Africa*, and being ill us'd at *Rome*, becauſe his Brother was accus'd of having been corrupted in the War againſt *Antiochus*, retir'd to *Linternum*, where he ſpent the reſt of his Days in Solitude, not able to live in the midſt of his ungrateful Country; yet reſolv'd never to violate that Fidelity he ow'd her. This he himſelf has inform'd us of, ſince his coming down here.

Cor. You quote the Examples of other Men, and take no notice of your own, which is the moſt beautiful of 'em.

Cam. I own that the Injuſtice of the *Romans* had render'd me entirely uſeleſs, the other Generals were alſo depriv'd of Authority; nothing was thought of but how to flatter the People, and you know how dangerous 'tis for a Government, that

that its Rulers ſhould always be fed up with flattering and imaginary Hopes. Suddenly the *Gauls*, with whom the *Romans* had broke their Words, roſe up, and defeated 'em in the Battle of *Alia*; had they made uſe of their Victory, and purſu'd our Soldiers, *Rome* had been no more. You know how the Youth retir'd to the Capitol, and the Senators ſeating themſelves in their *Sedes Curiales* were ſlain. I need not tell you the reſt of the Story, which you have ſo often heard. Had not I at that time ſtifled all my Reſentment, to ſave my Country, it had infallibly periſh'd. I was at *Ardea*, when the fatal News was brought me, and I perſuaded the *Ardeatæ* to take up Arms. By my Spies I was inform'd that the *Gauls* believing themſelves Maſters of every thing, were buried in Riot and Drunkenneſs. I ſurpriz'd 'em by Night, and made an horrid Slaughter amongſt 'em. Then the *Romans*, like Men awaken'd out of a long Dream, ſent to me, deſiring that I would be their General; to this I anſwer'd, that they could not repreſent their Country, nor would I acknowledge 'em as ſuch, and that I muſt wait for the Orders of the young *Patricians*, in the Capitol, who were the true Body of the Commonwealth, without whoſe Commands I could

not put my ſelf at the Head of their Forces. Upon this, thoſe who were in the Capitol choſe me their Dictator. Mean while, the *Gauls* were waſted by contagious Diſtempers, before the Capitol, for the Space of ſeven Months, and at length a Peace was concluded, and the Beſieged were weighing the Money they were to give the Beſiegers, on condition that they ſhould with-draw. Juſt at that inſtant I arriv'd; 'tis with our Steel, not our Gold, that we preſerve our Towns: cry'd I, Avaunt, be gone. They were ſurpriz'd, and the next Day rais'd their Siege; I fell upon 'em in their Retreat, and cut 'em to pieces.

DIALOGUE XXXII.

Camillus, Fabius Maximus.

Generoſity and punctual Honeſty, are of more Service in Polities, than any Subtlety and Evaſion.

Fab. THE three Judges muſt now decide our Rank, ſince you are reſolved not to give way to me. They muſt decide, and I believe 'em juſt enough to prefer the heroick Actions of the *Punick* War, when the Republick was

was powerful, and admir'd by the moſt diſtant Nations, to all thoſe little Combats, fought in the Infancy of *Rome*, juſt at the City-Gates.

C. 'Twill be no difficult matter for 'em to decide between a *Roman*, who has been five times Dictator, though never Conſul, who has triumph'd four times, and deſerv'd the Name of the ſecond Founder of *Rome*; and another *Roman*, who has never done any thing, but artfully ſpun out his time, and fled before *Hannibal*.

F. I have deſerv'd that Title of ſecond Founder of *Rome*, far better than ever you did; for *Hannibal*, and all the *Carthaginian* Powers, from which I deliver'd *Rome*, was far more to be fear'd, than the Incurſions of a few Barbarians, whom you have ſcatter'd. You'll ſcarce find your ſelf able to make the taking of the Village of the *Veii*, equal to the ſubduing *Tarentum*, that ſecond *Lacedemon*, and of which it was a Colony.

C. The Siege of the *Veii* was of more Importance to the *Romans*, than that of *Tarentum*; we muſt not judge of it by the Bigneſs, but the Miſchief it was able to do: beſides, the *Veii* were ſtronger in proportion for *Rome*, in its Infancy, than thoſe of *Tarentum* were for *Rome*, when ſwell'd with Proſperity and Power.

F. But you were ten Years in taking this little Village, the Siege laſted as long as that of *Troy*; and therefore after its being ſubdued, you enter'd *Rome* in a triumphant Chariot drawn by ſix white Horſes: you was obliged too to make Vows to the Gods for your Succeſs; you promiſed 'em a Tythe of the Booty. Upon this Promiſe they deliver'd it up to you; but as ſoon as 'twas taken, you forgot your Vows, and your Benefactor, and order'd the Soldiers to plunder the Town, tho the Gods had the firſt right to it.

C. Such Faults are not committed with any Deſign, but in the Hurry and Heat of a Victory, we are apt to forget; however the *Roman* Ladies paid my Vow, they gave all their Gold and Jewels to have a golden Cup made of the Weight of eight Talents, which was offer'd up in the Temple of *Delos*, and for this reaſon the Senate order'd, that when any of theſe Ladies died, their Panegyrick ſhou'd be publickly pronounc'd.

F. Their Panegyrick, I grant; but not yours, for you broke the Vow, and they paid it.

C. No body can object any thing to my Honeſty, I have given too a good proof of it.

F. So,

F. So, the Schoolmaſter ſo often and ſo often talk'd of, is a going to be brought in now.

C. You need not make a Jeſt of it, the Action redounds very much to my Honour. The *Phalerians*, after the Manner of the *Greeks*, had a learned Man to inſtruct all their Children together, that Society, Emulation, and the State-Maxims which were taught, might make 'em as much, or more the Children of the Commonwealth, than they were of their own Parents. This treacherous Maſter, came and deliver'd all the *Phalerian* Youth into my hands. How eaſy had it been for me to have conquer'd this People, having ſuch precious Pledges in my power! But I did not act in this Caſe, like thoſe, who have but a ſmall ſhare of Honeſty, and love the Treaſon, though they hate the Traytor: I loath'd 'em both, and ordering the Lictors to tear the Schoolmaſter's Clothes from off his Back, and tye his Hands behind him; I fill'd the Children's Hands with Rods, and made 'em whip their Maſter back again into their City.

F. I muſt confeſs, that this was a noble Action, and a greater Glory to you, than the Conqueſt of your little Village.

C. But the Conſequence of this Action, proves the Utility of Virtue, and

ſhews

ſhews that Generoſity is often of greater Service than Policy and Cunning.

F. What, I ſuppoſe that the *Phalerians* mov'd with this Action, ſent you Ambaſſadors, yielding themſelves and their City to your Diſcretion, ſaying, that they could do nothing more for the Advantage of their Country, than ſubmitting it to ſo juſt a Man, and who deteſted every thing that was criminal.

C. True, they did; but I ſent the Ambaſſadors to *Rome*, that the Senate might give what Orders they pleas'd in this Affair.

F. You apprehended the Jealouſy and Envy of your Fellow-Citizens.

C. Had I not reaſon ſo to do? The greater our Virtues, the ſooner People are jealous of us; beſides, ſuch a Deference was due to the Republick, but they refus'd to make any Deciſion, and ſent the Ambaſſadors to me, that I might end the Buſineſs as generouſly as I had begun it. I left the *Phalerians* the Liberty of governing themſelves, according to their own Laws, and concluded a Peace with them, which in it ſelf was juſt and honourable for them.

F. I have heard that your Army was highly provok'd at this Peace, for the Soldiers were in hopes of a large Plunder.

C. Was

C. Was it not my Buſineſs to prefer the Glory of *Rome*, and my own Honour, to the ſordid Avarice of my Soldiers?

F. Certainly it was; but to return to our Purpoſe, you don't know perhaps that I have given greater Proofs of my Honeſty, than ever you did in the Schoolmaſter's Buſineſs?

C. Why really I neither know it nor believe it.

F. I covenanted with *Hannibal*, for the Exchange of Priſoners, and that of which Side ſoever the greater number ſhould be, the other Party ſhould pay two hundred and fifty Drachmas, for the Ranſom of each Man. The Exchange finiſh'd, the *Carthaginians* had two hundred and fifty *Romans*, whoſe Ranſoms were to be paid; the Senate diſlik'd the Treaty, and refus'd the Payment: upon this, I ſent my Son to *Rome*, to ſell my Eſtate, and with my own Money paid the Ranſom. Your Generoſity the whole Commonwealth ſtood to, mine was at my own Coſt; what you did, you did with the Conſent of the Senate; what I did, was done even in oppoſition to it.

C. 'Tis an eaſy matter for a Man, with the leaſt ſpark of Generoſity, to purchaſe ſo much Glory for ſuch a trifling Sum: my Generoſity was ſhewn, in ſaving

ving my ungrateful Country; had it not been for me, the *Gauls* would not have left you a *Rome* to defend. But let us go, and ſeek for *Minos*, he'll decide our Rank, and put an end to this Conteſt.

DIALOGUE XXXIII.

Fabius Maximus, Hannibal.

A General ought to ſacrifice his own Reputation to the publick Safety.

Han. I Have made you ſpend many an unquiet Day and reſtleſs Night.

F. I own it, but I have had my Revenge.

H. Not too much of that neither, you did nothing but fly before me, encamp'd your ſelf in inacceſſible Places, and on the tops of Mountains, which reach'd the Clouds. Such Shews of Fear did not at all add to the *Roman* Honour.

F. The main Chance is always to be minded: after the loſs of ſo many Battles, to hazard another Combat, was to hazard the whole Commonwealth; our Troops wanted to take breath, and freſh Courage; they muſt be accuſtomed to your Arms, to your Elephants, and to your

your Stratagems; and you muſt be left to waſte your Strength, and ſoften in the Pleaſures of *Capua*.

H. But this Cowardice of yours was a diſhonour to you; a fine ſhift for a General to ſave himſelf on the Top of the moſt craggy Rocks, and make his Troops climb up to the Clouds! Becauſe he has been unfortunate, muſt he, like a Hare, fly from his own Shadow? This was encreaſing the Cowardice of your Soldiers, and giving new Courage to mine.

F. 'Twas far better by this Shew of Cowardice to diſhonour myſelf, than to have the Flower of the *Roman* Youth cut to pieces, as *Terentius Varro* had at *Cannæ*: but nothing diſhonours a General which can be of ſervice to the Safety of his Country, or the rendring an Enemy's Victory uſeleſs to him. The World will ſee that he has prefer'd the publick Safety to his own Honour, which is far dearer to him than Life; and this Sacrifice of his Honour, is the greateſt Honour he can acquire. Nor, after all, is his Honour here call'd into queſtion, 'tis only expoſed by a few ſuperficial Criticks, who are ſo ſhort ſighted, that they cannot ſee the Advantage of this dilatory way of carrying on a War. Let thoſe who can only ſee juſt what's preſent, talk as they pleaſe. When your Patience ſhall have met with its

its deſired Succeſs, thoſe who before condemn'd you moſt, will be the firſt and loudeſt in your Praiſe; for they judge of Things by their Succeſs only.

H. But what would you have had your Allies think of the matter all this while?

F. Juſt what they pleaſed, provided I ſaved *Rome*; I was ſure then, at length, when I had prevailed over you, I ſhou'd be cleared again.

H. Over me! you never had that Honour yet; I ſhew'd that in Stratagems of War I was yet able to undermine you: for tying ſome Fire upon the Horns of a great number of Oxen, I broke up my Camp by night, whilſt you imagin'd that it almoſt join'd yours.

F. Such Stratagems may ſurprize the World, but cannot decide this Buſineſs: however, you dare not diſown but that I weaken'd you, took our Towns again, and raiſed the *Roman* Forces from their ſinking State; and had not the younger *Scipio* robb'd me of the Glory, I wou'd have driven you out of *Italy*: but *Scipio* cou'd not have done it, had not *Rome* been ſaved by the Prudence of *Fabius*. Then do not any longer laugh at a Man, who, by withdrawing a little from you, has made you abandon *Italy*, and ruin'd *Carthage*. There's no Neceſſity for ſurprizing People with a ſplendid and advantageous

vantageous Beginning, the main of the Buſineſs is to make a good End.

DIALOGUE XXXIV.

Rhadamanthus, *Cato* the Cenſor, and *Scipio Africanus*.

The greateſt Virtues are tainted by a moroſe and burning Temper.

R. WHAT old *Roman* art thou? I don't like thy Phyz at all, your Looks are hard and crabbed, and I believe you were carrotty-pated whilſt young; certainly you muſt be above a hundred Years old when you died.

C. I was but fourſcore and ten, and thought my Life very ſhort, for I was pleaſed with Life, and enjoy'd my Health perfectly well: my Name is *Cato*, did you never hear any mention made of my Wiſdom, and of my Courage againſt the Wicked?

R. You are the ſame, I believe, by the Deſcription that has been given me of you, always ready to boaſt yourſelf, and to ſnarl at other Men. But there is a Diſpute between you and the great *Scipio*, who conquer'd *Hannibal*. *Scipio*, come forward, I intend to decide your old Controverſy,

troverſy, and let each Man plead his own Cauſe.

S. I have reaſon to complain of *Cato*'s miſchievous Jealouſy, unworthy a Man of his Character. He made himſelf *Fabius*'s Friend, only with a deſign to thwart me, and they oppos'd my paſſing into *Africa*. In their Politicks they were both Cowards, and *Fabius* was for his old way of lingering out a War, ſhunning the Combat, encamping in the Clouds, and waiting till the Enemies had conſum'd themſelves. *Cato*, who through a pedantick Humour lov'd old Folks, ſtuck to *Fabius*, and grew jealous of me, becauſe I was young and bold. His Avarice too, in a great meaſure, prejudic'd him againſt me: he was for having a War carry'd on frugally, as he planted his Cabbage; whilſt on the other hand, I was for having it waged vigorouſly, that we might ſoon ſee it glorioufly concluded, and the Coſt over-look'd, the Advantages acquir'd be only minded. This was a great Grief to *Cato*, who was always for governing the Commonwealth, as he did his Cottage, and gaining cheap Victories. He could not ſee that *Fabius*'s Deſigns would never have ſucceeded, and that *Hannibal* was not to be driven out thus from *Italy*. That General knew how to live there, at the Expence

Expence of the Country, and could even preſerve Allies in it; he would always have been tranſporting Troops from *Africa*. Had not *Nero* defeated *Aſdrubal*, before he join'd his Brother, *Fabius* the Lingerer had been undone, and *Rome*, ſo narrowly preſs'd by ſo powerful an Enemy, muſt in proceſs of time have fallen. But *Cato* then could ſee no Neceſſity of carrying that War before *Carthage*, which *Hannibal* had brought before *Rome*. I therefore demand Juſtice on *Cato*, for the wrongs he has done me, and all my Family.

C. And I claim the Rewards due to Juſtice, for having preferr'd the publick Good, to your Brother *Lucius*, who was a Villain. Let us paſs over this *African* War, in which your good Fortune exceeded your Wiſdom, and return to the Purpoſe. Was it not baſe in you, to extort the Command of the Army for your Brother, who was incapable of it? You promis'd to ſerve under, and follow him, and in the War againſt *Antiochus*, you was his Tutor. How many violent and unjuſt Actions was he then guilty of? but you ſhut your Eyes, leſt you ſhould ſee 'em; fraternal Fondneſs had blinded you.

S. But was not this War glorioufly concluded? *Antiochus* was defeated, and driven from the Coaſts of *Aſia*. He was the

the laſt Enemy who could diſpute the ſupreme Power with us. *Antiochus* overcome, all the Kingdoms of the Earth came and ſubmitted themſelves to the *Romans*.

C. Antiochus might have been very deſtructive to us, had he follow'd the Counſels of *Hannibal*; but he loſt himſelf in infamous Pleaſures, and in his old Age he married a young *Grecian* Girl. *Philopœmenes* was wont to ſay, that had he been the *Achaian* Protector, he would have cut all the Army of *Antiochus* to pieces, in the Taverns, where he would have ſurpriz'd 'em. 'Twas no great difficulty for your Brother and you, to overcome thoſe Enemies whom Pleaſures and Effeminacy had already ſubdu'd.

S. However, the Power of *Antiochus* was formidable.

C. To return to our Purpoſe, did not your Brother plunder and take away by force? dare you ſay that he acted like an honeſt Man?

S. After my Death, you were cruel enough, to lay a Fine upon him, and would have had him arreſted by the Lictors.

C. He deſerv'd it, and ſo did you too, for——

S. I, for my part, knew well enough how to behave my ſelf; for when I ſaw the

the People beginning to be byaſs'd againſt me, inſtead of anſwering the Accuſation, I cry'd out, Come, let us go to the Capitol, and return the Gods Thanks, for that on a Day like this, I overcame *Hannibal* and the *Carthaginians*. After this, I no more expos'd my ſelf to the Inconſtancy of Fortune; but retiring from an ungrateful Country, I liv'd at *Linternum*, in a peaceable Solitude, and reſpected by all honeſt Men, and, like a Philoſopher, waited for the Day of my Death: This is what the implacable Cenſor forc'd me to do, and of which I demand Juſtice.

C. You upbraid me with what redounds moſt to my Honour. I was ſo juſt, that I never ſpar'd any body, but made the moſt illuſtrious *Romans* tremble. I ſaw how much their Manners were daily corrupted, by Pomp and Luxury. Do I not deſerve immortal Honours, for having driven *Lucius Quintius* out of the Senate-houſe, who had been Conſul, and was Brother to *T. Q. Flaminius*, who overcame *Philip* King of *Macedon*, by reaſon of his Cruelty, in having a Man kill'd, before a little Boy he lov'd, to ſatisfy the Curioſity of this Child?

S. This Action, I own, was juſt, and you have often puniſh'd the Guilty; but you were too violent againſt every body, and when you had done ſomething that was

was good, boaſted of it in too groſs a manner. Do you remember your having formerly ſaid, that *Rome* ow'd you more than you ow'd her? Were theſe Words worthy a Man of your Gravity?

R. What can you anſwer, *Cato*, to theſe Reproaches?

C. That I upheld the *Roman* Commonwealth, againſt the Softneſs and Luxury of the Women who corrupted it; that I made the greateſt Men ſtand in awe of the Laws, and that whatever I taught, I alſo put in practice: but that the Commonwealth did not take my part, thus againſt thoſe whom I had made my Enemies, only for her good. As my Eſtate in the Country was adjoining to that of *Manius Lucius*, I ſet his Simplicity of Manners before me, for an Example for my Actions, and *Demoſthenes* for Eloquence; and indeed, I was ſoon call'd the *Roman Demoſthenes*. I was daily ſeen to walk naked with my Slaves, in tilling my Land; but do not imagine that this Application to Husbandry and Eloquence, prevented my being a Warrior: at ſeventeen Years of Age I ſhew'd my Courage in the War againſt *Hannibal*, and when I return'd, my Body was cover'd with Scars. When I was ſent Pretor into *Sardinia*, I aboliſh'd that Luxury which the Pretors before me had introduc'd. I made

it

it my Buſineſs to eaſe the People, to eſtabliſh a good Diſcipline, and to refuſe Preſents. Being choſen Conſul, I gain'd a Victory in *Spain*, on this Side the *Bœtis*, againſt the *Barbarians*. After this Victory, I took more Towns in *Spain*, than I remain'd Days in that Kingdom.

S. Intolerable Vanity! but this piece of boaſting ſeveral Shades have already jeſtingly told me. However, you ought not to talk thus before me, I am acquainted with *Spain*, and your fine Conqueſts there.

C. Nothing's more certain than that four hundred Towns ſurrender'd much about the ſame time; and this is more than ever you did.

S. Carthage it ſelf exceeds thoſe four hundred Villages.

C. But what will you ſay of my Action under *Maximus Acilius*, when I went through Precipices, to ſurprize *Antiochus* in the Mountains, between *Macedon* and *Theſſaly*?

S. I think the Action noble, and it would be unjuſt not to commend you for't, as well as for having curb'd many evil Cuſtoms; but your ſordid Avarice cannot be excus'd.

C. You ſay ſo, becauſe you firſt taught the Soldiers how to live luxuriouſly; but you muſt remember, that I liv'd in a Common-

Commonwealth, which every day grew worſe and worſe. A Fiſh was ſold then for the ſame Price, that an Ox was when firſt I came into publick Employments. I own, that things which were of no ſervice, ſeem'd dear to me, even when at the cheapeſt. I often ſaid to the *Romans*, Of what ſervice is it to you, to govern the Nations of the Earth, when your own vain and corrupted Women govern you? was I in the wrong for ſpeaking thus? there was no Modeſty, no Generoſity, and no Honeſty left; every body's Care was how to get Money, that they might ſpend it luxurioufly. I was Cenſor, and by my Age and Virtue had acquir'd the Authority; and was it not my Buſineſs to ſpeak?

S. But to be the general Informer at fourſcore and ten, was a fine Trade, was it not?

C. 'Twas the Trade of a Man, who has loſt nothing of his Vigour, or Love for the Commonwealth; and who expoſes himſelf to the Hatred of great Men, who would unpuniſh'd commit Diſorders.

S. But you have been accus'd, as often as you accus'd others; I think there were ſeventy Accuſations brought againſt you, and one of theſe in your eightieth Year.

C. True,

C. True, and I glory in it; for wicked Men are always cenſuring the virtuous, who cannot paſs over any Crime of theirs.

S. You found it a hard matter to confute the laſt Accuſations.

C. I own it; but do you conſider the Difficulty of giving an Account of one's whole Life, to Men of another Age. I was a poor old Man, expoſed to the Inſults of the Young, who thought I doated, and look'd upon my former Actions as fabulous. When I began to rehearſe 'em, they gaped, and laugh'd at me, as at an old Braggadocio.

S. They were not very much in the wrong: but why were you ſo fond of cenſuring others, like a Dog, who is always barking at every body that paſſes along?

C. I learn'd much more by correcting Fools, than converſing with wiſe Men. Our Sages had but a ſmall ſhare of Wiſdom, and their Leſſons were but weak ones; but the Fools have an entire Portion of Folly, and 'tis but looking upon 'em, to know what 'tis we muſt avoid.

S. I know it; but why were you, who had ſuch a ſhare of Wiſdom, ſo great an Enemy at firſt to the *Greeks?*

C. I fear'd that they would teach us more of their Arts, than their Wiſdom,

and of their diſſolute Manners, than their Sciences. I was no Friend to their Muſicians, Painters, Poets and Statuaries, whoſe Arts would ſatisfy Curioſity, and encreaſe Voluptuouſneſs. I thought it much better for us to preſerve our plain ruſtick and laborious Life, till our Lands, talk leſs of Virtue, and practiſe it the more.

S. Why in your old Age then did you take ſo much trouble in learning the *Greek* Tongue?

C. I was at length enchanted by the Syren Songs, as well as others, and liſtned to the *Grecian* Muſes; but I am afraid, that all thoſe little *Greek* Sophiſters, who come half ſtarv'd to *Rome*, will make an end of corrupting the *Roman* Morals.

S. Nor is your Fear groundleſs; but you ought to have apprehended the ſame Corruption from your Avarice.

C. My Avarice! I was a good Huſband, and loth to waſte any thing; but my Expences were always too great.

R. The true Language of a Miſer, who ſtill believes himſelf prodigal.

S. Were you not aſham'd, in your old Age, to leave your Husbandry, becauſe your Fields and Flocks did not bring you a ſufficient Income, and to turn

turn Uſurer? was this fit for a Cenſor to do? Why don't you anſwer me?

R. You dare not ſpeak, and I plainly ſee that you are guilty. This is a nice Caſe to pronounce Sentence in, how ſhall I reward and puniſh you at once? But be this my Sentence: The Services you have done the Commonwealth are meritorious, but 'twould be ſcandalous to place an Uſurer in the *Elyſian* Fields; you ſhall therefore remain at the Gate, and hinder others from entering, controul all that ſhall come, and be the Cenſor of Hell, as you was of *Rome*; your Pleaſure ſhall be plac'd in criticizing Mankind. Vent your Spleen upon *L. Scipio*, and *L. Quintius*, and the reſt of the Dead, who ſhall come hither from all Parts of the Univerſe; *Roman* Citizens, great Generals, Barbarian Kings and Tyrants: but beware of *Lucius Scipio*, I commiſſion him to cenſure you without mercy. Here's Money for you, lend it the Dead, who ſhall not have wherewith to pay *Charon*'s Fare; but if you lend Money in Uſury, *Scipio* will give me notice of it, and I'll puniſh you as the moſt infamous of Villains.

DIALOGUE XXXV.

Hannibal, Scipio.

So great the ſolid Pleaſure, which accompanies Virtue, that 'tis of it ſelf a ſufficient Reward.

Han. WE now meet again, as we did in *Africa*, ſome few Days before the Battle of *Zama*.

S. True, we do: but our now Conference is far different from our former; we can no longer acquire Glory, or gain Victories. There is no part of us, but a vain empty Shadow remaining, and a Remembrance of things paſt, ſomething like the Remembrance of a Dream. The ſame Gods who have reduc'd *Carthage*, have alſo reduc'd the Conqueror of *Carthage* to duſt.

H. Doubtleſs 'twas at your *Linternum* Retirement, you learnt to make all theſe philoſophical Reflections.

S. Had I not learn'd it there, I ſhould here; Death, the moſt of any thing, undeceives us in our Notions of worldly Grandeur.

H. Solitude

H. Solitude and Diſgrace have taught you abundance of Wiſdom.

S. True, they have; but your adverſe Fortune has given you the ſame Opportunity of improving. You have ſeen *Carthage* fall, been forc'd to abandon your Country, and after having made *Rome* tremble, have been *reduc'd to ſeek Relief from Court to Court, and wander up and down a Vagabond in* Africk.

H. I have indeed; but I did not abandon my Country, 'till I could no longer be of ſervice to her, or ſhe protect me. I left her in order to ſave her from a total Ruin, and to ſpare my Eyes the pain of ſeeing her enſlav'd. On the other hand, you have been forc'd to leave your Country, when in the height of her Glory; a Glory! for which ſhe was indebted to you: how ungrateful this was!

S. 'Tis what we muſt expect from Mankind, let us ſerve 'em ne'er ſo well. Thoſe that do good, through an ambitious Motive, are always diſſatisfy'd; ſooner or later, Fortune will betray 'em, and Men prove ungrateful: but when for the ſake of Virtue we do good, that Virtue will ſtill reward us, through the ſolid Pleaſure ſhe affords thoſe who follow her Paths, and we can deſpiſe all other Rewards.

DIALOGUE XXXVI.

Hannibal, Scipio.

Ambition is boundleſs.

Scip. METHINKS we are now conferring as before the Battle of *Zama*, but the Caſe is alter'd, we have no quarrel to decide. All our Wars are drown'd in *Lethe*'s Streams, and after having conquer'd ſo many Provinces, one Urn has held us both.

H. Very true. Our paſt Glory is like a Dream; we can make no Conqueſts here, and I grow weary of this idle Life.

S. You were always very reſtleſs and very greedy.

H. I think now, that I was always very moderate.

S. Moderate! as how? At firſt the *Carthaginians* endeavour'd only to preſerve themſelves in the weſt-part of *Sicily*, and there the wiſe King *Gelon* and *Dionyſius* the Tyrant gave 'em work enough.

H. They did, indeed; but even then we thought of ſubduing all thoſe flouriſhing

riſhing Towns, which govern'd themſelves as Republicks, ſuch were *Leontium*, *Agrigentum*, and the reſt.

S. The *Romans* and *Carthaginians* being oppoſite to each other, with the Sea between, and jealous of each other's Glory, contended for the Iſland of *Sicily*, ſituated betwixt 'em; this was the Summit of your Ambition, I hope.

H. No, indeed, we had our Pretenſions in *Spain* alſo: Our new *Carthage* gave us an Empire there, almoſt as great as that in *Africa*.

S. This I own; but a few Ports for the Convenience of your Merchants, gave you the firſt Colour for ſettling there: the Eaſe with which you obtain'd 'em, made you think of conquering thoſe vaſt Regions.

H. At the time of our firſt Wars with the *Romans*, we were powerful in *Spain*; and had it not been for your Republick, we had ſoon been Maſters of it.

S. But the Peace we made with the *Carthaginians*, oblig'd you to renounce all that was between the *Pyreneans* and the *Evora*.

H. This diſhonourable Peace was extorted from us; we had ſuffer'd vaſt Loſſes both by Sea and Land, which my Father was wholly intent upon repairing. At nine Years of Age he made me ſwear

upon the Altars, that I would ever be a Foe to the *Romans*. I ſwore it, and kept my Oath, follow'd my Father into *Spain*, and after his Death, commanded the *Carthaginian* Army: what follow'd there, you know.

S. I do ſo, and you know it too, to your Coſt. If you made any Progreſs, 'twas becauſe Fortune was over favourable. The Hopes of joining the *Gauls*, our antient Enemies, made you paſs over the *Pyrenean* Mountains. The Victory you gain'd upon the Banks of the *Rhone*, made you paſs the *Alps* alſo, in which you loſt many Men, Horſes and Elephants; and you with eaſe defeated our aſtoniſh'd Troops, whom you ſurpriz'd at *Tircinum*. One Victory generally follows another, and procures the Conqueror many Allies; for the People will ſide with the ſtrongeſt.

H. But what do you think of the Battle of *Trebia*?

S. That Victory being the Sequel of ſo many others, coſt you but little; you there made your ſelf Maſter of all *Italy*. The Combats at *Trauſimenes* and *Cannæ*, were rather Slaughters than Battles; but you little hoped for ſuch ſucceſs at firſt.

H. I knew not how favourable my Fortune might be, and I was reſolv'd to try. The unforeſeen Blows I gave the *Romans*, confounded

confounded 'em. I made uſe of my good Fortune, and my Succeſs far exceeded all my Hopes and Deſigns.

S. And is not this what I was ſaying? *Sicily*, *Spain* and *Italy*, were nothing to you at laſt, and your Allies, the *Greeks*, muſt ſoon have bow'd their Necks to your Yoke.

H. You have been guilty of the very ſame thing you now upbraid me with; *Spain*, *Sicily*, *Carthage*, and even all *Africa*, were nothing to you. *Greece*, *Macedon*, the Iſlands, *Ægypt*, and *Aſia* it ſelf, fell before you; nor could you bear to ſee the *Parthians* and *Arabians* free: The whole World was too little for theſe *Romans*, who had been employ'd five hundred Years in conquering that little Tract of Ground round their City, belonging to the *Volſcii*, the *Sabines*, and the *Samnites*.

DIALOGUE XXXVII.

Sylla, *Catiline*, and *Cæſar*.

Though corrupted Princes ſee the fatal Conſequences that attend Vice, yet will not the Example prevail upon 'em to mend.

Syl. I Am come in haſte, *Cæſar*, to give you a piece of Advice, and I have brought *Catiline* with me, to help perſuade you: you know him well, and did belong to his Cabal, don't be afraid of us, we Shades cannot hurt you.

Cæſ. I could have excus'd this Viſit, your Looks are cloudy, your Counſels may probably be ſo in a greater degree; but pray, what haſty piece of Advice have you to give?

S. You muſt not aim at a tyrannick Power.

Cæſ. Why ſo, did not you aim at it?

S. I did, and therefore when I renounce it, ought the more eaſily to be believ'd.

Cæſ. I am reſolv'd to follow your Example in every thing; I'll aim at Abſolute Power, as you did, and after my Death, my

my Shade ſhall come to undeceive thoſe Tyrants who ſhall ſucceed me.

S. Jeſting is out of ſeaſon, we Shades are always ſerious; but to the purpoſe: I willingly renounc'd Tyranny, and found my ſelf much the better for it; *Catiline* aim'd at it, and unfortunately periſh'd in his Attempt: our two Examples ought to inſtruct you.

Cæſ. Indeed they cannot. You held the Commonwealth in Chains, but were Fool enough to degrade your ſelf; after having laid down the ſupreme Power, you remain'd debas'd, obſcure, uſeleſs, and caſt down, and the once fortunate Man was forſaken by Fortune: here's one of the Examples that I don't comprehend. As for the other, *Catiline* endeavour'd to make himſelf abſolute Maſter, ſo far I commend him; but he took wrong Meaſures: why ſo much the worſe for him; I'm certain, that I'll never undertake any thing but with Caution.

Cat. I took exactly the ſame Meaſures you do, flatter'd the Youth, ſoften'd 'em in Pleaſures, engag'd 'em in criminal Actions, and ſunk 'em over head and ears in Debt; ſettled my Authority by the help of Women who could intrigue, and ſpread Confuſion and Diſcord: can you take better Meaſures?

Cæſ. You

Caſ. You tell me things there that I never heard of before.

Cat. I tell you, that you may avoid thoſe Evils which prov'd my Deſtruction, and I came on purpoſe to forewarn you.

S. Once more, I tell you, that I found my ſelf much the better for having renounced all publick Employments.

Caſ. Renounce all publick Employments! Muſt we abandon the Commonwealth in time of need?

S. This is not what I aim at, there is a vaſt difference between ſerving and tyrannizing over her.

Caſ. Why then did you give over ſerving her?

S. I ſee you are reſolved that you won't underſtand me; I tell you we muſt ſerve our Country to the day of our Death, but we muſt never aim at Tyranny; nor when we have attain'd, maintain our ſelves in it.

DIALOGUE XXXVIII.

Cæſar, Cato.

Deſpotick and Tyrannick Power, far from inſuring the Happineſs and Authority of Princes, makes 'em miſerable, and in the end proves their Ruin.

Cæſ. ALAS, my dear *Cato*, what a terrible Wound you have!

Cat. I gave it myſelf at *Utica*, that I might not ſurvive the Liberty of *Rome*; but, pray, how came you, who are pitying me, to follow ſo ſoon after me? ha! what Wounds are thoſe? Hold, let me reckon 'em, there are three and twenty.

Cæſ. You'll be amazed when you hear that I receiv'd 'em in the midſt of the Senate, receiv'd 'em from my moſt intimate Friends. How black their Treaſon!

Cat. I am not at all amazed at it: were you not the Tyrant of your Friends, as well as of the other Citizens? and were not they obliged to revenge their oppreſſed Country? In ſuch a caſe we muſt not only ſacrifice a Friend, but, like *Timoleon*, a Brother; or, like old *Brutus*, a Son.

Cæſ. One

Cæſ. One of his Deſcendants has had theſe fine Precepts too well infuſed in him; *Brutus*, whom I lov'd ſo well, who paſs'd for my own Son, was at the head of this Conſpiracy.

Cat. Happy *Brutus!* thou haſt freed *Rome*, and conſecrated thy hands in the Blood of a new *Tarquinius*, more haughty and more impious than he who was driven out by *Junius*.

Cæſ. You were always prejudiced againſt me, and in your Notions of Virtue overſtrain'd.

Cat. And what is it that has prejudiced me? your ſoft, inſinuating, prodigal, diſſolute Life; your Debts, Intrigues, and Boldneſs: this has prejudiced *Cato* againſt the Man, whoſe Girdle, trailing Robe, and effeminate Air, promiſed nothing worthy of the antient *Romans*: you never did deceive me, I found from your very Youth what you would prove, and had I been believed——

Cæſ. You would have involved me in *Catiline*'s Conſpiracy, and deſtroy'd me.

Cat. Then you liv'd like a Woman, and ſhew'd yourſelf a Man only againſt your Country; what Means of convicting you did I not uſe? but *Rome* was then haſtning to her Deſtruction, and wou'd not know her Enemies.

Cæſ. I

Cæſ. I muſt own that your Eloquence frightned me, and I was forced to have recourſe to Authority; but you muſt confeſs that I drew myſelf out of the Scrape like a wiſe Man.

Cat. Like a ſubtle Villain, you mean; your moderate and inſinuating Diſcourſe dazled the wiſeſt, and you favour'd the Conſpirators under the colour of not puſhing the Rigour of the Law too far. I was the only one who in vain reſiſted you, and even then I ſaw the Gods were incenſed againſt *Rome.*

Cæſ. Confeſs the truth; you fear'd at *Utica* to fall into my hands, and did not know how to appear before me: but my Deſign was to conquer and to pardon.

Cat. 'Twas the Pardon of a Tyrant, the Life of *Cato* ſpared by *Cæſar*, that I fear'd; 'twas far better to die than to ſee you.

Cæſ. I wou'd have uſed thee generouſly, as I did thy Son; was it not better to live and aſſiſt the Commonwealth?

Cat. When Liberty was gone, the Commonwealth was no more.

Cæſ. But muſt you be enraged againſt yourſelf?

Cat. My own hands, ſpite of the Tyrant's Power, ſet me free, and *I diſdained a Life which I had power to offer*; but as for you,

you, your Friends were obliged to tear you to pieces as they wou'd a Monſter.

Cæſ. If after my Victory to live was ſhameful, why did you ſend your Son to me? was you willing he ſhou'd degenerate?

Cat. In ſuch a caſe of Life and Death every one follows the Dictates of his Heart. *Cato* was obliged to die; his Son, who had not reach'd his Father's Honours, might live, and by reaſon of his Youth, hope to ſee better Days, and far more happy Times. Alas! what Pangs did I not ſuffer, when I let my Son go to the Tyrant?

Cæſ. But why the Tyrant? I never took the Title of King.

Cat. I always look upon the Reality, not the Name of a Thing; beſides, how many Stratagems did you uſe, to accuſtom the Senate, and the People, to your Royalty? Did not *Anthony* at a Feaſt, in a pretended Jeſt, put a Diadem upon your Head? but this Jeſt look'd too much like Earneſt, and rais'd the Horror of the People; you perceiv'd it, and gave that Honour to *Jupiter*, which you did not dare to accept: but it was this at laſt that made the Conſpirators reſolve to give the Blow.

Cæſ. Your Informations here, I ſee, are good; but you do me Injuſtice: my Government

vernment was moderate, and I behaved myſelf like the true Father of my Country, which might be read in the Grief of the People after my Death; a time, you know, when Flattery is out of Seaſon. When my bloody Robes were preſented 'em, they were willing to revenge me: What Tears were ſhed! what Pomps uſed at my Funeral in the Fields of *Mars*? What can you anſwer to this?

Cat. That the People are always credulous, blind, inconſtant, Enemies to their own true Intereſt. What have not the People ſuffer'd by favouring the Tyrant's Succeſſors, and perſecuting their Deliverers. How much pure Blood of the beſt Citizens has been ſhed, how many of 'em proſcribed? The *Triumviri* were more barbarous than the *Gauls* who took *Rome*. Happy thoſe who never ſaw the Day of Deſolation! But tell me, Tyrant, why did you tear the Entrails of your Mother *Rome*? What are you the better for having enſlaved your Country? Did you aim at Glory? a far greater might have been acquir'd by preſerving the Liberties and Grandure of this Seat of Empire, as *Fabius*, *Fabricius*, *Scipio*, and *Marcellus* did. Or was it a peaceable and happy Life you aim'd at? you never could expect to find it in Tyranny: every day of your Life you ran as much danger as on

that

that in which ſo many good Citizens made themſelves immortal by ſacrificing you. Whenever you ſaw a true *Roman*, you might have trembled. Is this a peaceful and happy Life which is acquir'd at the Price of ſo many Crimes? But what do I ſay? you had not ſo much as time to reap the Fruit of your Impieties. Speak, Tyrant, ſpeak; my Looks are as ſhocking to you now, as yours wou'd have been to me in *Utica* before I ſlew myſelf. Say, if you dare, that you were happy.

Cæſ. I confeſs I was not, but my Happineſs was diſturbed by ſuch as you.

Cat. Rather ſay, by yourſelf: had you lov'd your Country, it would have loved you. He whom his Country loves, has no need of Guards, every body watches about him; the only means of Safety is to do good, and make it every body's Intereſt that we ſhou'd live. But you choſe to reign, and to be fear'd; you did ſo, and Men deliver'd themſelves from the Tyrant, and their Fear at once. This is the end of all thoſe, who, wanting to be fear'd, make it the Peoples Intereſt to prevent 'em.

Cæſ. But this Power, which you call tyrannical, was become neceſſary; *Rome* cou'd no longer maintain its Liberty, but wanted a Maſter: *Pompey* was making himſelf ſuch, and that I could not bear.

Cat. You

Cat. You ſhou'd have quell'd the Tyrant, but not have aim'd at his Tyranny; if *Rome* did want a Maſter, 'twas better to let another be guilty of the Crime, than to commit it yourſelf. If a Traveller be falling into the hands of Highwaymen, muſt you haſten to rob him firſt? But the too great Authority of *Pompey*, was a Colour for you. Do we not know what you ſaid as you were going into *Spain*, when you paſs'd thro a little Town where ſeveral Citizens were making Intereſt to be choſen Magiſtrate? Have we forgotten the *Greek* Verſes you uſed ſo often to repeat? But after all, when you became ſenſible of the Miſery and Infamy of tyrannick Power, why did you not lay it down?

Cæſ. How muſt that be done? the Aſcent to it is dangerous and craggy, but there is no Path by which we can return; if we come out of it, we muſt inevitably fall into the Precipice.

Cat. Wretched Man! why did you aſpire at it then? why overturn every thing to reach it? no Blood was ſpar'd, not even your own, which was ſhed, but too late: you are fumbling for ſome ridiculous Excuſe.

Cæſ. And you don't anſwer me; I ask you how 'tis we muſt lay down our Power?

Cat. Go

Cat. Go ask *Sylla*; his Example will make you bluſh. Farewel, I fear that the Shade of *Brutus* will ſee me talking to you, and be offended at it.

DIALOGUE XXXIX.

Cato, Cicero.

The Character of theſe two Philoſophers, wherein the auſtere Severity of one's Virtue, with the Weakneſs of the other's, is ſhewn.

Cat. I Have expected you, great Orator, this long while, but you are come as late as poſſibly you cou'd.

Cic. I am come after an heroick Death, and have been the Victim of the Commonwealth; for ſince *Catiline*'s Conſpiracy, at which time I ſav'd *Rome*, no body cou'd be an Enemy to the Commonwealth, without declaring himſelf mine.

Cat. And yet I have been inform'd that by your Submiſſion you found Favour with *Cæſar*; that you beſtow'd your greateſt Praiſes upon him, was intimately acquainted with his baſe Favourites, and by your Letters perſuaded People to have recourſe to his Clemency, that they might live peaceably in the midſt of *Rome*, tho en-

enſlaved: This is the uſe you made of your Eloquence.

Cic. I own I harangued *Cæſar* to obtain the Pardon of *Marcellus* and *Ligarius*.

Cat. Wou'd it not have been much better to have held your tongue, than to uſe your Eloquence in flattering a Tyrant. O *Cicero*, I have done more than you cou'd do; I held my peace, and died.

Cic. You never ſaw perhaps a fine Obſervation I made in my Offices, That every Man is to keep up to his own Character. There are Men by Nature fierce and untractable, who muſt maintain this auſtere Virtue till Death: they muſt not bear the ſight of a Tyrant, and have no relief but Death. On the other hand, there is a ſofter and more ſociable Virtue practiſed by moderate People who love the Commonwealth better than their own Glory: ſuch ought to live, and be complaiſant to a Tyrant for the Publick Good, they owe themſelves to their Fellow-Citizens; and it is not lawful for 'em to kill themſelves, leſt their Country alſo ſink into Ruin for want of 'em.

Cat. This laſt Duty you have fulfilled, and *Rome* is very much obliged to you, if we may judge of your Love to her, by your fear of Death: but thoſe who can talk ſo eloquently, ſhou'd take care never to contradict themſelves. With what face cou'd

cou'd *Cicero*, who extoll'd *Cæſar* to the very Heavens, and begg'd the Gods not to envy Mankind ſo great a Bleſſing, call the Murderers of this *Cæſar*, the Deliverers of their Country? How baſe, how infamous, is ſuch a Contradiction! Can we truſt the Honour of a Man, who thus changes with the Times?

Cic. We muſt ſuit ourſelves to the Neceſſities of the Commonwealth: this Shift was much better than the *African* War undertaken by *Scipio* and you, contrary to all Rules of Prudence: but you were born to be always in Extremes.

Cat. And you always to be in Fear, as you yourſelf have often confeſs'd: you were not able to foreſee Events; thoſe who were uppermoſt cou'd at any time make you contradict yourſelf. Did we not ſee you admiring *Pompey*, and exhorting all your Friends to deliver themſelves up to him? Did not you afterwards believe that *Pompey* wou'd enſlave *Rome*, if he conquer'd *Cæſar*? 'How, ſays you, 'will he believe honeſt Men when he ſhall 'be a Conqueror, ſeeing that he will 'hearken to none of us, now that he 'ſtands in need of our Aſſiſtance?' In ſhort, did you not admire *Cæſar*, and afterwards praiſe *Octavius*?

Cic. But I attack'd *Anthony*. Can any thing be more vehement than my Orations

tions againſt him, like thoſe of *Demoſthenes* againſt *Philip*.

Cat. They are excellent; but *Demoſthenes* knew better than you how to die, neither his Life nor Death were in the power of *Antipater*. Was you not aſhamed to fly, as you did, without knowing where you were going, and at laſt be ſlain by *Pompilius*? 'Twas far more glorious for me to ſlay myſelf in *Utica*.

Cic. And I prefer my having had Hopes of the Commonwealth to the day of my Death, and having aſſiſted it by my moderate Counſels, to your waging an imprudent War, which you finiſh'd by a deſperate Blow.

Cat. Your Negociations were no better than my *African* War; for *Octavius*, young as he was, has mock'd this *Cicero* the Light of *Rome*; he made uſe of you to ſettle his Authority, and then deliver'd you to *Anthony*. But now you talk of War, did you ever know how to carry one on? I have not yet forgot your Conqueſt of *Pindemiſſus*, a little Town in *Cilicia*: a Flock of Sheep, grazing in a Field, might have been as eaſily taken; and yet you wanted a Triumph for this fine Expedition. The Supplications order'd by the Senate were not ſufficient for ſuch an Exploit. Do you remember what I anſwer'd you, when you made ſuch preſſing In-

Inſtances to me about it? You ought, ſaid I, to be more pleaſed with the Thanks of the Senate, which by your Conduct you deſerved, than with a Triumph, which more denotes the Bleſſings of the Gods upon an Enterprize, than the Virtue of him that triumphs. Thus we endeavour to amuſe Men who are vain and incapable of doing themſelves Juſtice.

Cic. I acknowledge that I was always overfond of Praiſe; but is this ſo wondrous? Did I not by my Conſulſhip, by my Love for my Country, and by my Eloquence, as well as by my Reliſh for Philoſophy, deſerve 'em? For when I cou'd no longer be of ſervice to *Rome* in her Misfortunes, I comforted myſelf by arguing and writing upon Virtue.

Cat. 'Twould have been far better to have practiſed it in time of need, than to have writ upon it; but own it freely, you were a poor Copier after the *Greeks*, you mingled *Plato* with *Epicurus*, the antient Academy with the modern; and after having written the Hiſtory of their Precepts in Dialogues, where one Man talked alone almoſt all the while, you ſcarce ever drew any Concluſion. You were a Stranger to Philoſophy, and thought of nothing but adorning your Mind with its Beauties: in ſhort, you was ſtill wavering between Philoſophy and Politicks.

Cic. Cato,

Cic. Cato farewel, you are in a very ill Humour; I fancy that you regret Life. As for my part, I am contented with the Loſs of it, without having made ſo great a Piece of Work of it. Indeed, you take too much upon you, for an Action which many Slaves have done, with as much Courage as ever you did.

DIALOGUE XL.

Cæſar, Alexander.

The Character of a Tyrant, and of a Prince, who endow'd by Nature with excellent Qualities, gives himſelf up to his Pride and Paſſions; they are both Scourges to Mankind, but the one is to be pitied, the other abhorred.

Alex. WHO is this new-come *Roman*, ſo cover'd with Wounds? *Cæſar* is it? I was told, great *Roman*, that you were going to conquer the *Parthians*, and ſubdue all the *Eaſt*; how comes it about that you are here?

C. My Friends aſſaſſinated me in the Senate-houſe.

A. Why did you become their Tyrant, who were only born a Citizen?

C. This Language ſuits you well, who conquer'd *Aſia*, and enſlav'd all *Greece*.

A. Yes, but the *Greeks* were Strangers to me, and Enemies to *Macedon*; I did not enſlave my own Country, as you did: on the other hand, I gave immortal Honour to the *Macedonians*, with the Empire of the *Eaſt*.

C. You conquer'd effeminate Men, and became as effeminate as they were. You depriv'd the *Perſians* of Riches, and the Riches of the *Perſians* ſubdu'd you, by corrupting you. Have you brought that tow'ring Pride with you here, which made you fancy your ſelf a God?

A. I confeſs my Errors and my Faults; but dare you upbraid me with Effeminacy? Do we not know how infamouſly you lived in *Bythinia*, how corrupted at *Rome*, where you ſhamefully caball'd for every Honour you obtain'd? Had you liv'd without being diſhoneſt, you would have been but a private Citizen; but then you would have ſtill been alive.

C. The Poiſon given at *Babylon*, has had the ſame effect on you, as the Sword at *Rome* on me.

A. 'Twas criminal in my Generals to poiſon me, but thoſe who ſtabb'd you, are become the Deliverers of their Country; ſo that our Deaths are very different, and ſo are our Youths, in a far greater

greater Degree; mine was chaſte, noble and ingenuous, yours without Honeſty or Modeſty.

C. You ſhew the ſame paſſionate Pride now, as when alive.

A. I have been ſway'd by my Pride, I muſt confeſs, and your Conduct has been more regular than mine; but you never were benign and open, as I was. You ſhould have been an honeſt Man, before you aim'd at being a great Man; I have often been weak and vain, but I was ſtill more juſt to my Country than you were.

C. You make a great noiſe about Juſtice, without ever having practis'd it. For my part, I think that the ableſt Man ought to make himſelf the Maſter of the Commonwealth, that he may govern it wiſely.

A. I was too poſitively perſuaded of this, as well as you; *Minos*, *Rhadamanthus* and *Æacus*, have ſeverely reprimanded me for it, and cenſur'd my Conqueſts; yet in the midſt of my Follies, I never had a thought of violating Juſtice, which you have ſuffer'd for doing.

C. The *Romans*, by killing me, have loſt very much; I had form'd ſome Projects for the making 'em happy.

A. The beſt Project would have been to follow the Example of *Sylla*, who ha-

ving been the Tyrant of his Country, made her free again; you would have finiſh'd your Days peaceably as he did: but I ſee you don't believe me, I'll go and expect you at the Judgment-Seat, where you muſt be try'd by the three Judges.

DIALOGUE XLI.

Pompey, Cæſar.

Nothing is more fatal to a free State, than the Corruption of their Women, and the Prodigality of thoſe who aim at Tyrannic Power.

Pom. I Ruin my ſelf by my Expences, in order to pleaſe the *Romans*, and I can ſcare compaſs it. At five and twenty Years of Age I had triumph'd. I overcame *Sertorius* and *Mithridates*. I am always making large Preſents. I give the People publick Shews, and by my Benefactions have acquir'd an innumerable Company of Clients, and yet can I not appeaſe the Envious. *Cato* refuſes my Alliance, and a thouſand others thwart my Deſigns. What do you think of this Matter, my good Father-in-law?

C. I think you take but bad Meaſures for governing the Commonwealth.

P. How do you mean? can better be taken, than by large Donations to private Men, to acquire their Votes, and by Gladiators, Combats of wild Beaſts, and Meaſures of Corn and Wine, to gain the favour of the People? In ſhort, to have many Clients zealous for the Shews which I give? Could *Marius*, *Cinna*, *Fimbria*, *Sylla*, or the reſt of 'em take better Meaſures?

C. By this you'll never hit your Aim; *Catiline* underſtood his Buſineſs much better than any of theſe.

P. Catiline! do you talk ſeriouſly?

C. Never more, I'll aſſure you.

P. And what is this mighty Secret, pray now, for appeaſing Envy, diſpelling Suſpicions, and charming the *Patricians* and *Plebeians*?

C. Would you know? do as I do, I adviſe you nothing but what I practiſe my ſelf.

P. You would have me flatter the People by an appearance of Juſtice and Liberty, pretend to be a zealous Tribune, a very *Gracchus*.

C. This is ſomething, but not all; there is a more ſure way left.

P. Is it Magick, Invocations of the *Genii*, or Knowledge of the Stars?

C. Old Woman's Tales, all theſe you Name.

P. You have then ſome Commerce with the Gods, as *Numa*, *Scipio*, and others had.

C. All theſe are worn-out Artifices.

P. Pray now tell me, and keep me no longer in doubt.

C. Theſe are the two fundamental Points of my Doctrine; Debauch all the Women you can, to be let into the greateſt Secrets of their Families; and ſecondly, ſpend profuſely, and run in every body's Debt: then 'tis every Creditor's Intereſt to have you make your Fortune, that you may be able to pay 'em. They give you their own Votes, and leave nothing untry'd, to get thoſe of their Friends. The more Creditors you have, the ſtronger your Party. To make my ſelf Maſter of *Rome*, I get in every body's Debt. The nearer I am to ruin, the more powerful I grow. Let us but ſpend profuſely, and Riches like a Torrent will break in upon us.

DIALOGUE XLII.

Cicero, Auguſtus.

When we ſerve an ungrateful Man, we work our own Ruin.

Aug. SAVE you, great Orator, I am heartily glad to ſee you again; I have not forgotten the many Obligations you laid upon me.

C. O! you can remember 'em here, but could not in the other World!

A. After your Death, I found one of my Grand-Children reading your Works; he was ſurpriz'd, and fear'd that I would chide him: but far from it, I took up your Book, and ſaid, he was a great Man, and a Lover of his Country; you ſee I could ſpeak well of you, even in my Life-time.

C. A fine Reward truly, for my trouble of educating you! when you were young, you made uſe of my Counſels, my Friends, and my Intereſt.

A. You gave 'em me, not ſo much for my ſake, as to balance the Authority of *Anthony*, whoſe Tyranny you fear'd.

C. True, I was not ſo much afraid of a Child, as of that powerful and violent Man; but I was deceiv'd, you were the more dangerous of the two: however, I made your Fortune; what did I not ſay to the Senate, in your Behalf, whilſt you were at the Siege of *Modena*, where the two victorious Conſuls *Hirtius* and *Panſa* periſh'd? By their Victories you had the Command of the Army given you. By my *Philippicks*, I prejudic'd the Commonwealth againſt *Anthony*. Inſtead of fighting for thoſe who had ſupply'd you with Arms, you baſely made a League with *Anthony*, and that worſt of Men, *Lepidus*, to enſlave *Rome*. When the horrid Triumvirate was form'd, each one ſtickled a while for his Friend; but every Man made himſelf criminal, that his Companion might be ſo too. *Anthony* was oblig'd to give up his own Uncle *L. Cæſar* to you, that he might obtain my Life, which you baſely yielded to.

A. I could not deny that Man any thing, whoſe Aſſiſtance I ſtood in need of, to make my ſelf Maſter of the whole World; ſuch a Temptation makes the Fault excuſable.

C. Such foul Ingratitude can never be excus'd; had it not been for me, you never would have had any ſhare in the publick Adminiſtration. I heartily regret

gret the Praiſes I beſtow'd upon you; you were a falſe Friend, and became a cruel Tyrant.

A. By this load of Injuries, I fancy you are going to make *Philippicks* againſt me, more vehement than thoſe againſt *Anthony*.

C. No, I left my Eloquence on the other Side the *Styx*; but Poſterity will know, that I made you what you are, and you ſacrific'd me to gratify the Paſſion of *Anthony*: but what vexes me the more, is, that you have not only render'd your ſelf odious, but me contemptible. They'll ſay that I have been bubbled by a young Man, who made uſe of me as a Tool for attaining his own ambitious Ends. Serve an ungrateful Man, and you will reap nothing but Shame, Grief and Confuſion.

DIALOGUE XLIII.

Sertorius, Mercury.

Fables and Illuſions will prevail more with the credulous Vulgar, than Truth and Virtue.

Mer. I Muſt make haſte back to *Olympus*, and I am ſorry for it, for I want ſadly to know how you ended your Life at laſt.

S. I'll tell you in two words: neither the old Woman, nor the Prentice, could conquer me; but the Traytor *Perpenna* ſlew me. Had it not been for him, I would have given my Enemies work enough.

M. Who do you call the old Woman and the Prentice?

S. Metellus and *Pompey*; the former was grown heavy, doubtful, and in ſhort, worn out with Age; by his Slowneſs he would loſe the moſt critical Opportunities. On the other hand, *Pompey* was without Experience, at the Head of ſome Barbarians, whom he had got together: I ſported with both theſe Captains and their Legions.

M. I

M. I don't wonder at that, they ſay you was a Magician, and had a Hind, that came to your Camp, to give you notice of all the Enemies Deſigns, and of all the Advantages you could take.

S. Whilſt I could make uſe of my Hind, I never diſcover'd the Secret; but now I may venture to tell the whole Truth on't.

M. Well; and pray now was there any Inchantment in it?

S. None at all; however, it was of greater Service to me than my Money, my Forces, or the defeated Remains of *Marius*'s Party againſt *Sylla*, whom I pick'd up in the Mountains of *Spain* and *Luſitania*: a ſeaſonable Illuſion will have a great Sway over a credulous People.

M. But was not the Illuſion a very groſs one?

S. It was, but not ſo groſs as the People for whom it was prepared.

M. And did theſe Barbarians believe all that you told of your Hind?

S. All, and as much more, if I would have told it 'em: Had I by my Spies, or or Out-ſcouts, diſcover'd the Enemy's March; 'twas the Hind that had whiſper'd it to me. Had I been beaten, the Hind told me that the Gods would ſoon raiſe my ſinking Party. The Hind ordered that the Inhabitants of the Country

ſhould

ſhould ſend me in all their Forces, leſt they ſhould be deſtroy'd by Plague and Famine Had my Hind been loſt ſome days, and privately found again, I would hide her, and make ſome Preſage foretel the return of my Hind, then bring her into the Camp, where, to be ſure, ſhe brought ſome News from you *Olympians*. In ſhort, the Hind was the only one who cou'd repair our Misfortunes.

M. That Creature ſerved you better than you did us, for ſuch Impoſtures leſſen the Credit of, and prejudice our Myſteries; to be free with you, you were an impious Wretch.

S. Not more impious than *Numa* with his Nymph *Egeria*; than *Lycurgus* and *Solon* with their ſecret Commerce with the Gods; than *Socrates* with his familiar Spirit: and in ſhort, than *Scipio* with his myſterious way of going to the Capitol, to conſult *Jupiter*, who inſpir'd his warlike Enterprizes againſt *Carthage*. All theſe were Impoſtors as well as myſelf.

M. But they were ſuch only for the ſake of eſtabliſhing good Laws, or making their Country victorious.

S. And I for the ſake of defending myſelf againſt the Tyrant *Sylla*, who had oppreſs'd *Rome*, and ſent Citizens, diſguis'd like Slaves, to ſlay me.

M. And

M. And ſo you reckon the whole Commonwealth as *Sylla*'s Party; for you were the only *Roman* who oppoſed it: however, you deceived theſe poor Barbarians with religious Myſteries.

S. True, I did; but when we have to do with Fools, we muſt amuſe 'em with Follies, if we would gain our ends. Tell 'em ſolid Truths, they'll not believe you: Make uſe of Fables, flatter 'em, amuſe 'em, and the whole Country, great and ſmall, will run after you.

DIALOGUE XLIV.

Young *Pompey*, and *Menas* the Freeman.

The Character of a Man who does not love Virtue for its own ſake; and tho he is not wicked enough to make uſe of vitious Means, is not good enough to contemn 'em.

M. SHAL I ſtrike a glorious Blow?

P. As how? ſpeak quickly, what ails thee to look thus like a *Sybil* in her Cave, when ſhe is inſpired, and foams?

M. 'Tis with Joy. O happy Opportunity! was the Buſineſs mine, it ſhould already

already have been ended; but, in a word, ſhall I do it, ay or no?

P. Do what? How can I anſwer before I know what you ask? tell me your Meaning.

M. Do you ſee *Anthony* and *Octavius* at that Table in your Ship, who think of nothing but regaling themſelves?

P. See 'em! ay, doſt think me blind?

M. I hope you are not deaf neither; a fine Stroke might be ſtruck there.

P. Ha! wou'd you have me betray 'em? violate the Faith given my Enemies? The Son of the great *Pompey*, turn Villain? *Menas*, thou doſt not know me.

M. You don't comprehend me; you need not do it; my Hand is ſufficient for the Blow, do you be a great Man ſtill, and keep your word, *Menas* has promiſed nothing.

P. But you wou'd have me, in whom they confided, ſuffer you to do it, tho acquainted with it. Ah! *Menas*, *Menas*, why did you tell me of it? you ought to have done it without giving me any notice beforehand.

M. Why you ſhall know nothing of it now: I'll cut the Cables of the Anchors, and we'll put out to Sea; the two Tyrants of *Rome* are in your power. Let not a fooliſh Scruple hinder you from revenging your Father's Ghoſt upon the Heirs

of

of *Cæſar*, and ſetting *Rome* free. *Pompey* may ſtill keep his word, be generous, and cover'd with Glory; *Menas* alone ſhall commit the Crime, and the virtuous *Pompey* reap the Benefit of it.

P. But *Pompey* can't be acquainted with the Crime, and permit it without being equally guilty: Wretch, why did you tell me of it? Oh how I regret the loſs of what was in your power!

M. If you regret it, why will you not permit it? and if you cannot permit it, why ſhou'd you regret it? If the thing in itſelf be good, dare boldly do it; if it be evil, why do you wiſh it done, yet will not ſuffer me to do it? You contradict yourſelf; a Shadow of Virtue makes you apprehenſive, and me ſenſible of the truth of what I have often heard, that it muſt be a great Soul that dares commit great Crimes.

P. True, *Menas*, I am neither good enough to reject a Crime, nor wicked enough to dare commit it myſelf. I am placed between Virtue and Vice. 'Tis not true Honour, but a ſhameful Fear, that keeps me from it: I cannot authorize a Traytor, or glory in the Treaſon, tho it ſhou'd make me Maſter of the whole Univerſe.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XLV.

Caligula, Nero.

The Dangers of Deſpotick Power in a Monarch who has but a weak Head-piece.

C. I Am glad to ſee you; they wanted to make me jealous of you here, by aſſuring me, that in the Greatneſs of your Actions you excelled me, but I believe nothing of the matter.

N. A fine Compariſon indeed! I ſported with all Mankind, and made 'em ſee things they never had ſeen. I deſtroy'd my Wife, my Mother, my Governour, and my Tutor, and ſet my Country in flames. Theſe are the Actions of an Heroick Courage, that ſoars above Human Weakneſs: the Vulgar calls this Cruelty, I call it an entire Contempt of all Nature, and Greatneſs of Soul.

C. A pretty hectoring Blade! But did you like me ſtifle your dying Father? did you like me careſſing your Wife, ſay, Pretty little Head, that I'll have cut off whenever I pleaſe.

N. This was nothing; but what I advance is ſolid: hold, I had forgot one of

of the fineſt Actions of my Life, my putting my Brother *Britannicus* to death.

C. This is ſomething, I confeſs: doubtleſs you did it in imitation of the great Founder of *Rome*, who, for the Publick Good, ſhed his own Brother's Blood; but you were nothing but a Muſician.

N. You had higher Pretenſions, you wanted to be a God, and to ſacrifice all thoſe who ſhould doubt it.

C. Why not? Could the Lives of Men be better employed than in being ſacrificed to my Deity? They were ſo many Victims ſlain on my Altars.

N. I never gave into any of theſe Viſions, but I was the greateſt Muſician, and the moſt perfect Comedian of the Empire; I was a good Poet too.

C. At leaſt you believed ſo, tho others did not; every body laugh'd at your Verſes, and your Voice.

N. They did not laugh at them unpuniſh'd; *Lucan* repented his having endeavour'd to excell me.

C. A fine Honour for a *Roman* Emperor, to mount the Stage like a Buffoon, to grow jealous of the Poets, and make himſelf the publick Laughing-Stock!

N. 'Twas my Voyage into *Greece* that fired me thus for the Stage, and all other Repreſentations.

C. You

C. You ſhou'd have ſtaid in *Greece* then, to have earn'd your Living like an Actor, and left another to poſſeſs the Empire of *Rome*, who wou'd have maintained himſelf in it with more Majeſty.

N. Had I not my gilt Houſe that was larger than the largeſt Cities? I knew how to be ſumptuous and magnificent.

C. Had this Houſe been finiſh'd, the *Romans* muſt have went and lived out of *Rome*. The Houſe was made proportionable to the Coloſſus that repreſented you, and not to you who were no bigger than another Man.

N. But I endeavoured to appear great.

C. Rather gigantick and monſtrous; but all theſe fine Projects were deſtroy'd by *Vindex*.

N. And yours by *Chereas*, as you were going to the Theatre.

C. To ſpeak the truth, both our Ends were unhappy, and we were cut off in the Flower of Youth.

N. And few there were who wou'd make Verſes in praiſe of us, and wiſh us long Lives. He who always fancies himſelf in Danger, lives in Miſery.

C. You ſpeak as if you wou'd change your manner of Living, cou'd you return upon Earth.

N. No; I never could moderate myſelf: You know as well as I do, how dan-

dangerous it is for a weak Head to have every thing in its power; an unlimited Authority makes us grow giddy, and a Man, who, in a mean Station, wou'd have been prudent, runs mad when he ſees himſelf Maſter of the whole World.

C. 'Twou'd be a pretty piece of Folly however, was it attended by no ill Conſequence; but Conſpiracies, Troubles, Remorſes, and Cares, come crowding in: beſides, the Comedy is ſhort, and often concludes with a tragick Cataſtrophe. We muſt now give an Account to theſe three ſevere old Men, who are not to be trifled with, but will puniſh thoſe as the worſt of Villains, who ſet up for Gods on Earth. I ſee *Domitian*, *Commodus*, *Caracalla*, and *Heliogabalis*, laden with Chains, coming this way, whoſe Fate will prove as unhappy as ours.

DIALOGUE XLVI.

Antonius Pius, Marcus Aurelius.

We muſt love our Country better than our own Family.

M. I Stand in need of your Comfort, my dear Father, I never thought that I ſhou'd have felt ſo lively a Grief, having been educated in the *Stoick* Opinions, and being deſcended to theſe peaceful Manſions.

A. Alas, my Son, whence all this Grief? thoſe Tears but ill become a *Stoick*; what is the Matter?

M. I juſt now ſaw my Son *Commodus*; he has diſhonour'd my Name, ſo cheriſh'd and reſpected by the People; an infamous Woman has had him ſacrificed by way of Prevention, becauſe her Name was in a Liſt of thoſe whom he was to put to death.

A. I know that he has led an infamous Life; but wherefore did you neglect his Education? You yourſelf caus'd his Misfortunes, and he has more reaſon to complain of your Negligence, than you of his Diſorder.

M. I

M. I was ſo taken up with the Affairs of the Empire, and foreign Wars, that I had ſcarce time to think of my Child, yet did I take ſome care of him. Alas, had I been a private Man, I ſhou'd have inſtructed him myſelf, and made him honeſt; but I left him too much Power, to leave him fraught with Virtue and Moderation.

A. If you were ſenſible that Power would ruin him, you ought never to have made him Emperor, both for the ſake of the Empire, and of your Son, who in a meaner State might have done much better.

M. I never foreſaw his Corruption and Degeneracy.

A. You ought to have foreſeen it; but did not paternal Fondneſs blind you? In you I choſe a Stranger for my Succeſſor, without the leaſt regard to the Intereſt of my Family. Had you done the ſame thing, you would not have been thus grieved now; but your Son has diſhonour'd you, as much as you honour'd me. But, confeſs the truth, did you never ſee any thing unpromiſing in that young Man?

M. I did ſee ſome Faults in him, but hoped that he would mend.

A. And you reſolved to make the Experiment, tho the Empire ſuffer'd by it. Had you ſincerely lov'd your Country bet-

better than your Family, you wou'd not have hazarded the Publick Good for the ſake of maintaining the Grandeur of your Family.

M. To deal ingenuouſly with you, my Deſign was always to prefer the Empire to my Son; but the Love I bore him, hinder'd me from watching him as narrowly as I ſhou'd have done: I doubted and flatter'd myſelf, till my Hopes prevailed over my Fears.

A. How unhappy it is, that the beſt of Men ſhould be imperfect, and that without deſigning it, they ſhou'd often do more Miſchief than can be repair'd?

M. He was well made, skill'd in all bodily Exerciſes, and ſurrounded by wiſe Counſellors, in whom I had confided, and who were able to moderate his Youth: true, he was by nature inconſtant, paſſionate, and addicted to Pleaſure.

A. Did you know no Man in *Rome* more worthy of the Empire of the World?

M. I knew ſeveral, but thought that I might prefer my Son, provided he was qualified for it.

A. What then did you mean by that heroick Language, when writing to *Fauſtina*, you ſaid, that if *Aridus Caſſius*, was more worthy of the Empire than you, and your Family, you muſt ſuffer him to prevail, and let your Family periſh? Why did

did not you follow thoſe Maxims, when the Choice of a Succeſſor was in queſtion? Ought you not for the ſake of your Country, to have preferr'd the worthieſt?

M. I confeſs my fault; but the Wife you had given me with the Empire, and whoſe Diſorders, in complaiſance to you, I ſuffer'd, never permitted me to follow the Purity of my Maxims. When you gave me this Wife with the Empire, you committed two Faults, for you made me two Preſents, of which the one hinder'd me from making a good uſe of the other. I am loth to excuſe myſelf, by blaming you, but you force me to it. Were you not as blind towards your Daughter, as I towards my Son?

A. Tho I upbraid you with yours, I do not diſown my fault; but I gave you a Wife without Authority, who had nothing but the Name of Empreſs: when ſhe behaved herſelf ill, you might, and ought to have been divorced according to Law; at leaſt, you ought to have been above liſtning to ſuch a Woman: beſides, ſhe was dead when you left the Empire to your Son; you was ſenſible of his Violence and Inconſtancy; he thought of nothing but giving Publick Shews, ſhooting Arrows, piercing Wild Beaſts, and making himſelf as ſavage as they are, becoming a Gladiator, going without Clothes, and cove-

covering himſelf with a Lion's Skin, as *Hercules* did: In ſhort, nothing but plunging himſelf into the moſt horrid Vices, and indulging his Suſpicions and monſtrous Cruelty. O my Son, go not about to excuſe yourſelf; 'twas impoſſible that ſo ſenſeleſs, and ſo wicked a Man, ſhou'd have deceived one of your Underſtanding, had not your Fondneſs prevail'd over your Prudence and Virtue.

DIALOGUE XLVII.

Horace, Virgil.

The Characters of theſe two Poets.

V. HOW happy and ſedate we live upon the flowry Banks of this ſilver Stream, ſo near this odoriferous Grove!

H. Take care, or you'll make an Eclogue preſently, a Work unfit for a Shade; behold *Homer*, *Heſiod*, and *Theocritus* crown'd with Laurel; they hear their Verſes ſung, but compoſe no more.

V. With Joy I hear that yours are ſtill the delight of learned Men, tho many Ages are paſt ſince they were written: you was not miſtaken when in your Odes you ſaid you could never entirely die.

H. 'Time

H. Time indeed has not defac'd my Works, but I muſt love you as tenderly as I do, to be free from Jealouſy, on your account; you are plac'd immediately after *Homer*.

V. Our Muſes ought not to be jealous of one another, they are ſo very different in their Kinds. Your great Beauty is your Variety, your Odes are ſometimes ſoft and tender, often rapid and ſublime. Your Satyrs are plain, ſhort, ingenuous and full of Salt. We find in 'em a true Knowledge of Mankind, a ſerious Philoſophy, a pleaſing Turn, which, as they inſtruct, and redreſs the Morals of Mankind, at the ſame time divert 'em. Your Art of Poetry ſhews, that you had all the extent of acquir'd Knowledge, all the Strength of Genius, neceſſary for the greateſt Works, the Epick Poem, or the Tragick Drama.

H. And can you talk thus, who in your Eclogues have made uſe of the natural Tenderneſs of *Theocritus?* Your *Georgicks* are full of the moſt lively Deſcriptions. You enrich and beautify all Nature; and in ſhort, the Order, Strength, Magnificence and Sublimity of *Homer*, appear in every Line of your Æneids.

V. But I follow'd him Step by Step.

H. You did not follow him in your fourth Book, when you ſing the Loves of

Dido; this whole Book is an Original, nor can it be deny'd, but that *Æneas*'s Deſcent into Hell, is far more beautiful than the Evocation of Souls in the *Odyſſee*.

V. My laſt Books are incorrect, I did not think of leaving 'em ſo imperfect; you know I order'd that they ſhould be burnt.

H. What pity 'twould have been! this was an exceſs of Modeſty. But we plainly ſee, that the Author of the *Georgicks* could have finiſh'd the *Æneids* as carefully. I don't look upon this laſt Correction, ſo much as upon the tow'ring Genius, the Conduct of the whole Work, and the Strength and Boldneſs of the Strokes. To deal ingenuouſly with you, if any thing hinders you from equalling *Homer*, 'tis your being more polite, and more correct; but not ſo plain and ſublime as he is: for at once he lays Nature open before your Eyes.

V. I own that ſometimes I have wander'd a little from Nature, to ſuit my ſelf to the Taſte of a magnificent, nice, and polite People. *Homer* ſeems often to have forgot the Reader, when he is deſcribing Nature in her Simplicity; in this I yield to him.

H. You are ſtill the ſame modeſt *Virgil*, who was ſo backward in introducing himſelf

ſelf in the Court of *Auguſtus*. I have told you freely what I think of your Works; be as free with me, and ſhew me the Faults of mine. Do you think me incapable of acknowledging 'em?

V. There are, I think, ſome Verſes in your Odes that might be omitted, without prejudice to the Subject, and which are ſomething foreign to the Purpoſe: I am ſenſible that Extaſy becomes an Ode, but it is not to introduce ſuperfluous Things. In ſome ſublime Verſes you ſhall alſo find Words wanting, either to make the Lines more harmonious, or to expreſs the Simplicity of the Paſſions; never was Man more happy in his Turns, or in Words to expreſs his Meaning, with more Brevity and Politeneſs; the Words whilſt you uſe 'em, become new, but all is not equally ſmooth, there are ſome things I ſhould fancy too forc'd.

H. No wonder that you ſhould criticize upon their Harmony, ſeeing that your own Verſes are ſo ſoft and ſmooth, that they force Tears from the Eyes.

V. The Harmony of an Ode ſhould be very different from the other, and more various than mine; and this you ſhew'd, that you was ſenſible of.

H. However, I have compoſed but little trifling Pieces. I have cenſur'd Faults, and given Rules for the avoiding 'em,

but I never wrote any thing like your heroick Poem.

V. I think, dear *Horace*, that we have been beſtowing Praiſes upon one another a little too long; prithee let us have done.

DIA-

DIALOGUES OF THE Modern DEAD.

DIALOGUE I.

Leger and *Ebroim.*

A plain and ſolitary Life, has no Charms for an ambitious Mind.

Ebr. THE greateſt Comfort to me, in my Misfortunes, is, to find you in this Solitude.

L. And I am ſorry to find you in it; for when 'tis againſt our will, that we are obliged to ſeek a Solitude, it will be of no profit to us.

E. But why ſhould you deſpair of my Converſion? your Counſels and Examples may mend me; and ſeeing that you are ſo charitable, can you not beſtow ſome of your leiſure Hours upon me?

L. I am ſent hither that I may meddle with no Buſineſs, and I find it work enough to correct my ſelf.

E. Have you, in entering this Solitude, renounced all Charity?

L. By no means, I'll pray for you.

E. So, I ſee you abandon me as a Man unworthy of your Inſtructions, but you wrong me. I own I came hither againſt my Will, but am now contented to lead this ſolitary Life. This Deſart is the moſt beautiful I ever ſaw: do you not admire theſe Rivulets, falling from the Mountains; theſe craggy Rocks, partly cover'd with Moſs; theſe Trees, which appear as ancient as their Baſis, old Earth it ſelf? Nature has ſomething frightful and ſavage here, but at the ſame time melancholy and pleaſing.

L. The ambitious Mind, which is ſtill in love with the Vanities of the World, has but little reliſh for theſe things: the Soul muſt be in an innocent and peaceful State, before it can be ſenſible of theſe rural Beauties.

E. But

E. But I was weary of the World, and its Toils, when I was ſent hither.

L. And yet you was ſent hither by force.

E. I ſhould not have had the Courage to leave the World, but yet was out of conceit with it.

L. As out of conceit as you were, you would return to it with Joy, and want only to find the means of doing it; I know you well, then prithee don't diſſemble, but deal ingenuouſly with me.

E. And ſhould we, holy Prelate, be again at the Helm of Affairs, we ſhould do an infinite deal of Good. We would ſtand by one another to protect the Virtuous, and we might eaſily bear down all that ſhould oppoſe us.

L. You may truſt your ſelf, as far as you pleaſe, upon the Knowledge of your paſt Experience, and flatter your Paſſions; as for me, who have been here longer than you, I have had more leiſure to ſtudy my ſelf, and to miſtruſt both my ſelf and the whole World; that ungrateful World, which has once deceiv'd me, but never ſhall deceive me more. I have endeavour'd to do it good, and in return it has done me a great deal of Miſchief. I have try'd to aſſiſt a Queen, whoſe Intentions were good, and ſhe has been diſgraced, and forc'd to retire. By

endeavouring to impriſon me, they have ſet me free; I am happy now, for I have nothing to do but to die peaceably in this Deſart.

E. But remember that if we are reconciled to one another, we may again be abſolute Maſters.

L. Of what? the Seas and Winds? no, I have been ſhipwreck'd once, and will never embark more. Do you go and ſeek your Fortune, torment your ſelf, be unhappy in this Life, and be cut off in the Flower of your Youth; to be talk'd of, and to trouble this World, be damn'd in the next: you deſerve it, ſince you know not when you are well.

E. But is it true, that Ambition is quite extinguiſh'd in your Heart?

L. Will you believe me, if I tell you ſo?

E. I really don't know whether I ſhould, for ———

L. Well, I'll not tell you ſo then, and I ſee 'tis in vain to ſpeak to you; neither the Toils of Proſperity, nor the Rigours of adverſe Fortune, have been able to mend you: Go, return to Court, be at the Helm of Affairs again, and make both the World and your ſelf unhappy.

DIA-

DIALOGUE II.

The Prince of Wales, *and* Richard *his Son.*

The Character of a weak Prince.

Pr. ALAS! my dear Son, I am ſorry to ſee you ſo ſoon again; I was in hopes that your Reign would be long and happy. What is it that has haſten'd your Death? have you been guilty of the ſame Fault that I was, and ruin'd your Health, by the Fatigues you underwent in the War againſt *France.*

R. No, Father, no, I always enjoy'd my Health, other Misfortunes brought me to my Grave.

P. Has ſome Traytor imbru'd his Hands in your Blood? If ſo, *England* that has not yet forgot me, will revenge your Death.

R. Alas! my Father, all *England* has join'd together to diſhonour, degrade, and deſtroy me.

P. Heavens! who would have believ'd it? whom can we henceforth truſt? but did you do nothing to deſerve their Ha-

tred? confeſs the Truth to your Father.

R. My Father! they deny'd it, and ſaid I was the Son of a Canon of *Bourdeaux*.

P. This is what no body can anſwer for; however, your Mother's Conduct could never inſpire ſuch a Thought: but was it not yours that made 'em ſay ſo?

R. They ſaid that I pray'd like a Canon; that I could not preſerve my Authority over the People, nor exerciſe Juſtice, nor wage War.

P. And is this true? Oh! my Son! it had been far better for you to have led a Monk's Life at *Weſtminſter*, than to have been plac'd ſo contemptibly on the Throne!

R. My Intentions were good, I have given good Examples, and have often acted with a great deal of Vigour: as for inſtance, I had my Uncle, the Duke of *Glouceſter*, taken up and executed, for rallying the Malecontents, with a deſign to dethrone me, had I not prevented him.

P. This was a bold Stroke, and probably a neceſſary one; for I knew my Brother to be crafty, diſſembling, enterprizing, an Enemy to lawful Power, and a fit Man for rallying a dangerous Cabal.

But

But had not you my Son given 'em a Handle againſt you? was the Blow well weigh'd before you gave it? did not you droop after it?

R. The Duke of *Glouceſter* accus'd me of being too zealous for the *French*, the ſworn Enemies of our Nation. My Marriage with the Daughter of *Charles* VI. of *France*, alienated the Hearts of the *Engliſh* from me.

P. And did you make your ſelf ſuſpected by your Subjects, for an Alliance with their inveterate Enemies? what did they give you for this Marriage? Did you join *Poictou* and *Touraine* to *Guienne*, and thus unite our Dominions in *France*, as far as *Normandy*?

R. No, but I thought it was neceſſary to have a foreign Ally, able to take my part againſt the factious *Engliſh*.

P. Unhappy Wretch! Diſhonour of the royal Family! you courted the Aſſiſtance of thoſe Enemies whoſe Intereſt it was to leſſen your Power; you endeavour'd to eſtabliſh your ſelf on the Throne, by taking Meaſures contrary to the Intereſt of your Nation. Not ſatisfy'd with the Love of your Subjects, you wanted to be fear'd by 'em, by making Alliances with their Enemies to oppreſs 'em. Alas! what are become of thoſe happy Days, when I put the King of

France

France to flight in the Plains of *Creſſy*, fatned with the Gore of 30000 *French*, and where I took another King of that Nation, at the very Gates of *Poictiers?* How are thoſe Times changed! well might they take you for a Canon's Son; but who dethron'd you at laſt?

R. The Earl of *Derby.*

P. By what means? did he gather an Army together? did he overthrow you in Battle?

R. No, a Quarrel with the General had forc'd him to fly into *France*, there the Archbiſhop of *Canterbury* went privately to him, and invited him to enter into a Conſpiracy; he paſs'd through *Britany*, arriv'd in *London*, whilſt I was abſent, and found the People ready to revolt: the greateſt part of the Rebels took up Arms, their Number amounted to 60000, I was forſaken by every body, and forced to fly to a Caſtle, where the Earl came to me, and was impudent enough to enter it almoſt alone; I could eaſily have kill'd him there.

P. Wretch! that thou art! why didſt not do it?

R. The People that were every where up in Arms, would have ſacrific'd me.

P. And had it not been much better to die like a valiant Man?

R. Beſides

R. Beſides this, an ill Omen diſcourag'd me.

P. What was it?

R. My Bitch, that never us'd to careſs any body, went immediately and fawn'd upon the Earl; I was ſenſible of the Meaning of this, and even told the Earl my Thoughts of the Matter.

P. Prodigious Folly! and thus a Bitch decided thy Authority, Life and Honour, and even the Fate of all *England*: but what did you do then?

R. I begg'd the Earl to protect me from the Fury of the incens'd People.

P. To compleat your Infamy, nothing was wanting but your begging your Life of the Uſurper: however, did he give it you?

R. Yes, at firſt, and ſhut me up in the Tower, where I might have liv'd peaceably enough, had not my Friends done me more Miſchief than my Enemies; they endeavour'd to rally again, in order to deliver me out of Priſon, and to dethrone the Uſurper, who tho' he had always been unwilling to be guilty of my Death, was now forc'd to get rid of me.

P. Here is a compleat Misfortune; my Son was weak and inconſtant, his want of Virtue makes him contemptible, he enters into an Alliance with his Enemies, and

and his Subjects revolt; he cannot foreſee the gathering Storm, but as ſoon as he is attack'd is diſcourag'd: he loſes the opportunity of deſtroying the Uſurper, but, like a Coward, begs his Life, yet does not obtain it. O Heavens! how do you mock the Glory of Princes, and the Proſperity of States! Is this the Grandſon of *Edward*, who overcame *Philip*, and ravaged his Kingdoms? Is this the Son of him who took King *John*, and made *France* and *Spain* tremble?

DIALOGUE III.

Charles VII. *John* Duke of *Burgundy*.

Cruelty and Treachery, far from leſſening Dangers, increaſe 'em.

B. NOW, that our Courſe is finiſhed, and we no longer have any Intereſt amongſt the Living, let us reaſon a little calmly: Wherefore was I aſſaſſinated by your Orders? muſt a Dauphin be guilty of ſo heinous a Treachery to his own Blood, to his Couſin, who——

C. Who wou'd have turned every thing topſy-turvy, and had almoſt ruin'd *France*.

You

You wanted to govern me as you had govern'd the two Dauphins, my Brothers, before me.

B. But to have me aſſaſſinated, 'twas infamous.

C. To aſſaſſinate was the ſafeſt way.

B. And that in a place to which you had drawn me by the moſt ſolemn Promiſes. I enter'd the Barrier with *Noailles*, (methinks I ſtill am there) when that Traytor *Taniguy du Chaſtel* inhumanly murder'd us both.

C. You may declaim, as long as you pleaſe, Couſin, but I ſtill ſtand to my firſt Maxim, When we have to do with a Man as violent and as reſtleſs as yourſelf, to aſſaſſinate is the ſafeſt way.

B. The ſafeſt! You don't think of what you ſay.

C. I do think of it, and ſay again, 'tis the ſafeſt way.

B. Yes, to fall into all thoſe Misfortunes into which you plunged yourſelf by my Death. You did yourſelf more Miſchief by having me murder'd, than I cou'd have done you had I lived.

C. I can't tell that; had you lived, I muſt have periſh'd with *France*.

B. Was it my Intereſt to ruin *France*? I wou'd have govern'd, not deſtroy'd it; and it had been much better for you to have ſuffer'd ſome things from my Jealouſy

louſy and Ambition. After all, I was one of your Blood, pretty nearly related to the Crown, and therefore 'twas my Intereſt to maintain its Grandeur. I never ſhou'd have enter'd into a League againſt *France* with the *Engliſh*, its greateſt Enemies: But your Treachery, and my Death, forced my Son, as loyal as he was, to an abſolute Neceſſity of revenging me, and joining himſelf to the *Engliſh*. The Fruit of your Treachery was an Alliance between the Houſe of *Burgundy*, the Queen your Mother, and the *Engliſh*, to overturn the *French* Monarchy; for Cruelty and Treachery, far from leſſening Dangers, will abundantly increaſe 'em; this your own Experience will teach you. My Death deliver'd you from one Enemy, but raiſed you many more formidable, and *France* was reduced to a Condition far more deplorable than before. Your Towns were plunder'd, your Provinces burnt, and your Fields ravaged; nor could you be delivered from this Load of Woes into which my horrid Murder had plung'd you, but by Miracles: then come and tell me again, with ſuch a poſitive Air, that to aſſaſſinate is the ſafeſt way.

C. I muſt confeſs that your Arguments confound me; you are grown very ſubtle and politick ſince your coming hither, but

I muſt have recourſe to Fact: If to aſſaſſinate been't ſafe, why had you my Uncle, the Duke of *Orleans*, murder'd? you was not ſo great a Philoſopher then, I ſuppoſe, but thought as I do.

B. Indeed I did; but however, by the Succeſs of that you may ſee 'tis not ſafe; had I let the Duke of *Orleans* live, you never wou'd have meditated my Death: but he who begins upon ſuch things, ought to foreſee where they will end; from the very Hour he undertakes any thing againſt the Life of another, his own is in danger.

C. Well, Couſin, I ſee we are both in the wrong; I was not indeed aſſaſſinated in my Turn, but involved myſelf in ſtrange Perplexities by your Death.

DIALOGUE IV.

Lewis XI. Cardinal *Beſſarion.*

A Scholar is not fit to be at the Helm of Affairs, and yet much fitter than a great Wit, who is an Enemy to Juſtice and Honeſty.

L. CArdinal, a good Morning to you! I'll receive you with more Civility to-day, than when you came in the Pope's Name to ſee me. The adjuſting of Ceremonials will cauſe no breach between us now, the Shades are all here incognito, and without diſtinction.

B. I have not yet forgot the Injuſtice you did me, when at the very beginning of my Speech, you took me by the Beard.

L. That *Grecian* Beard ſurprized me; beſides, I was willing to cut the Speech ſhort, which otherwiſe would have been long and tedious.

B. Why ſo? it was a very fine one, I can aſſure you, and compoſed upon the Model of *Iſocrates*, *Lycias*, *Hyperides*, and *Pericles*.

L. Thoſe

L. Thoſe are Gentlemen I am not acquainted with; but you had been and paid a Viſit to the Duke of *Burgundy*, my Vaſſal, before you came to me: you had better have ſpent leſs time in reading the Authors of other Ages, and more in ſtudying the Cuſtoms of the preſent; you behaved yourſelf like a Pedant, who knows nothing at all of the World.

B. And yet I had fully ſtudied the Laws of *Draco*, *Solon*, and *Lycurgus*, with thoſe of *Plato*'s Republick; all the Remains of the ancient Orators who have govern'd any People; and in ſhort, the beſt Commentators and Schoolmen, who have treated of the Polity of a Republick.

L. I never read any of theſe, but I know that a Cardinal, ſent by the Pope, to reſtore the Duke of *Burgundy* to my Favour, ought not to have viſited him, before he came to ſee me.

B. I thought I might have follow'd the *Hyſteron Proteron* of the *Greeks*; and I knew that Philoſophy taught us that *the firſt thing in Intention, is the laſt in Execution.*

L. Let us leave your Philoſophy, and come to Fact.

B. I ſee in you all the Barbarity of the *Romans*, in whoſe Minds, *Greece*, after the taking of *Conſtantinople*, in vain endeavour'd

to

to implant Learning, and root out Ignorance.

L. Wiſdom conſiſts in good Senſe, not in *Greek*; Reaſon is to be met with in all Languages; you ought to have obſerv'd more Order, and have placed the Lord before the Vaſſal: your *Grecians* were Fools, if they did not know what the greateſt Clowns know. But I can't forbear laughing when I reflect upon your way of negotiating Buſineſs. When I did not approve of any of your Maxims, you went to prove 'em by Paſſages of *Sophocles*, *Lycophron*, and *Pindar*. I never ſhould have remember'd their Names, had not they been quoted by you many and many a time. Did a Diſpute ariſe about any Place, you came in with a Verſe of *Menander* or *Callimachus*. I was for continuing my Alliance with the *Swiſſers* and the Duke of *Lorain*, and you would prove from *Plato* and *Gorgias*, that it was not my Intereſt ſo to do. I wanted to know whether the King of *England* would be for or againſt me, and you came up with the Example of *Epaminondas*: you quite eaſed me of the Grief I was under for not having ſtudied. I often ſaid within myſelf, Happy thoſe who are ignorant of what others ſay, and know what to ſay themſelves.

B. The Badneſs of your Taſte ſurprizes me, I thought you had ſtudied much;

I was told that your Father had given you a pretty good Preceptor, and that afterwards, at the Duke of *Burgundy*'s Court in *Flanders*, you took a great deal of delight in diſputing with Philoſophers every day.

L. I was very young when I left both the King my Father, and my Preceptor: I went to the Court of *Burgundy*, where Trouble and Diſquiet put me under a neceſſity of attending a few learned Men; but I was ſoon weary of 'em, they were pedantick and crazy like yourſelf; they had no notion of Buſineſs, were ignorant of the different Characters of Men, cou'd not diſſemble, hold their tongues, inſinuate themſelves, nor enter into the Paſſions of others; cou'd make no ſhift in time of danger, nor foreſee other Men's Deſigns; they were vain and indiſcreet Arguers, made up of Words, and unperſuaſive Subtleties, incapable of learning how to live, and to conſtrain themſelves: ſuch Animals are not to be borne with.

B. I own that Scholars are not over fit for Action, becauſe they love the Repoſe of the Muſes; nor can they diſſemble and conſtrain themſelves, becauſe they are above the groſs Paſſions of Mankind, and the Flatteries which Tyrants require.

L. Go you Pedant! briſtling with your *Greek*, you forget the Reſpect you owe me.

B. The

B. The Sage, according to the *Stoicks*, is more a King than ever you was with all your Dignity and Power; you never, like the wiſe Man, had the command of your Paſſions. Beſides this, you are nothing now but the Shadow of a King, and as a Shadow I am as good as yourſelf.

L. Do you ſee the Impudence of this old Pedant!

B. I wou'd rather be a Pedant, than a Knave, and the Tyrant of Mankind; I never put my Brother to death, or detain'd my Son in Priſon; I never acquired any Enemies by making uſe of Poiſon and Daggers, nor was my old Age hideous, like that of the Tyrants whom *Greece* ſo much deteſted: but we muſt excuſe you. Tho very ſubtle and lively, you had ſomething of a crazed Imagination; nor did you wholly degenerate from a Father who ſtarv'd himſelf, and from a Grandfather who was lock'd up for many Years: your Son too is a little crack-brain'd, and 'twill be happy for *France*, if, after his Death, the Crown devolves to another Branch.

L. I muſt own that my Head-piece was none of the beſt; I had weak and melancholy Viſions, with violent Paſſions, but at the ſame time I had Courage, Penetration, knew how to ſhift at any time, and was endow'd with Talents,

that

that enabled me to insinuate my self in the Minds of Men, and to encrease my Authority. I knew how to overlook an useless Pedant, and to discover any useful Quality in the meanest of my Subjects: Even when I languish'd in my last Sickness, I preserved Presence of Mind enough to endeavour at a Peace with *Maximilian*; and whilst he deferr'd concluding it, in expectation of my Death, by my Emissaries I made those of *Ghent* rise up against him, and forced him to make a Peace with me, by which he gave my Son his Daughter *Margaret* in Marriage, with three Provinces for her Dowry. This was a Master-piece in Politicks, just before my Death, at a time when I was thought mad. Go, you old Pedant, go seek your *Grecians*, who never had so much Policy in 'em; who can only read and write, but can neither act like, nor are fit to live with other Men.

B. And yet I love a Scholar who is fit for no kind of Business, and knows nothing but what he has read, far better than a disquiet, subtle, and enterprizing Mind, who is an Enemy to Justice and Humanity, and confounds all Mankind.

DIA-

DIALOGUE V.

Lewis XI. the Cardinal *de la Balue.*

A wicked Prince teaches his Subjects to be faithleſs and treacherous.

L. HOW dare you, you Wretch, appear before me, after having been ſuch a Traytor?

C. Where wou'd you have me go and hide myſelf? or am I not ſufficiently hid in this Throng of Ghoſts? We are all equal here.

L. This Language becomes thee well, who wert a Miller's Son.

C. To you a mean Extraction was meritorious; your Companion the Provoſt *Triſtan*, your Phyſician *Coctier*, and your Barber *Oliver*, were your Favourites and firſt Miniſters; and before my time, *Janfredy* had obtain'd the Purple by your Intereſt: my Family was as good as any of theirs, I think.

L. But none of them were ſuch horrid Traytors as you.

C. I can't tell that, for had they been honeſt, you never wou'd have uſed 'em well, or employ'd 'em. *L.* And

L. And wherefore do you believe that I did not make choice of them for their Merit?

C. Becauſe you always hated and ſuſpected Merit, Virtue frightned you, as you cou'd not uſe it; and you employ'd baſe and groveling Souls who wou'd enter into your Intrigues, your Knaveries, and your Cruelties. An honeſt Man, who abhorr'd Deceit and Evil, had not been fit for you, who thought of nothing but deceiving and hurting, that you might gratify your boundleſs Ambition. We are now in the Land of Truth, and to ſpeak freely, I have been diſhoneſt, but that was the very reaſon why you preferr'd me to other Men. Did not I ſerve you very dexterouſly in mocking the Nobles and the People? Did you ever meet a more ſupple Knave, and one fitter to act every part?

L. That's true; but tho you deceiv'd others in obedience to me, you ought not to have deceived me alſo; the Pope and you were agreed together upon perſuading me to aboliſh the *Pragmatick Sanction*, contrary to the true Intereſt of *France*.

C. Piſh! you never cared a-pin for *France*, nor its true Intereſt, but minded your own only; you wanted to make a penny of the Pope, and to ſell him your

Canons. I only ſerved you in your own way.

L. But 'twas you fill'd my head with theſe viſionary Projects, contrary to the Intereſt of my Crown, to which my own true Grandeur was join'd.

C. Not at all; I wou'd have had you ſold the dirty Scrowl dear enough to the Court of *Rome*: but ſuppoſe I had deceived you, what cou'd you ſay to it?

L. Say, Impudence! were we amongſt the Living, I would put you in your Cage again.

C. I had been there long enough; but if you grow angry, I'll hold my tongue: however, know that I do not dread the Fury of the Shadow of a King; or do you ſtill fancy yourſelf at *Pleſſis-lez-Tours*, with your Ruffians?

L. 'Tis well for you that I am not there; however, the Subject is new, and I am willing to hear it out: prove now, by ſolid Arguments, that you ought to have betray'd your Maſter.

C. The Paradox ſurprizes you, but I'll prove it. Muſt not a Miller's Son, who never had any Education but in a Court, follow thoſe Maxims which are there, by the common Conſent, allow'd to be the beſt and wiſeſt.

L. There's ſome ſhew of Reaſon in what you ſay.

C. But

C. But, without growing angry, anſwer me directly yes or no.

L. I cannot deny a thing that in itſelf ſeems ſo juſt, nor own it, leſt the Concluſions drawn from it ſhould confound me.

C. I ſee that I muſt take your Silence for Conſent, and ſo I proceed; the fundamental Maxim of all your Counſels, was to do every thing for your own Ends; you had no regard for the Princes of the Blood, nor for the Queen, who was detained a Captive at a diſtance from Court; nor for the Dauphin, who was educated in Ignorance, and in a Priſon; nor for the Kingdom itſelf, which you ruin'd by your cruel Politicks, and to whoſe Intereſts you always preferr'd a tyrannical Power; nor did you value your Favourites, or moſt faithful Miniſters, whom you employ'd in deceiving others. You never loved any of them, nor truſted them but in time of need; you endeavour'd to deceive them, as well as the reſt of the World, and would ſacrifice them upon the ſlighteſt Suſpicion; there was not a moment's Safety with you, you trifled with the Lives of Men, and loved no body, tho you wou'd have had every body love you. Treachery was your Intereſt, and how cou'd you expect to meet with true Friendſhip, or diſintereſted

Honeſty? Where cou'd we have learnt thoſe Virtues? Did you deſerve or hope to meet with them? Durſt any body practiſe them in your Court? Could any body have lived there a week together with an open and ſincere Heart? Was not one obliged to be a Villain to obtain your Favour? Whoever had a mind to preſerve Honour or Conſcience, muſt have got far out of your reach, on t'other ſide the Sun; for when a Man is a Villain to one, he is ſo to the whole World. Wou'd you have a Soul, whom you have corrupted and taught to be treacherous to the whole World, be faithful and honeſt to you alone? Cou'd you be fooliſh enough to expect any ſuch thing, or think they wou'd not behave themſelves towards you, as you towards them? Nay, had they been honeſt and ſincere to other Men, you wou'd have taught 'em to have become Villains to you. Who then cou'd have learnt any Principle with you, but that of Knavery? You wou'd have deſpiſed a Man that had any Intereſt at Heart but his own; I did not care to incur your Scorn, and rather choſe to deceive you, than to be accounted a Fool by you.

L. I own that your Argument confounds me; but wherefore did you enter into a League with the Duke of *Guienne*, my

my Brother, and my worſt of Enemies, the Duke of *Burgundy?*

C. Becauſe they were your moſt dangerous Enemies, and therefore I formed an Alliance with them, that I might be protected, in caſe you ſhou'd attempt my Death: I knew that you wou'd believe that I betray'd you, whether or no you had any grounds for your Belief; I therefore rather choſe to betray you for my own Safety, than to periſh upon the Suſpicion of it, without doing it. In ſhort, I follow'd your Maxims, made myſelf valued by both Parties, and got a Reward for my Services in a time of need, which you never wou'd have willingly given me, when you did not want me. This is what an ingrateful, miſtruſting, treacherous Prince, who loves no body but himſelf, muſt expect from his Miniſters.

L. And the Traytor that ſells his King, muſt meet with your Fate; the Dignity of Cardinal protects him from Death, but he is ſhut up in a Priſon for eleven Years, and ſtrip'd of all his ill-gotten Wealth.

C. My only fault was not deceiving you with Caution enough, but ſuffer my Letters to be intercepted. Had I the ſame Opportunity again, I wou'd again de-

ceive you as you deſerv'd, but ſo ſubtilely, that you never ſhou'd diſcover me.

DIALOGUE VI.

Lewis XI. *Philip de Comines.*

The Crimes and Weakneſs of a King can never be concealed.

L. THEY ſay that you have written the Hiſtory of my Life.

P. Yes, Sir, and ſpoke of you as a loyal Servant ſhould do.

L. But they tell me that you have mentioned ſeveral things which might have as well been omitted.

P. Probably I have, but take it in general, the Picture I drew of you was very much to your advantage: would you, inſtead of an Hiſtorian, have made me an eternal Flatterer?

L. You ſhou'd have ſpoken of me, as a Subject loaded with the Favours of his Maſter.

P. And ſo have been believed by no body: Gratitude is what we do not look for in an Hiſtorian; far from it, 'twou'd make us ſuſpect him.

L. Why

L. Why, are there People, who have ſuch an itching to writing? we ſhould not diſturb the Dead, or endeavour to blacken their Memories.

P. Yours was ſtrangely blacken'd, and I endeavour'd to ſoften the Impreſſions already made on the Minds of Men; I mentioned all your good Qualities, and endeavour'd to clear you of the odious Crimes you were accuſed of: What more cou'd I do?

L. Or hold your tongue, or clear me in every thing; they ſay you repreſented all my Grimaces, all my Diſtortions of Body, when I was talking alone; all my Intrigues with mean People; you have expoſed my Familiarity with my Provoſt, my Phyſician, my Barber, and my Taylor: they ſay too that you have not forgotten my Superſtition, even in my laſt days, my Eagerneſs in gathering Relicks together; my being rubb'd from head to foot with holy Oil, and going a Pilgrimaging, to which I always attributed my Cures. You have taken notice of our Lady of Lead, which I was always wont to kiſs, when I had form'd ſome bad Deſign; and the Croſs of St. *Lo*, by which I never durſt ſwear without keeping my Oath, for fear of dying within the Year; all this is very ridiculous Stuff.

P. But is not all this true?

L. What if it be, you need not have mentioned it.

P. You might then have left it undone.

L. But as it was done, you might have hid it.

P. When once done, it cou'd not be hid from Posterity.

L. What, cannot some certain things be concealed?

P. And do you think that the Actions of a powerful King can be concealed after Death, as his Intrigues are during his Life-time? My Silence would not have excused you, but wou'd have dishonoured me; be satisfied with this, I could have said much worse of you, and been believ'd, yet refused to do it.

L. And ought not History to respect the Memory of Kings?

P. Kings ought to respect History, and Posterity, whose Censure they never can escape. Those who wou'd not be spoke ill of, have but one Remedy left, to behave themselves well.

DIA-

DIALOGUE VII.

Lewis XI. *Charles* Duke of *Burgundy.*

Wicked Men, who have no Notion of Virtue, are miſtruſtful of, and deceive others, till they are deceived themſelves.

L. I AM ſorry, Couſin, for the Miſfortunes which happened to you.

C. You were the occaſion of them, by deceiving me.

L. 'Twas your Pride and Paſſions that deceived you; have you forgotten the notice I gave you of a Man's offering me to ſlay you?

C. I could not believe it, for I fancied, that had the thing been true, you would not have been honeſt enough to have given me notice of it, but took it for an Invention of yours to make me ſuſpect all thoſe who were about me; this Treachery was ſuitable to your Character, nor did I wrong you much by believing you guilty of it: Who wou'd not have been deceived in you, when you ſhew'd yourſelf good and ſincere.

L. I confeſs that 'twas not very ſafe to truſt to my Sincerity, and yet it had been better for you to confide in me, than in that Traytor *Campobache*, who ſold you for ſix thouſand Crowns.

C. Since Policy is out of ſeaſon in *Pluto*'s Dominions, I'll ſpeak freely to you; we were both wrong in our Maxims, and neither of us had any notion of Virtue: in this State we often ſuſpected and perſecuted juſt and honeſt Men, and then we were under a Neceſſity of delivering ourſelves up to the firſt Comer; and this firſt Comer is generally a Villain, who by his Flattery inſinuates himſelf. However, in the main my Temper was much better than yours; true, I was haſty and ſomething fierce, but I was not like you, cruel and deceitful. Do you remember the Conference, in which you acknowledged that I had all the Gentleman in me, and in which I made you of the ſame Opinion I had before made the Biſhop of *Narbonne*.

L. Flattery all; ſpoken with a deſign to amuſe you, and to take you off from the other Chiefs of this League, for the common Good; I was ſenſible that whilſt I praiſed you, I might bubble you.

DIALOGUE VIII.

Lewis XI. *Lewis* XII.

Generoſity and Honeſty are ſurer Maxims in Polity, than Cruelty and Cunning.

XI. IF I am not miſtaken, that's one of my Succeſſors; tho Shades loſe all their Majeſty, yet I fancy this to have been a King of *France*, he talks *French*, and the other Shades pay him a great deal of Reſpect: will you be ſo kind as to tell me who you are?

XII. The Duke of *Orleans*, afterward King, under the Name of *Lewis* XII.

XI How did you govern my Kingdom?

XII. By ways far different from yours, you were fear'd, I belov'd; you burdened, I eaſed the *French*, and preferr'd their Repoſe to the Glory of conquering my Enemies.

XI. You were very ignorant, I ſee, of the Art of reigning; I left my Succeſſors a boundleſs Authority, I broke the Leagues of Princes and Noblemen, I raiſed immenſe Sums of Money, and diſcovered the Secrets of others, yet always concealed my own. Subtlety, Haughtineſs,

neſs, and Severity, are the true Maxims for Governing; I am very much afraid that, by your Softneſs, you have ruined my whole Work.

XII. The Succeſs of my Maxims have ſhewn that yours were falſe and deſtructive. I was beloved, and liv'd peaceably, without ever forfeiting my Word, without imbruing my Hands in Blood, and without ruining my People: Your Memory is odious, mine reſpected; during my Life-time they were loyal to me, and after my Death they deplored my Loſs, and feared that they never ſhou'd meet ſo good a King. When Generoſity and Honeſty have ſuch good Succeſs, we ought to contemn Cruelty and Cunning.

XI. A fine way of reaſoning this, which doubtleſs you learnt in that tedious Priſon, where, they tell me, you languiſh'd before your aſcending the Throne.

XII. This Impriſonment was not ſo ſhameful as yours of *Peronne*. Of what Service are Subtlety and Deceit, if we are taken by our Enemies at laſt? When we are honeſt and ſincere, we are not expoſed to ſuch Dangers.

XI. But my Cunning delivered me out of the hands of the Duke of *Burgundy*.

XII. You deliver'd yourſelf by corrupting his Servants with your Money, and by ſhamefully following him to the De-

Deſtruction of your Allies, the People of *Liege*, whoſe Ruin you were obliged to go and ſee.

XI. Have you extended the Limits of the Kingdom as I did? Have you re-united the Dutchy of *Burgundy*, the County of *Provence*, and even *Guienne* itſelf to the Crown?

XII. I underſtand you, you knew how to get rid of a Brother that you might inherit what he had; you took advantage of the Duke of *Burgundy*'s Misfortune, and bribed the Counſellor of the Count of *Provence*, that you might ſucceed him. For my part, I am ſatisfied with having got *Britany*, and that by a Marriage with the lawful Heireſs of that Houſe, with whom I was in love, and whom, after the death of your Son, I eſpouſed. Nor was I ſo deſirous of acquiring new Subjects, as I was of making thoſe whom I already had, loyal and happy; and by the Wars of *Naples* and *Milan*, I have been made ſenſible how prejudicial diſtant Conqueſts are to a State.

XI. I ſee you had neither Genius nor Ambition.

XII. I had none of that falſe and deceitful Genius which had cried you down ſo much, and was void of that Ambition which makes it honourable to deſpiſe Juſtice and Sincerity.

XI. You

XI. You talk too much.

XII. 'Twas you who often talk'd too much. Have you forgotten the *Bourdeaux* Merchant ſettled in *England*, or King *Edward*, whom you invited to *Paris*? Farewell.

DIALOGUE IX.

The Conſtable of *Bourbon*, *Bayard*.

'Tis not lawful for us to take up Arms againſt our own Country.

Con. IS not that *Bayard*, whom I ſee ſtretch'd on the Graſs, beneath that Oak? 'tis he himſelf, wounded thro' the Body; alas! I pity him! *Vandeneſſe* and he both periſh by our Arms to-day; two Men, whoſe Courage was the Ornament of the *French*: my Heart is yet griev'd for my Country, let me draw near him; alas! poor *Bayard!* with Grief I ſee thee in this Condition.

Bay. And with Grief I ſee you.

C. I know thou art ſorry, that the Chance of War has made thee fall into my Hands; but far from uſing you like a Priſoner, I'll uſe you like a Friend, and take as much care of your Recovery, as

I would of my Brother's; why then do you grieve to ſee me?

B. I am ſorry to be beholden to the greateſt Enemy of *France* for any thing, for do not imagine that either my Wound, or Captivity grieve me; I ſhall not long be a Captive, Death will inſtantly ſet me free.

C. Dear *Bayard!* I hope there's no ſuch Danger, but that our Cares of thee may meet with their deſir'd Succeſs.

B. I deſire it not, but am contented to die.

C. And can you not be comforted at your ill Fortune, conſider her Inconſtancy; to-day is ours, to-morrow may be yours. Your Glory is already fully eſtabliſh'd, the *Imperialiſts* never will forget the vigorous Defence of *Meziers* againſt 'em.

B. And I never can forget that you are the great Conſtable, a Prince of the moſt noble Blood in the World, who is now endeavouring with his own Hands to deſtroy his Country, and to ruin the Kingdom of his Anceſtors.

C. Do you condemn me, *Bayard*, whilſt I praiſe you? inſult me, whilſt I pity?

B. I return your Pity, and think you need it moſt. I die without ſullying my Honour, eſteem'd by the Enemies, regretted by the Friends of *France.* My Life

Life is ſacrific'd to my Duty, my Country, and my King; I think my Condition more worthy of Envy than of Pity.

C. And I have conquer'd an Enemy that has injur'd me, drove him out of the *Milaneſe*, and made all *France* ſenſible of her Fault in loſing me; and am I to be pitied?

B. Every Man is, who acts againſt his Duty; 'tis far more glorious to die for our Country, than to triumph over it: how horrid is the Glory of him, who deſtroys his own Country?

C. But after the Services I had done my Country, it prov'd ungrateful; the Dutcheſs of *Orleans*, through a Rage of Love, had me ill us'd by the King, who was weak enough to deal moſt unjuſtly by me. I was not only ſtript of what I had, but depriv'd of my moſt faithful Servant, and to ſave my Life, forced to fly away almoſt alone; what would you have had me done?

B. Have ſuffer'd any thing, rather than have betray'd *France*, and the Honour of your Houſe. If the Perſecution was too violent, you might have fled, but it wou'd have been far better to have remain'd poor, unknown, and uſeleſs, than to have taken up Arms againſt us: your Poverty and your Exile wou'd have made your Glory compleat.

C. But

C. But don't you ſee that Revenge induced me more to this, than Ambition; I wanted to make the King of *France* repent of the Evil he had done me.

B. That you ſhou'd have done by your unexampled Patience, which is as much the Virtue of a Hero as Courage.

C. But did the King, who was ſo unjuſt, and ſo blinded by his Mother, deſerve that I ſhou'd have ſuch Regards for him?

B. If the King did not, *France* did, as well as the Dignity of the Crown, of whoſe Heirs you were one; you ought to have ſpared that Country whoſe King you might probably have one day become.

C. Well, I confeſs myſelf in the wrong; but you know how difficult it is to the moſt generous Souls to ſtifle their Reſentments.

B. I do ſo; but true Courage conſiſts in ſtifling them. If you ſee your Fault, make haſte to mend it; as for me, I die, and in my Sufferings think myſelf happier than you in your Proſperity: tho the Emperor ſhou'd not deceive you, tho he ſhould give you his Siſter to Wife, and with you divide *France*, he cou'd never waſh out the Stain of your Life. Shame and Confuſion! the Conſtable of *Bourbon* a Rebel! Hear what dying *Bayard* ſays

to

to you, who, as during his Life-time, at his Death, ſpeaks with Truth and Sincerity.

DIALOGUE X.

Lewis XII. *Francis* I.

A King had far better be the Father of his Country, by governing his Kingdom peaceably, than be a great Conqueror.

L. DEAR Couſin, tell me ſome News from *France*, I always loved my Subjects as if they had been my own Children, and I am under a great Concern for 'em now; for when I left you the Crown, I left you young every manner of way. How have you govern'd my poor Kingdom?

F. I have met with ſome Misfortunes; but to deal freely with you, my Reign has made *France* far more ſplendid than yours.

L. Gods! 'twas this Splendor I always fear'd; from your Infancy I dreaded that you wou'd exhauſt the Treaſury, hazard every thing in War, bear nothing patiently, but deſtroy all Order in the State to be talk'd of.

F. Old

F. Old Folks are always thus prejudiced againſt their Succeſſors; but let me tell you, I maintained a horrid War againſt *Charles* V. Emperor of *Germany* and King of *Spain.* In *Italy* I gain'd two famous Victories, the one at *Melignano*, againſt the *Swiſſers*, the other at *Ceriſoles*, againſt the *Imperialiſts:* I have ſeen the Emperor and the King of *England* join their Forces together againſt *France*, yet all their Attempts prove fruitleſs. I cultivated the Sciences, have deſerved to be immortalized by all Men of Letters, reſtored the *Auguſtean* Age, made my Court magnificent, polite, learned, and gallant. Before my time, every thing was rough, poor, ignorant, and truly *Gaul:* in ſhort, I have acquir'd the Name of the Father of Learning.

L. All this is fine, nor will I now endeavour to cry it down; but I ſhould have rather choſe to be called the Father of my People, than the Father of Learning: however, did you leave Peace and Plenty to the *French?*

F. No; but my Son is young, able to carry on the War; and his Buſineſs it muſt be at laſt to eaſe the exhauſted People: you ſpared them indeed more than I did; but then you carried your War but very faintly on.

L. What

L. What great Succeſs have you had in it? What Conqueſts have you made? You took *Naples*, I ſuppoſe?

F. No, my Expeditions were another way.

L. At leaſt you maintain'd yourſelf in the Poſſeſſion of the *Milaneſe?*

F. Some unforeſeen Accidents unluckily befel me.

L. What Accidents? Has the Emperor *Charles* taken it from you then? Have you loſt ſome Battle? You dare not anſwer me.

F. I was taken myſelf at the Battle of *Pavia.*

L. Taken! Alas! How many Misfortunes have your evil Counſels plung'd you into! And is it thus you have outdone me in your Wars? You have ſunk *France* into the ſame Misfortunes ſhe laboured under in the time of King *John.* O *France*, *France*, I pitied thee when I foreſaw this— Well; and you were obliged to give whole Provinces, and to pay immenſe Sums of Money for your Ranſom. This is what your Raſhneſs, Pomp, Haughtineſs, and Ambition are come to. But as to the Laws and Courts of Juſtice, how did you leave them?

F. They ſtood me in great ſtead, for I ſold all the Offices.

L. And

L. And the Judges, to reimburſe themſelves, muſt ſell their Sentences. But was all this Money you raiſed upon the People well employ'd, in levying and maintaining an Army with Oeconomy?

F. Part of it was employ'd in making the Court magnificent.

L. I'll hold a good Wager that your Miſtreſſes had a greater ſhare of it than the beſt Officers of the Army; and now the People are ruin'd, a War muſt be carried on, Juſtice is ſold, the Court expoſed to all the Follies of gallant Women, and the whole State in a miſerable Condition. And this is the ſplendid Reign which has effaced mine: had you uſed a little more Moderation, you wou'd have been far more honourable.

F. But I have done ſeveral great Actions, for which I was deem'd a Hero, and uſed to be called the great King *Francis*.

L. That is, you have been flatter'd for your Money, and you wou'd be a Hero at the Expence of the State, whoſe Proſperity ſhou'd have been your greateſt Glory.

F. The Praiſes beſtow'd upon me were ſincere.

L. And is there any Prince, be he ever ſo weak and ſo corrupt, but what has been praiſed as much as you? the moſt un-

unworthy Monarch will be extoll'd as much as ever you were: and can you then think it worth while to purchaſe Praiſe at the Price of ſo much Blood, and ſuch Sums of Money as have ruin'd your Kingdom?

F. At leaſt I have the Honour of having borne my Misfortunes with Conſtancy and Courage.

L. 'Twou'd have been much better for you to have wanted an Opportunity of ſhewing this Courage; that piece of Heroiſm coſt the People dear: but did not the Hero grow weary of his Priſon?

F. Yes indeed, and my Liberty coſt me very dear.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XI.

Charles V. and a Young Monk.

Our Uneaſineſs often obliges us to ſeek Solitude, which People who are accuſtom'd to the Noiſe and Hurry of the World can never reliſh.

C. COME Brother, 'tis time to riſe; you ſleep too long for a young Novice, who ought to be zealous and fervent.

M. When wou'd you have me ſleep, but whilſt I am young? Sleep is not inconſiſtent with Zeal.

C. But when People love the Service, they are ſoon awaken'd.

M. Yes, at your Majeſty's Age, but at mine People can ſleep without a Featherbed.

C. Well then, Brother, it belongs to People of my Age to awaken thoſe who overſleep themſelves.

M. And can you find no better Employment? After having diſturbed the Repoſe of the whole World, can you not leave me to mine?

C. I

C. I think that in this Solitude we enjoy Repoſe enough, tho we ſhou'd riſe betimes.

M. Your Majeſty rather means, that when you riſe betimes, you think the day long, you were accuſtom'd to more Noiſe than you have here; confeſs it freely, Sir, you are weary of having nothing to do but to ſay your Prayers, wind up your Clocks, and waken poor Novices who are not guilty of your Uneaſineſs.

C. I have twelve Servants here whom I have retain'd.

M. A poor Converſation theirs, for a Man who correſponded with the whole World.

C. I have a little Horſe to ride upon in this beautiful Valley, adorn'd with Orange, Myrrh, Pomegranate, and Laurel Trees, round which there grow ſo many pretty Flowers, and in which ſo many bleeting Flocks are grazing.

M. All theſe are fine things, but none of them talk; you want a little Noiſe and Hurry.

C. I have a Penſion of a hundred thouſand Crowns.

M. And poorly paid; the King your Son, takes but little care of you.

C. We ſoon forget thoſe, who, for our ſakes, have ſtript and degraded themſelves.

M. Did

M. Did not you expect this, when you reſign'd your Crown?

C. I foreſaw what wou'd happen.

M. If you expected it, why are you ſurprized at it when it happens? Keep to your firſt Reſolution, renounce every thing, forget every thing, deſire nothing, enjoy your Reſt, and let others enjoy it.

C. But my Son has made no good uſe of the Victory he obtain'd at *St. Quintin*, he ſhou'd by this time have been before the Gates of *Paris*. The Chevalier *d'Egmont* has gain'd another Victory for him at *Graveling*, but he loſes all Advantages. *Calais* is retaken from the *Engliſh* by the Duke of *Guiſe*; the ſame Duke has alſo taken *Thionville* to ſecure *Metz*: my Son governs very poorly, he deſpiſes my Counſels, takes no care about paying my Penſion, contemns my Conduct, and the faithful Servants whom I had employ'd; all this vexes and diſquiets me.

M. And did you come to ſeek Repoſe in this Solitude, only upon condition that the King your Son ſhould gain Victories, follow your Counſels, and execute all your Projects?

C. No; but I was in hopes he wou'd behave himſelf better than he does.

M. As you abandon'd every thing for the ſake of Tranquillity, enjoy it, happen what will: and let the King your Son

behave himſelf as he pleaſes, but let not your Peace depend upon his Behaviour. You left the World that you might be freed from its Cares; but I am afraid you ſcarce knew what Solitude was, when you came to ſeek it, but your Diſquiets forced you to come and look for ſome Repoſe here.

C. Alas, my Child, you are very much in the right on't, and I heartily wiſh that you mayn't be miſtaken in your Deſign, when you renounc'd the World, to come and be a Novice here.

DIALOGUE XII.

Charles V. *Francis* I.

Juſtice and Happineſs conſiſt in Honeſty, Courage, and Uprightneſs.

C. THE Buſineſs of Life is now over, and 'twould be but reaſonable that we ſhou'd come to an *Eclairciſſement*, upon the Diſquiets we have cauſed one another.

F. You have dealt very unjuſtly and deceitfully by me, who never did you any hurt, but in fair and open War; but you, during my Impriſonment, withdrew the

the Allegiance of the Inhabitants of *Flanders* from me; the Vaſſal employ'd Force to give Laws to his Maſter.

C. You had the Liberty of not renouncing your Title, if you pleaſed.

F. Has any Man his Liberty in Priſon?

C. Cowards have not, but the Valiant are at liberty every where: had I ask'd you to reſign your Crown, wou'd the Diſquiet of your Priſon have forced you to do it?

F. I wou'd rather have choſen to die, than have been guilty of ſo baſe an Action: as for the Dependance of *Flanders*, I reſign'd it to you thro Diſquiet, thro a Fear of being poiſon'd, thro a Deſire of ſeeing my Country again, where my Preſence was very much wanted; and in ſhort, thro an Impatience of recovering my Health, and ſaving myſelf from approaching Death: and I really believe I ſhould have died, had not my Siſter come to me.

C. Not only a brave King, but a true Soldier, wou'd rather chuſe to die than give his Word where he was not fully determin'd, happen what will, to keep it; nothing is ſo ſhameful, as to have it ſaid of one, he had not Courage enough to bear Adverſity, but deliver'd himſelf by falſe Promiſes. Had you been fully perſuaded that it was not lawful for you to

ſacrifice your States for your own Liberty, you ought to have reſolved upon dying in Priſon, have ſent your Subjects word that they ſhou'd no longer reckon upon you, but crown your Son, and you wou'd then have confounded me indeed. A Priſoner that has Courage enough to do this, ſets himſelf at liberty even in his Priſon, and eſcapes out of the hands of thoſe who detain him.

F. Theſe Maxims are true, and I muſt confeſs that Diſquiet and Impatience made me promiſe things directly contrary to the Intereſt of my Dominions, and which I cou'd neither juſtly execute, nor honourably avoid. But how can you upbraid me with Breach of Promiſe, whoſe whole Life was one continued Scene of Treachery: beſides, this my Weakneſs is no excuſe for you. I own that a valiant Man will rather chuſe to die, than to promiſe any thing he can't perform; but a juſt Man will never take advantage of another's Weakneſs, to extort a Promiſe from him, during his Captivity, which he could not, nor ought not in juſtice to perform. What wou'd you have done, had I detain'd you in *France*, when, a little after my Impriſonment, you paſs'd thro it in your way to the *Low Countries*? I cou'd have inſiſted upon your yielding

up

up the *Milaneſe* and *Low-Countries*, which you had uſurped.

C. I had your Promiſe that I ſhould paſs ſafely thro *France*, you had not mine when you came into *Spain*.

F. I had not, and ſo far the difference, I confeſs, is great; but as you had dealt unjuſtly by me whilſt in Priſon, and forced me to ſign a very diſadvantageous Treaty, I might have repair'd this Wrong, by forcing you to ſign one more juſt: beſides, I might have detain'd you till you had reſtored me the *Milaneſe*, which was lawfully my own.

C. Hold, if you pleaſe; you join ſeveral things together, which I muſt ſeparate: I never broke my word to you at *Madrid*, but you wou'd have broken yours to me at *Paris*, had you ſtopt me under any pretence of Reſtitution, tho ever ſo juſt. 'Twas your Buſineſs to have refuſed me a Paſſage till I had ſign'd the Preliminaries of this Reſtitution; but as you never had ask'd any ſuch thing of me, you cou'd not require it when I was in *France*, without violating your Promiſe. Beſides, do you think it lawful to repel Fraud by Fraud? If one Deceit ſhou'd occaſion another, there would be no depending on any thing amongſt Mankind, and the fatal Conſequences of it would be endleſs. The ſafeſt way of revenging yourſelf upon

the Deceitful, is to repel all his Stratagems, without deceiving him.

F. A fine Philoſophical Maxim! this is downright *Platoniſm*: but I ſee that you managed Matters much more ſubtilly than I did; and I was in the wrong when I truſted you: but here the great Conſtable *Montmorency*, help'd to deceive me, by perſuading me that I ought to outdo you in point of Honour, and exact no Conditions from you. You had already promiſed that you wou'd inveſt the Dutchy of *Milan* in the youngeſt of my three Sons; but after your Paſſage thro *France*, you withdrew your Promiſe. Had I not hearken'd to *Montmorency*, I wou'd have made you reſtore that Dutchy, before I permitted you to go into the *Low-Countries*. I never cou'd forgive my Favourite this piece of bad Counſel, and I drove him from Court for it.

C. Rather than to have reſtored the *Milaneſe*, I wou'd have croſs'd the Sea.

F. Your own Health, the Seaſon of the Year, and the Danger of the Voyage, would not have permitted you to do that: but wherefore did you ſo baſely mock me before the face of all *Europe*, and abuſe my generous Hoſpitality?

C. I would have given the Dutchy of *Milan* to your third Son; and a Duke of *Milan*, of the Houſe of *France*, could not have

have hurt me more than any other Prince of *Italy*; but you wanted it to be inveſted in your ſecond Son, and he was too near the Crown, no body being between 'em but the Dauphin, who died: ſo that the King of *France* wou'd ſoon have been Duke of *Milan*, and by that means all *Italy* enſlaved.

F. One Slavery wou'd have been as good as another, and had it not been much better to have reſtored the *Milaneſe* to its lawful Maſter, than to have retained it without the leaſt appearance of Right? The *French*, who had not a foot of Land in *Italy*, could not ſo much endanger the Publick Liberty by poſſeſſing the *Milaneſe*, as the Houſe of *Auſtria*, which poſſeſs'd *Naples*, and all the Fiefs dependant on the Empire in that Country. To deal ſincerely with you, this was our chief difference: you had Formalities on your ſide, but deceived me in the main; whilſt either thro Weakneſs, Impatience, or Lightneſs, I never was cautious enough of you, nor took care that any Formality ſhou'd be on my ſide; ſo that you was the real Deceiver, whilſt I was only ſuch in appearance: my Faults have been puniſh'd in the commiſſion of them. I hope that your Son's falſe Politicks will revenge me on you for your unjuſt Ambition; he forced you to ſtrip and degrade yourſelf

during your Life-time, and you died miſerable, tho you once aimed at enſlaving *Europe*. This Son will finiſh the Work; his Jealouſy and Diſtruſt will ſuppreſs the Ambition and Virtue of the *Spaniards*; there never will be a great General, a towring Genius, or good Polity amongſt the People; and *Spain*, preſs'd down by its own Weight, will fall, and nothing of it remain but a Monument of the Vanity of Fortune. A little State, united in itſelf, whoſe Polity is good, and its People induſtrious, govern'd by good Laws, and by a Prince who executes Juſtice himſelf, and goes in Perſon to his Wars, is far more happy than the Monarchy which has no good Chiefs: if you can't believe what I ſay of the matter, wait patiently for the coming of ſome of our Grand-children, and they'll better inform you.

C. Alas! I am but too ſenſible of the Truth of your Prediction; 'twas this Foreſight that made me quit the Empire, and diſquieted me even in my ſolitary Retirement.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XIII

Henry III. the Dutcheſs of *Montpenſier.*

H. A Good day to you, Couſin: I hope we are Friends now after Death.

D. By no means, I never can forgive you all your Maſſacres, and the Blood of our Family, which you ſo cruelly have ſhed.

H. You upbraid me with things which did you leſs Miſchief than your Confederacy in *Paris* did me; but let us ſet the one over againſt the other, and be Friends.

D. I never muſt be Friends with a Man who counſelled the horrid Maſſacre of *Blois.*

H. The Duke of *Guiſe* reduced me to a neceſſity of doing it. Have you forgotten the time when he king'd it in *Paris*, and drove me from the *Louvre*? I was obliged to ſave myſelf thro the *Thuilleries*, and the Convent of the *Feuillants*.

D. But by the Mediation of the Queen Mother he had been reconciled to you. They ſay that you received the Sacrament together, at which time you broke

a Hoſt between you, and then ſwore you wou'd defend him.

H. My Enemies have advanced many other things without ground, to give their League a Sanction; but had not your Brother been ſacrificed, I could not ſafely have reign'd.

D. That is, you cou'd not reign without deceiving and butchering People, the moſt improper Means of eſtabliſhing your Authority. But wherefore did you ſign, and make every body ſign the Union with the States of *Blois?* The nobleſt way wou'd have been to have reſiſted with Courage. Royalty ſhou'd always continue true to Reaſon, and reſolve to be obey'd.

H. But I was obliged to oppoſe Cunning and Policy to open Force.

D. You wanted to ſooth both the *Huguenots*, and *Catholicks*; and inſtead of that, you made yourſelf contemptible to both Parties.

H. I never did endeavour to ſooth the *Huguenots.*

D. Their frequent Conferences with the Queen, and the care you took to flatter them, every time you wanted to counterbalance the Union Party, made you ſuſpected by all the Catholicks.

H. But did I not, upon all Occaſions, endeavour to ſhew my Zeal for Religion?

D. Yes,

D. Yes, by a thouſand ridiculous Grimaces, which were bely'd by as many ſcandalous Actions: *Shrove-Tueſdays* you were at the Maſquerades, and *Aſh-Wedneſdays* at Proceſſions, cover'd with Sackcloth, and a Whip in your Hand; round your Waiſt hung your Beads an Ell long, and made of little Death's heads, and round your Neck a Basket fill'd with little Spaniel-Dogs, whoſe Maintenance ſtood you in a hundred thouſand Crowns a year. One part of your Life was ſpent in Vows, Pilgrimages, and Devotions; the other with your Minions, and in the Study of the Magick Arts, and *Machiavel's* Politicks; one while running after holy Anchorets, at another time feaſting with your Minions, where you was waited upon by naked and diſhevel'd Women. How groſs theſe Contradictions! for this reaſon they ſay that your Phyſician declared that this black Humour, which was the Occaſion of ſo many Whims, wou'd ſhortly either kill you, or make you run mad.

H. This Art was neceſſary for the ſoothing of Men's Minds; with the Godly I was pious, with the Debauched addicted to Pleaſure.

D. This made People ſay that you was fit for nothing, but to have your Crown ſhaved, and be made a Monk of;

for

for know, that your Weakneſs, Diſſimulation, and Hypocriſy, was far from ſoothing them.

H. I was forced to try all Means, when I found ſo many ready to revolt.

D. Behold your Couſin the King of *Navarre*, and ſee the difference between you. You found your Kingdom entirely in Subjection, and you have left it involved in a Civil War. He, without diſſembling, butchering, or playing the Hypocrite, has ſubdued the whole Kingdom, which refuſed to acknowledge him: he has kept the *Huguenots* faithful to him, even in abjuring their Religion, has won all the *Roman Catholicks*, and broke the powerful Confederacy. Farewel.

DIALOGUE XIV.

Henry III. *Henry* IV.

III. WELL, Couſin, you are fallen into the ſame Misfortunes as I fell into.

IV. My Death has been violent as well as yours, but then you have been regretted by no body but your Minions, and by them only on account of the Riches you uſed to beſtow ſo laviſhly upon 'em: but

but as for me, my Loſs has been deplored by all *France*, as that of a general Father. In After-Ages I ſhall be propoſed as the Model of a good and wiſe King; I began to eſtabliſh Peace, Plenty, and good Order in the Kingdom.

III. When I was ſlain at *St. Cloud*, I had already broken the Confederacy, *Paris* itſelf was ready to yield, and I ſhou'd ſoon have recover'd my former Authority.

IV. But how wou'd you have recover'd your loſt Reputation? you were accounted a deceitful, hypocritical, impious, effeminate Man. When we have once loſt the Name of Honeſty, our Authority is never very ſafely grounded: you had got rid of the two *Guiſes* at *Blois*, but never could get rid of all thoſe who abhorr'd your Deceits.

III. And don't you know that the Art of diſſembling is the Art of reigning.

IV. Fine Maxims! inſtill'd, I ſuppoſe, by *Duguaſt*. The Abbot of *Elbene*, and ſome other *Italians*, had fill'd your Head with *Machiavel*'s Politicks: the Queen your Mother, educated you in ſuch-like Notions, but had ſoon cauſe to repent it, for ſhe taught you to be unnatural; and, as ſhe deſerved, you proved unnatural to her.

III. But how can we act ſincerely, and confide in Men, ſeeing that they all are diſſembling and corrupted? *IV.* Be-

IV. Becauſe you never was converſant with, or ſought after honeſt Men, they ſhunn'd you, and you thought there were no ſuch in the World; you wanted only Villains who cou'd invent new Pleaſures, execute the greateſt Villanies, and never re-mind you of that Religion and Charity which you were always violating. As for my part, I found honeſt Men, and employ'd 'em in my Council as well as in foreign Negotiations, and Offices; ſuch were *Sully*, *Jeannin*, *Oſſat*, and others.

III. Wou'd we believe you, you would perſuade us that you were a *Cato*; whereas we all know that your Youth was as irregular as mine.

IV. My Love for Women, I muſt confeſs, was intolerable; but in all my Diſorders I never was deceitful, wicked, or impious, I cou'd only be accuſed of Weakneſs: but my Misfortunes proved my greateſt Friends, for I was naturally lazy and addicted to Pleaſure; had I been born to the Throne, I ſhou'd have diſhonour'd myſelf; but having my own Kingdom, and a great deal of adverſe Fortune to overcome, I was obliged to ſoar even above myſelf.

III. How many Opportunities of overcoming your Enemies did you loſe, when, on the Banks of the *Garonne*, you were ſighing for the Counteſs of *Guiche*, and look'd

look'd like *Hercules* handling a Diſtaff for the ſake of *Omphale?*

IV. I cannot deny it, but then *Coutras*, *Ivry*, *Arques*, and *Fontaine*, make ſome amends for this.

III. Did not I win the Battle of *Jarnac* and *Moncontour?*

IV. Yes; but *Henry* III. did not anſwer the Hopes that had been formed of the Duke of *Anjou*, whereas *Henry* IV. excelled the King of *Navarre*.

III. Then you think I never heard any mention made of the Dutcheſs of *Beaufort*, of the Marchioneſs of *Verneville*, of —? But there are ſo many of them, I can't reckon 'em all up.

IV. I deny none of 'em, but yet I made myſelf belov'd and fear'd; I abhorred that cruel and deceitful Policy with which your Mind was poiſon'd, and which occaſion'd all your Misfortunes. I carried the War vigorouſly on, concluded a laſting Peace with my Enemies abroad, put the Kingdom into a polite and flouriſhing Condition, reduced the Nobles, and even the moſt inſolent Favourites to Obedience; and this without deceiving, butchering, or dealing unjuſtly by any one, but always confiding in honeſt Men, and placing all my Glory in eaſing my People.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XV.

Henry IV. the Duke of *Mayenne.*

Adverſe Fortune makes Kings good, and Heroes great.

H. I Have forgot all that is paſt, Couſin, and am now glad to ſee you.

M. Your Majeſty is too kind in paſſing over my Faults thus, there is nothing but what I would willingly do to efface the Memory of them.

H. The Walk between thoſe two Canals ſeems pleaſant, let us go into it, and as we walk we'll talk of Buſineſs.

D. With Joy I'll follow your Majeſty.

H. Well, Couſin, I am no longer that poor *Berneſe*, whom you was for driving out of the Kingdom: Do you remember the time when we were at *Arques*, and you ſent word to *Paris* that you had drove me to the Sea-ſide, and there was no means of eſcaping left for me, but by plunging into the Waters?

M. True, I did; but at the ſame time 'tis alſo true, that you were about to ſubmit to your adverſe Fortune, and fly into

to *England*, had not *Biron* made you ſenſible of the Conſequences of ſuch a Flight.

H. You ſpeak with freedom, Couſin; but I am far from being offended at it: go on, and with the ſame Freedom ſay whatever you think fit.

M. I have perhaps already ſaid too much, Kings do not love to hear Things named by their right Names; they are uſed to be flatter'd: that honeſt Freedom with which we ſpeak to other Men, is offenſive to them, and they wou'd not have a word utter'd but in their Praiſe and Admiration; we muſt not uſe them like Men, but always ſay that they are Heroes.

H. You ſpeak ſo knowingly of this Matter, that you muſt have experienced it; thus probably you were flatter'd and ador'd whilſt King of *Paris*.

M. I confeſs I have been amuſed by vain Flatteries, which have filled me with falſe Hopes, and made me commit ſome very great Faults.

H. As for my part, I was inſtructed by my adverſe Fortune; her Leſſons are indeed ſevere, but this Impreſſion of them I ſhall retain all my life long, to be able to hear the truth ſpoken of myſelf: therefore, if you love me, ſpeak it freely, Couſin.

M. All our Miſtakes proceeded from the Idea we had formed of you: during your

your younger days, we knew that you were always hankering after Women, that the Counteſs *de Guiche* had made you loſe all the Advantages you had gain'd at the Battle of *Coutras*; that you were jealous of your Couſin the Prince of *Conde*, whoſe Genius and Virtues were great, becauſe he was more ſedate, and more applied to Buſineſs than yourſelf. We look'd on you as a ſoft, effeminate Man, whom the Queen-Mother had deceived by a thouſand Love-Intrigues, and who at the time of the St. *Bartholomew* Buſineſs, had changed your Religion, and done every thing that was required of you, who, even after the Conſpiracy of *Mole*, had ſubmitted to all that the Court had inſiſted upon, and that we ſhou'd have a cheap Bargain of you—But really, Sir, I can't go on, I'm out of breath, and all over of a ſweat; your Majeſty is as thin and light, as I am fat and heavy.

H. I own, Couſin, I endeavour'd to tire you, but 'tis the only Miſchief I'll do you during my whole Life; pray make an end of what you had begun.

M. You ſurprized us very much, when, night and day on horſeback, you perform'd ſeveral great Actions with incredible Vigour and Diligence, as at *Cahors*, *Lauſe*, *Arques*, *Ivry*, before *Paris*, at *Arnay-le-duc* and *Fontaine*. You gained the Confi-

dence

dence of the *Catholicks*, without loſing that of the *Huguenots*; you made choice of People capable of the Employments, and worthy of your Truſt; you conſulted 'em without Jealouſy, made uſe of their good Counſels without being governed by any of them, prevented us every where, and in ſhort, became quite another Man, ſteady, vigilant, and laborious.

H. I ſee that all theſe bold Truths you were to utter, end in Praiſes; but as I juſt now ſaid, I am beholden to my adverſe Fortune for all this. Had I been born to the Throne, ſurrounded with Pomp, Flatteries, and Pleaſure, I ſhou'd have ſunk away in pleaſing Dreams, for I was by nature inclined to Effeminacy; but I ſaw what the conſequence of my Faults wou'd be; I muſt conſtrain, amend, and overcome myſelf, profit by my own Faults, and follow good Counſels. This is what was the making of me, and muſt be ſo of every Man.

DIALOGUE XVI.

Henry IV. *Sixtus* V.

Let their Intereſts be ever ſo oppoſite, Great Men love and eſteem one another.

S. I Have for this great while been deſirous of ſeeing you, but whilſt we were both alive the thing was ſcarce practicable; the faſhion of Popes and Kings conferring together was out of date in our time: this was fit for *Leo* X. and *Francis* I. who met at *Bologna*, and for *Clement* VII. who met the ſame King at *Marſeilles*, on account of the Marriage of *Catherina de Medicis*. I ſhou'd have been overjoy'd to have had ſuch a Conference with you, but I was not at liberty, nor wou'd your Religion have permitted me to do it.

H. So, you are very much ſoftened; Death, I ſee, has reduced you to Reaſon: but your Sentiments towards me were not the ſame whilſt I was a poor excommunicated *Berneſe*.

S. I'll open my Mind freely to you now; I thought my Buſineſs done if I cou'd reduce you to the greateſt Straits: by

by this means I had confounded your Predeceſſor, and made him dearly repent his having ſacrificed a Cardinal; had the Duke of *Guiſe* only been put to death, he wou'd have come much cheaper off; but to touch the ſacred Purple, was an unpardonable Crime, nor cou'd I put up an Action whoſe Conſequences might prove ſo dangerous. I thought it abſolutely neceſſary, after the Death of your Couſin, to deal as rigorouſly with you, as I had with him, to encourage the Confederacy, and by no means to ſuffer an Heretick to get poſſeſſion of the Throne of *France*; but I ſoon perceived that you wou'd overcome the Confederacy, and your Courage gave me a good Opinion of you. There were two Perſons in the World with whom I cou'd not decently enter into a League of Friendſhip, but both whom I naturally loved.

H. And pray who were theſe two Perſons that had the Happineſs of pleaſing you?

S. You and Queen *Elizabeth* of *England.*

H. I don't at all wonder at her pleaſing you: in the firſt place, ſhe was a Pope as well as yourſelf, Supreme of the Church of *England*; and let me tell you, as brave a Pope as yourſelf; ſhe knew how to be fear'd, and cou'd make Heads fly off upon occaſion: this certainly was what acquir'd her your Eſteem.

S. It

S. It was no hindrance to it, I love thoſe who are brave, and can make themſelves Maſters of others; that Merit of yours which won my Heart, was your beating the Confederacy, ſoothing the Nobility, and holding an even Balance between the *Catholicks* and *Huguenots*. A Man that can do this, is really a Man; nor cou'd I deſpiſe ſuch a one as I did your Predeceſſor, who loſt every thing by his Effeminacy, and never retrieved it but by his Treachery. Had I lived, I wou'd have receiv'd your Abjuration without delaying you; you ſhou'd have come off for a little ſcourging of yourſelf, and acknowledging that you receiv'd the Crown of the moſt Chriſtian King from the Holy See.

H. I wou'd have begun the War again, rather than have made any ſuch Acknowledgment.

S. I like this Fierceneſs of yours, but for want of the Aſſiſtance of my Succeſſors, you have been expoſed to ſo many Conſpiracies, that you at laſt periſhed in one.

H. Nor have you fared better than myſelf, and the *Spaniſh* Cabal has been as dangerous to you; there is no great difference between a Dagger and a Bowl of Poiſon: but let us go and ſee this good Queen whom you love, ſhe has found the means of reigning much longer, and more peaceably than either of us. DIA-

DIALOGUE XVII.

Cardinal *Richlieu*, and Cardinal *Ximenes*.

Virtue is preferable to an illuſtrious Birth.

X. NOW we are together, I conjure you, tell me if ever you endeavoured to imitate me.

R. No, I was too deſirous of true Glory, ever to copy after another Man; my Character was always bold, and an Original.

X. I heard that you had taken *Rochelle*, as I did *Oran*, and overthrew the *Huguenots*, as I the *Moors* of *Granada*, to convert them; protected Learning, beat down the Pride of the Nobility, raiſed the Royal Authority, eſtabliſh'd the *Sorbonne*, as I did the Univerſity of *Alcale* and *Hennare*; and as I was raiſed by the Favour of *Iſabella* of *Caſtile*, you made uſe of that of Queen *Maria de Medicis*.

R. There is ſome reſemblance, I own, between us; but 'tis owing to chance, for I never propoſed any Example to myſelf. I was ſatisfied in doing what Time and the preſent State of Affairs wou'd permit me

me to do for the Honour of *France*: beſides, the Caſe was very different between us; I was born in the Court, and always brought up in it; I was Biſhop of *Luſſon*, and Secretary of State, in the Intereſt of the Queen and the Marſhal of *Ancre*. This bears no reſemblance to an obſcure Monk, who never came into the World till he was 60 Years old.

X. That's my greateſt Honour; I never was ambitious nor impatient, my Life was far ſpent, and I depended upon finiſhing it in the Convent, but the Archbiſhop of *Toledo* choſe me for the Queen's Confeſſor; and the Queen prejudiced in favour of me, made me the Cardinal's Succeſſor in that Archbiſhoprick, againſt the King's Will, who was for promoting his Baſtard to it. In the Queen's Troubles, occaſion'd by the King, I became her chief Counſellor. After the Conqueſt of *Granada* by *Ferdinand*, I undertook the Converſion of its Inhabitants: the Queen died, and I found myſelf between *Ferdinand* and his Son-in-law *Philip* of *Auſtria*. After the death of *Philip*, I was very ſerviceable to *Ferdinand*, and, ſpite of the Grandees, I adminiſter'd with Severity. I conquer'd *Oran*, being there in Perſon, managing every thing myſelf, and having no King to ſhare the Action, as you had at *Rochelle* and *Suſa*. After the Death of *Fer-*

Ferdinand, I was made Regent in the Abſence of young Prince *Charles*; I then hinder'd the Commonalties of *Spain* from revolting, which they did after my Death; I chang'd the Governour and the Officers of the ſecond Infant *Ferdinand*, who were for making him King to his Brother's prejudice: at laſt I died in Peace, having loſt all Authority by the means of thoſe who had prejudiced King *Charles* againſt me. All this while I did not move one ſtep after Fortune, Publick Buſineſs came to me without my ſeeking, and I always managed it with a view to the Publick Good. This was more honourable than to be born at Court, the Son of the Great Provoſt, and a Knight of the Order.

R. An illuſtrious Birth does not at all leſſen the Merit of great Actions.

X. It does not; but ſince you reduce me to a neceſſity of telling you ſo, to be moderate and diſintereſted, is better than to be high born.

R. Wou'd you compare your Government to mine? or have you changed the Syſtem of all the *European* Governments? I overthrew the Houſe of *Auſtria*, brought a victorious King of *Sweden* into the heart of *Germany*, made *Catalonia* revolt, rais'd the Kingdom of *Portugal*, which was

uſurp'd by the *Spaniards*, and ruled all Chriſtendom by my Negotiations.

X. I own that I cannot compare my Negotiations to yours; however, with Conſtancy I managed the moſt difficult Affairs of *Caſtile*, and without Intereſt, Ambition, Vanity, or Weakneſs, and that's much more than you can ſay.

DIALOGUE XVIII.

Cardinal *Richelieu*, and Chancellor *Oxenſtierne*.

The Difference between a Miniſter who acts thro Pride, and one who acts for the Love of his Country.

R. THERE has been no Miniſter like me in *Europe* ſince my Death.

O. No; none has had the Authority you were poſſeſs'd of.

R. You miſtake me, I ſpeak of Genius for Government, and I can ſay of myſelf without Vanity, what I wou'd have ſaid of any other in my place, that I have not left my Equal behind me.

O. When you talk thus, do you remember that I was neither a Cit nor a Yeoman, but underſtood Politicks as well as any other? *R.* You!

R. You! I confeſs you have given your King ſome Counſels, but he never undertook any thing but what was grounded upon his Treaties with *France*, that is, with me.

O. True; but I engaged him to enter into thoſe Treaties.

R. I was inſtructed, in Fact, by Father *Joſeph*, and took my Meaſures from the Obſervations of *Charnacy*.

O. Your Father *Joſeph* was a whimſical Monk; as for *Charnacy*, indeed he underſtood Buſineſs pretty well, but without me nothing had been done. The Great *Guſtavus* at firſt ſtood in need of every thing, and was forced to be obliged to *France* for Money, but afterwards he beat the *Bavarians* and *Imperialiſts*, and throughout all *Germany* relieved the Proteſtant Party. Had he lived after the Battle of *Lutzen*, he wou'd have perplexed *France*, which was already alarm'd at his Progreſs, and wou'd have been the chief Potentate of *Europe*. You repented (tho too late) that you had lent him any Aſſiſtance, and People ſuſpected that you were guilty of his Death.

R. I was as innocent of it as you were.

O. I believe it; but 'twas a ſad thing that no body could die in good time for you, but that you were ſuſpected. Your Conduct was the Occaſion of this Jealou-

ſy, in that, for the ſake of your Grandeur, you made no ſcruple of taking Men's Lives away.

R. This Policy is neceſſary in ſome certain Caſes.

O. Its Neceſſity was always doubted by honeſt Men.

R. Never more by you, than by myſelf; but pray what great Actions have you done in *Europe*, to make you compare your Miniſtry to mine? You were the Counſellor of a little Barbarian King, of a *Goth*, Chief of a Company of *Banditti*; but at the ſame time, a Penſioner of the King of *France*, whoſe Miniſter I was.

O. My Maſter's Crown was not equal to your Maſter's, but this was *Guſtavus*'s and my Glory, we came out of a ſavage and barren Country without Troops, without Arms, and without Money; we diſciplin'd our Soldiers, made our Officers, overcame the victorious *Imperial* Armies, changed the Face of all *Europe*, and left Generals who have ſince inſtructed all the great Men in the Art of War.

R. There is ſome Truth in what you ſay; but if one wou'd take you at your word, you wou'd perſuade us that you was as great a General as *Guſtavus*.

O. Not ſo great, but I underſtood the Art of War, and this I ſufficiently ſhew'd after his Death.

R. Had

R. Had not you *Tortenſon*, *Bannier*, and the Duke of *Weimar*, on whom every thing depended?

O. I was not only employ'd in Negotiations for the keeping up the Confederacy, but was alſo preſent at all the Councils of War; and theſe brave Men will tell you, that in all the Campaigns I had the greateſt ſhare.

R. Probably you was in the Council when the Battle of *Norlingen* was loſt, by which the Confederacy was broken.

O. I was in the Council, but the Duke of *Weimar* loſt that Battle by his own Fault: after its Loſs, I ſpirited up the ſinking Party; the *Swediſh* Army remained in *Germany*, and I ſhifted for its Subſiſtence there; by my Cares a little conquer'd State was form'd there, which the Duke of *Weimar* wou'd have remain'd in poſſeſſion of, had he lived, but which you baſely uſurp'd after his Death. You have ſeen me in *France* ſeeking Aſſiſtance for my Maſter, without ever minding your Haughtineſs, which wou'd have been prejudicial to the Intereſts of your Maſter, had not I been more zealous for my Country, than you were for yours. You were the Averſion of your Nation, I the Delight of mine. I return'd at laſt to that ſavage Country, and amongſt thoſe Rocks from whence I firſt came, there I died in

Peace, and *Europe* now rings of my Name as it did of yours. I had neither your Honours, your Riches, your Power, nor your Poets and Orators to flatter me. I had nothing on my ſide but the good Opinion of the *Swedes*, and of all wiſe Politicians and Hiſtorians; according to the Dictates of my Religion, I acted againſt the *Roman Catholick Imperialiſts*, who ſince the Battle of *Prague*, lorded it over all *Germany*. You, like a falſe Prieſt, by our Means, relieved the Proteſtants, and oppreſſed the Catholicks of *Germany*; now judge of the difference between us.

R. This was an Inconvenience that cou'd not be avoided, without leaving all *Europe* under the Yoke of the Houſe of *Auſtria*, which aim'd at univerſal Monarchy; but I can ſcarce forbear laughing to hear a Chancellor ſetting himſelf off for a brave General.

O. I do not pretend to have been a General, but to have been very ſerviceable to the Generals in all the Councils of War. I leave you the Honour of having appear'd arm'd on horſeback, and in a Soldier's Dreſs before *Suſa*. They ſay too that you have had your Picture drawn at *Richelieu*, in a Buff-coat, a Scarf, and leading Staff.

R. Your Reproaches grow very ſatirical. Farewel.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XIX.

Cardinal *Richelieu*, Cardinal *Mazarin*.

The Character of theſe two Miniſters, and the Difference between true and falſe Politicks.

R. SO you are come here, Lord *Julius*; they ſay that you govern'd *France* after me: How did you do it? did you make an end of uniting all *Europe* againſt the Houſe of *Auſtria*, and deſtroy the *Huguenot* Party; I had weaken'd and humbled the Great Men?

M. You had begun all theſe things, but I had other Buſineſs to mind; I had a ſtormy Regency to weather.

R. A King who will not apply himſelf, and is jealous even of the Miniſter who ſerves him, cauſes a vaſt deal more of Trouble, than the Weakneſs and Confuſion of a Regency. The Queen you ſerved had Courage, and it was much eaſier for you to manage Matters under her, than for me under a difficult King, whom ſome growing Favourite was always egging againſt me. Such a Prince can neither gover[illegible]lf, nor will he ſuffer

others to govern; we muſt ſerve him ſpite of himſelf, and by doing it we daily expoſe our Lives. Mine has been made unhappy by him from whom I derived my Power. Amongſt all the Princes who oppoſed the Siege of *Rochelle*, the King, my Maſter, thwarted me the moſt; notwithſtanding this, I irrecoverably overthrew the *Huguenots*, tho they had ſo many brave Chiefs and ſtrong Places. The Houſe of *Auſtria* has felt my Power; never will the revolting *Catalonians* be forgot, nor the wonderful Secreſy with which the *Portugueſe* ſhook off the *Spaniſh* Yoke. *Holland*, by our Alliance, was enabled to carry on a War againſt the ſame Power: all the Allies of the North, *Italy*, and the Empire, were attach'd to me only, as a Perſon who never would fail 'em; and the Nobility at home were kept in Obedience. At firſt I had found 'em intractable, glorying in their Cabals againſt all thoſe whom the King had entruſted with any Authority; nor did they believe themſelves bound to the King, but whilſt he was flattering their Ambition, and giving 'em a boundleſs Power in the Government.

M. As for me, I was a Stranger, every thing was againſt me, nothing but my own Induſtry for me [illegible]ſt found the means of inſinuating [illegible] with the Queen,

Queen, and removing all thoſe in whom ſhe confided; I defended myſelf againſt all the Cabals of the Courtiers, of the Parliament, and of a Party ſpirited up by a factious Cardinal, jealous of my Glory: in ſhort, againſt a Prince, who every Year was crown'd with new Laurels, and made uſe of the Reputation of his Victories only to deſtroy me. I ſcatter'd my Enemies, was twice driven out of the Kingdom, and twice I return'd in Triumph: I govern'd the State, drove the Cardinal of *Retz* to *Rome*, and forced the Prince of *Conde* to fly into *Flanders*. In ſhort, I concluded a glorious Peace, and dying, left a young Monarch capable of giving all *Europe* Laws. All this was done by the help of my Genius, ſo fruitful in Expedients, by my ſupple Negotiations, and my wondrous Art in feeding Men up with new Hopes; and, obſerve this, I never ſpilt a drop of Blood.

R. No, you were too weak and too fearful to do it.

M. Fearful! had not I the three Princes impriſon'd at *Vincennes*? The Prince ſtaid long enough there to grow weary of his Priſon.

R. Even that proceeded from your Fear; you did not know whether you had beſt det[illegible] nor did you dare to let him go. [illegible]urn to the Buſineſs:

to

to quell the haughty Nobles, always ready to riſe up in Arms, I was obliged to ſhed ſome Blood; but it is not at all amazing, that he who ſuffer'd the Courtiers, and all the Officers of the Army, to re-aſſume their former Pride and Power, ſhou'd ſhed no Blood in ſo feeble a Government.

M. A Government is not feeble becauſe it compaſſes its Ends by ſubtle, inſtead of cruel Means; one had better put on the Fox than the Lion or Tyger.

R. It is not Cruelty to puniſh the Guilty, whoſe bad Examples will make others ſo; Impunity will foment Civil Wars, leſſen the King's Authority, ruin the State, and be the Occaſion of the Death of Thouſands: inſtead of that, I eſtabliſh'd Peace and Authority by ſacrificing the Lives of a few guilty Men; nor had I ever any Enemies, but the Enemies of the State.

M. That was becauſe you thought yourſelf the State, and cou'd believe no one a true *Frenchman*, but ſuch as were in your Pay.

R. Did you ſpare the firſt Prince of the Blood, when you thought he wou'd oppoſe your Intereſt? To be in favour at Court, 'twas neceſſary to be a *Mazarinian*. I never carried my Jealouſies to a greater height than you did; we both ſerved the State, and in ſerving it, we were both deſirous

deſirous of governing it. You overcame your Enemies by a cowardly Subtlety, I by open Force; and I ſincerely thought their Intent in deſtroying me, was only to plunge *France* again into the ſame Calamities and Confuſion, from which I had with ſuch Trouble deliver'd it: but however, I always kept my Word, I was a ſincere Friend or open Enemy, with Courage and Honour I maintain'd my Maſter's Authority; and thoſe whom I reduced to the laſt Extremities, might, if they pleaſed, have been loaded with Favours: I made Advances towards 'em, always loved and ſought after Merit, I only deſired that they wou'd not thwart my Government, which I thought neceſſary to the Safety of *France*; had they ſerved the King to their beſt, according to my Orders, they ſhould have been my Friends.

M. Rather ſay your Servants, tho I muſt own well paid; but they muſt ſuit themſelves to the Humour of an imperious Maſter, always implacable where he once grew jealous.

R. To be jealous and imperious are great Faults, I muſt confeſs; but how many Qualities had I, that ſhew'd an extended Genius, and a towering Soul? As for your part, Lord *Julius*, you never ſhew'd any thing but your Subtlety and Avarice;

Avarice; you have dealt worſe by the *French* than ſpilling their Blood, you corrupted their Morals, and made their Honeſty ridiculous. I only quell'd the Pride of the Nobility, you diſpirited and degraded them; you were afraid of Merit, and there was no way of inſinuating one's ſelf with you, but by ſhewing a baſe and complying Soul, capable of the moſt villainous Intrigues. You never had a true Knowledge of Man, and cou'd believe nothing but evil of them; all the reſt that cou'd be ſaid was mere Fiction; your Creatures were all baſe Souls, or ſuch as had bought their Offices: ſo that your Name is contemned and abhorred, mine grows every day more and more honourable in *France*.

M. Your Inclinations were more noble than mine, and you had more Grandeur in you; but at the ſame time ſomething of a falſe Vanity, which I always endeavoured to avoid. You had your Poets, Orators, and Comedians about you, was a Poet and Orator yourſelf, and *Corneille*'s Rival; without Godlineſs you wrote godly Books, dabbled in Gallantry, meddled with every Trade, and endeavour'd to excel in all; ſuck'd in the Praiſe of every Author: Is there a Door, or a Pane of Glaſs in the *Sorbonne*, upon which your Coat of Arms is not painted?

R. Your

R. Your Satire is very home, and has ſomething of a Foundation in it. True Glory ought to ſhun ſome certain Honours, which Vanity is always aiming at, and we diſhonour ourſelves by wanting to be too much honour'd; however, I lov'd Learning, and ſtirred Men up with a Deſire of excelling in it. As for you, you never minded either the Church, Learning, Arts, or Virtue; and can we wonder that ſo hateful a Conduct ſhou'd excite all the Nobles of the Kingdom, as well as all honeſt Men, againſt ſuch a Stranger?

M. You talk of nothing but chimerical Heroiſm; for the Government of a State there is no need of Generoſity, Honeſty, or Courage, but of a Mind fruitful in Expedients, whoſe Deſigns cannot be fathomed, which never gives itſelf up to its Paſſions, but always to its Intereſt, and is never at a loſs for the Means of extricating itſelf out of Difficulties.

R. True Policy conſiſts in never deceiving, but always acting fairly and openly; thoſe who deviate from the right way, do it thro Weakneſs, and for want of knowing it. True Policy does not trouble itſelf with ſo many Expedients, but being quick-ſighted, at firſt chuſes the beſt, by comparing it with the others. This Fertility of Expedients proceeds leſs from an

Extent

Extent and Strength of Genius, than from want of Strength and Judgment. In ſhort, true Policy conſiſts in a general Reputation of Honeſty. When we have only Fools and Knaves in our Intereſts, we never are ſafe; but when your Integrity can be depended upon, both the Good and Bad will truſt you, your Enemies will fear, and your Friends love you. As for you with your *Proteus*'s Shapes, you never cou'd make yourſelf loved, feared, or eſteemed. I muſt own that you was a great Comedian, but never a great Man.

M. You ſpeak of me as if I had been a Coward, but when I carried the War into *Spain*, I ſhew'd that I did not fear Death; and this has again been ſeen when I expoſed myſelf to ſo many Dangers in the Civil Wars of *France*. As for you, it is well known you were afraid of your own Shadow, and fancied that there was ſome Ruffian upon your Bed, juſt going to ſtab you; but perhaps you had theſe Panick Fears only at certain Seaſons upon you.

R. Ridicule me as much as you pleaſe, as for me I ſhall always do you juſtice, and acknowledge your good Qualities: you did not want Courage in War, but wanted Courage, Steadineſs, and Greatneſs of Soul in the Management of Affairs; your Weakneſs and Irreſolution made

made you thus ſupple; you cou'd not deny any thing to a Man's Face, which made you promiſe at firſt asking, and then uſed a thouſand poor Shifts to elude your Promiſe. Theſe Shifts were groſs and uſeleſs, and had not you been in ſuch Authority, it had not been ſafe uſing 'em; an honeſt Man wou'd have been much better pleaſed with your ſaying, I was in the wrong for promiſing you, nor can I perform my Promiſe now. This wou'd have been much better than to have added Falſity to Falſity, and ſo trifle with poor Wretches. 'Tis not enough to be valiant in War, if we are Cowards in Buſineſs; and there are many Princes who were capable of dying like Heroes, but who have made themſelves infamous by their Effeminacy in the Management of Affairs.

M. 'Tis an eaſy matter to talk thus, but when we have ſo many People to pleaſe, we amuſe them as well as we can; we have not Places to beſtow upon them all, yet all expect 'em, ſo that we are obliged to feed moſt of them up with vain Hopes.

R. We may give a great many People reaſon to hope, but we muſt deceive no body, for every one, in his turn, may meet with his Reward, and unexpected

pected Opportunities of ſerving them fall out. As for thoſe who conceive vain and ridiculous Hopes, they deceive themſelves, nor can you be blamed for it; but to promiſe to their Faces, and laugh at your Promiſe as ſoon as their Backs are turn'd, is a thing unworthy an honeſt Man, and deſtructive to the Reputation of Buſineſs itſelf. As for me, I maintained and encreaſed the King's Authority, without having recourſe to any ſuch baſe Means: the thing is ſelf-evident, and you diſpute with one who was a living Example of the Falſity of your Maxims.

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F I N I S.